

ARTHUR RICHMOND TABER

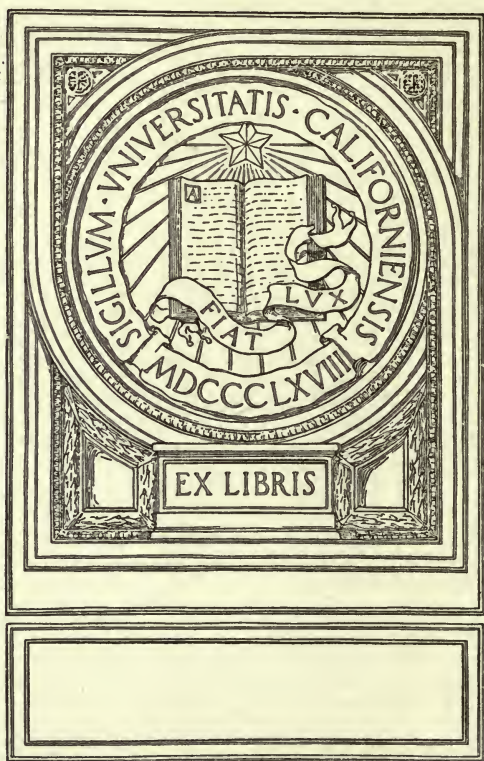


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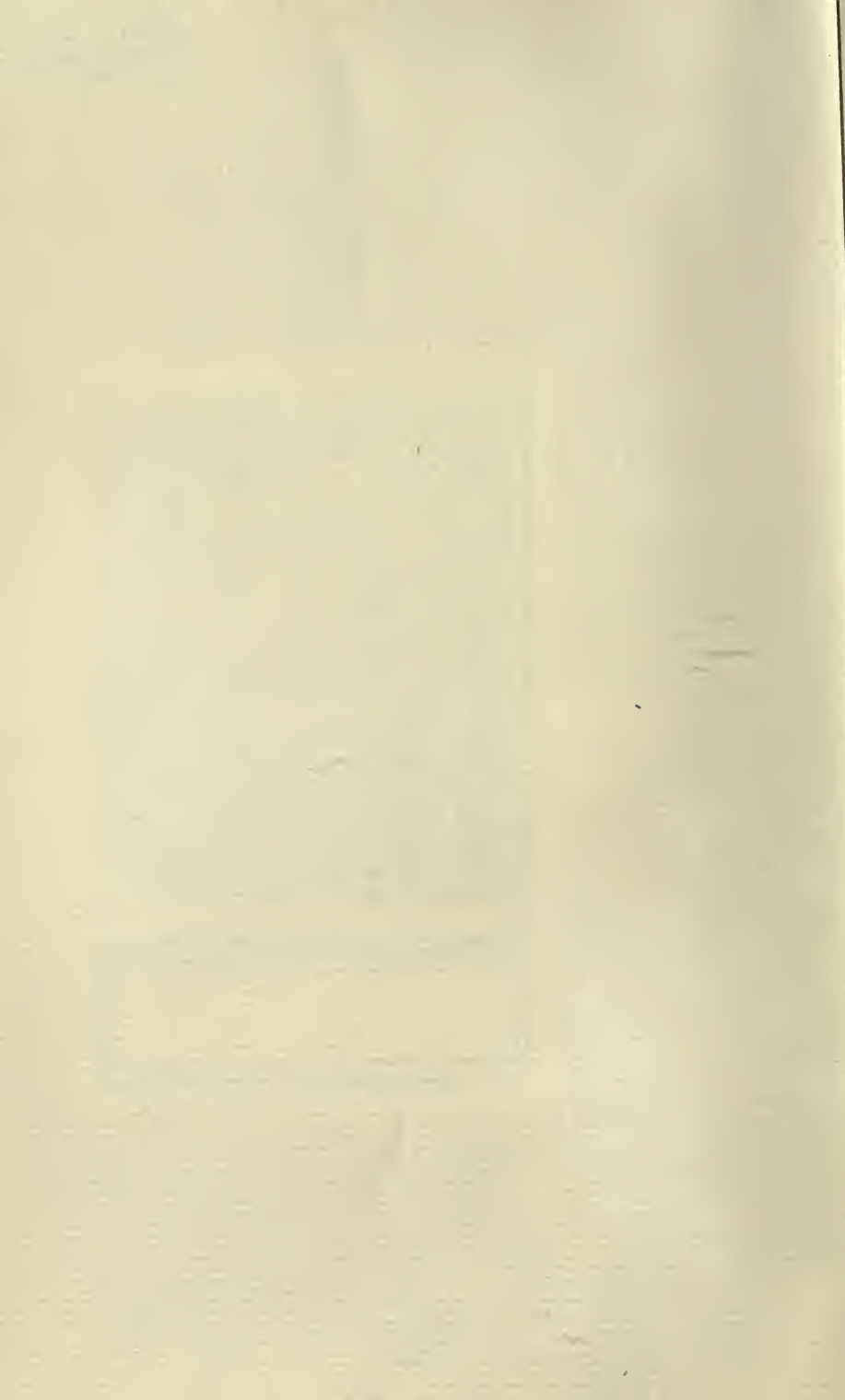
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ARTHUR RICHMOND TABER





Taber, Sydney Richmond

ARTHUR RICHMOND TABER

A MEMORIAL RECORD COMPILED
BY HIS FATHER



* * * * *

Great hearts are glad when it is time to give;
Life is no life to him that dares not die,
And death no death to him that dares to live.

* * * * *

—*"Sacramentum Supremum"*

By SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.

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1920

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TO VIMU
AIRBORNE

TO
ELEANOR AND MARION ESTE,
BORN ON 2D NOVEMBER, 1919,
THIS ACCOUNT OF THE BRIEF CAREER
OF THEIR UNCLE IS LOVINGLY
DEDICATED.

NOTE.

Naturally we have been going over in our minds the many incidents endeared to us by association with our beloved boy, especially as memory has been refreshed by looking over numerous old letters—some written by him and others descriptive of him. Out of these fond recollections has come the thought of preparing a simple story of his short life, quoting extracts from some of the letters, and illustrating it by photographs of him, of which we fortunately have a large number, taken at various ages. This has now been done, partly to gratify a pride of which we are not ashamed, and partly for the purpose of handing down to his collateral descendants a record in durable form of one whose brief career, we feel, added distinction to the family name. We have been encouraged in this project by one of our friends, who wrote advocating, as a matter of historical interest, that sketches of the lives of American soldiers be prepared and preserved “for the purpose of showing to the children of the future the type of men America sent to the Great War,” and particularly, he wrote, such an account “of your boy’s life as will show the splendid man he was, long after you and I are forgotten.” And, as Mr. John Jay Chapman has well said, “All the men fighting for the Allies, and especially all those young Americans who have been fighting for France and England and thereby doing more for their own country than for Europe, should be in our minds when we think of any one of them. They form a single soul and spirit.”

While, of course, mere words can never reproduce a most lovable personality, with its charm of manner and endearing ways, the attempt has been made to give as true an im-

pression of our boy as possible. In order to accomplish this purpose, it has seemed necessary to enter into the sphere of the personal to an extent that, in other circumstances, we should shrink from; this must be the justification too for presenting some of the "trivial fond records" of his childhood, as well as for any violations of convention.

Our hope is that the book may gratify those of our friends who knew and loved him well, and serve either to make him better known to those who knew him only slightly or introduce him to others who knew him not at all. May its readers find some of the inspiration that we have derived from the privilege of knowing and loving him for twenty-five years.

JULIA BIDDLE TABER,
SYDNEY RICHMOND TABER.

SYMINGTON HOUSE,
PRINCETON, N. J.

February, 1920.

I.

* * * * *

Doomed to know not Winter, only Spring, a being
 Trod the flowery April blithely for awhile,
 Took his fill of music, joy of thought and seeing,
 Came and stayed and went, nor ever ceased to smile.

* * * * *

Our boy was ushered into the world under the American flag.

My wife and I were passing the summer of 1893 with my father at his seaside cottage in Wavecrest, Far Rockaway, Long Island. He was a man of the strongest feelings, and among them none were more pronounced than his love of children and his love of country. The advent of his first grandchild (who, in point of fact, proved to be his only grandson) was to him a matter of supreme moment, especially as, I fancy, he hoped that the newcomer would be a boy who could carry the family name and traditions to posterity. As was most characteristic, his rejoicing took a patriotic turn. He had had erected on the lawn in front of the cottage the largest flag-pole obtainable, crowned by a resplendent weather-vane, and there, when Archie's birth occurred, on the twenty-second of July, a new and huge flag was run up for the first time and flung to the breeze. My father's enjoyment of this means of celebration, however, proved short-lived, for a very few days later, while mother and child were lying at an open window not more than twenty yards distant, a thunderbolt struck the vane and shattered the pole to its base, strewing the lawn with remnants of wood and bunting. From the present point of time, the fanciful may see in this incident a curious omen of

the brief career and violent death of the boy whose coming had been heralded by the Stars and Stripes and whose life had thus been dedicated to the service of his country.

After a period of admiration on the part of my joyous father, willingly assisted by fond aunts and uncles, the baby travelled with his mother to West Hampton, to be fêted by his maternal grandparents and numerous other relatives. There on 2d September, 1893, he was christened. The name "Arthur" was chosen partly on the score of euphony, partly because it pleasantly suggested to our minds two good friends who bore that name, but chiefly because of its inseparable association with the valour of knightly character and with the lofty spirit of devotion and sacrifice. When he began to talk, however, the nearest approach to his own name that he was able to make sounded like "Archa" or "Archie;" and in that way he acquired a nickname by which thereafter he was generally known.

In the autumn of that year, our little family proceeded to Lake Forest, Illinois, where we had taken up our residence two years before, and where Archie's young boyhood was to be passed. The fact that we lived at so great a distance from my father, whose uncertain health made it impracticable for him to visit us, combined with his yearning to have the child near him, resulted in a series of visits paid by my wife and boy during the succeeding years to the cottage at Wavecrest or to my father's house in New York. As I was generally prevented by professional duties from accompanying them, I was of course kept informed, in a long series of letters, of the boy's growth and development, which also formed a considerable portion of the correspondence between his mother and the numerous members of her own family. Thus it happens that I have preserved an unusually complete record of his engaging babyhood and boyhood. Many of the incidents related are too trivial for quotation, but on reading the letters now I am impressed by the universal admiration that he excited. An elderly aunt pronounced him the handsomest child she had seen in forty



years. The following is an extract from a letter written by his mother when he was about six months old:

THE BRAMBLES,
LAKE FOREST,
January 14, 1894.

. Arthur is as bad and wild as ever. He squealed, to his delight, for over an hour this afternoon, while I did my utmost to rest, and he waked us this morning at five by the same trick. He is sublime!

A few months later, my wife wrote: "From father down to the milkman and gardener, all declare that they never saw such a stunning child," and she pictured him as "sitting at the breakfast table pounding on everything he can reach with anything he can grab." Writing on 29 April, 1894, she described the scene on their arrival for the first of the visits to my father and incidentally the pathetic eagerness with which he yearned for his grandson's presence and his ecstatic enjoyment of it; (Thomas, the faithful and devoted servitor and factotum of the family, met the little party at the railway station in New York):

Thomas prepared me for the looks of the street by telling me that the flag was out, but still my mind had not pictured such a flag, floating over street, sidewalk, steps, windows and space generally, and threatening to demolish anyone who ventured underneath, much like Niagara. The neighbours had "broken their heads," as Charlotte [another one of my father's faithful retainers] put it, wondering what holiday it was or who was born on that date, when Father said quite scornfully, "Don't you know that my *grandson* is coming to-day?" There was the dear old gentleman in the window as we drove up, where he had been watching for us long before there was a possibility of our arrival. He had not said a sentence without A's name in it since the day dawned. Out he came, rushing; and then you should have seen the sight! Thomas determined to hold on and Father determined to get hold! Aunt Hattie was waving her hand from the top of the steps and innumerable faces were at the windows. The family and connec-

tions had assembled for the occasion. I don't know how Arthur survived. I turned my head so that I shouldn't see if an arm or a leg was torn off. Father, who, you may be sure, never surrendered him, was dancing around the room, all the relations trying to keep up with him, all exclaiming and making a terrible noise, but none so loud as Father who was nearly beside himself with joy. I was finally allowed to rescue him and get him safely off to bed and bottle.

Another extract from my wife's letters follows:

Sept. 16, 1894.

. When Arthur is in his carriage or chair, he performs wonders and is a regular acrobat. He sits on the edge of the carriage and shakes himself backwards and forwards; he climbs into and over my lap, over chairs intervening, and bridges chasms in a wonderful way His love-times with me are delectable; he pulls me down to him and lays his cheek and forehead against my face, cooing It is funny to see him with flowers. Even at a distance, he sniffs and smells, with his nose all wrinkles, and screams in ecstasy. Flowers and pictures he adores, and he is pretty fond of birds

In April, 1895, mother and boy again found themselves in New York, where she wrote as follows:

Arthur has been a perfect darling to-day! I had him all to myself for another entire afternoon, and took him down to Washington Square to enjoy himself to his heart's content. And he did! He was noticeably the happiest baby there, trotting around with a stick on which I had tied my handkerchief for a flag, and waving it with shouts for his country;—he was a dear sight to see.

Twenty-two years later this incident proved to have been another curious portent. It was in Washington Square that Archie blithely bade us farewell, the night before he sailed with his contingent. In this connection it may be of interest to note that on the pedestal of a memorial flag-staff, about to be erected in Washington Square, our boy's name will be inscribed among those of that neighbourhood who went overseas and fell in the service of their country.



70. VIII
SIMPSON



His preparation for the duties of a soldier had been begun many years before, for while he was still a baby his mother insisted upon the "strictest regularity" in his life: "He is fed," she wrote in April, 1895, "put to sleep, dressed and washed on the minute, literally; and I superintend all his meals, seeing that he has what I order and that all is strictly right." Nor was her superintendence confined to the care of the body; she encouraged him in all the little feats of childhood that would be likely to develop self-confidence, nerve and courage, such as walking along the top of a high board-fence. I remember that there was a plank thrown across a brook at the bottom of a ravine that ran in front of The Brambles (our little country place at Lake Forest), and how scandalised our neighbours were by the heartlessness of a mother who would allow her child of less than three years to walk across it unassisted. At about that time his mother wrote:

SUNDAY, Feb. 9, 1896.

. Sydney and Arthur go regularly for a Sunday tramp, which takes away a great deal of Sydney's time, but I think it is so good in establishing relations between them that I consent Arthur has returned bright as a rosebud and delighted at having been dumped out twice into snow-drifts.

Whenever he sees a very flourishing child in a picture, like the Christ-child in great paintings, he always thinks it is himself. Then I say, "No," and that he must guess again. He always "gets it" ultimately and says in a whisper—putting his face only an inch or two from mine, and looking straight into my eyes—"Jesus."

Last night he waked at about my bed-time and became uproarious. When Maggie went to bed, he was still in tearing spirits, and she told him that if he didn't subside, she would have to put him into the garret with the squirrels,—at which he was delighted and replied, "Maggie dea', 'ou're a case!"

May 10, 1896.

. A poor woman, whom I met down town the other day, told me that while her daughter lay with typhoid fever and sciatica, it was the girl's only comfort and great-

est pleasure daily to see Archie passing by. She would listen all the morning for Scot's [our collie's] bark, and when she heard it would say, "Quick, Mother! Open the shutters and let me see that child!" I go about thinking of this all the time;—it seems to me so beautiful that Arthur's little presence—merely passing by—gives light already.

. . . . Mrs. M. * * * told Sydney that she had brought a friend to call the other day so as to see Arthur,—that she didn't consider a person had seen the sights of the place without a glimpse of Arthur Taber!

His protective feeling for me is growing very sweet. He said yesterday, "I can't allow zoo to touch doze chickens, Ma dear; dey might hurt 'oo"

LAKE FOREST, 8 June, 1896.

How you will delight in that boy! He now never goes along the sidewalk (unless he is playing cow-boy and driving me) but along the middle of the road. I let him because again I think it makes him more fearless and better able to take care of himself. At first he used to run into the grass by the roadside if anything came along, but now he merely moves aside and judges that it will pass him all right—as coolly as possible. Everybody looks at him, everybody speaks of him, as he trots along with his dear bare legs, calling out to me, "Seems to me dis hoss wunnin' away!"

But physical courage was not to be the only element in his education. His mother wrote:

LAKE FOREST, 31 Oct., 1896.

When D. S. was a child and was visiting in New York with his parents, Gen. Sherman called on them. He looked at D * * * and said "You are born late enough to take part in our next upheaval." When they asked what he meant, he said, "The revolution over capital and labour." . . . It gives me horrors unspeakable to think of Arthur's possibly having to face such a crisis. I must bring him up with a view to that, and to give him character to meet such times.

In the summers of 1896 and 1897 the pair again travelled East. Here are some of the extracts from letters that came to me:



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EN ROUTE FROM CHICAGO TO BOSTON,
21 July, 1896.

Archie has been adorable! It is the vote of the whole train, but the Handsome Family can not say it often enough to ease their minds. From father and mother down to youngest, they have scarcely been able to keep their hands off him. Each time we go to a meal, Archie "runs away," for the dining-car is at the extreme opposite end, which gives him a long run; and as he goes, with me bringing up the rear, I hear remarks like these: "Isn't he too sweet?" "Isn't he too beautiful?" He has been, part of the time, gayer than a lark; part of the time, demonstratively affectionate.

WAVECREST, 8 Aug., 1896.

Everybody worships him, right and left, inside and outside, friend or stranger. You would think that Arthur was the heir to the country from the homage he gets.

In confirmation of this general statement, my wife writes this specific illustration:

We were out for a walk [in Philadelphia], Archie in his brown velveteen coat—looking adorable, even though the barber had cut his hair so short that the curly ends had disappeared. We passed a tramp who gazed at Archie in open admiration. Presently we stopped before a toy shop, and, behold, the same tramp stood beside us. I moved off at once, but when we halted again, up came the tramp once more. Put to rout a second time, we walked fast until a window filled with lobsters, etc., proved too fascinating for A. to pass. We had been watching some turtles for several minutes when I turned and saw our unbidden companion leaning against the wheel of a cart still watching the boy. The thought that he might be a kidnapper flashed through my mind, but I was put to shame by the man remarking, "I like to look at that little man."

We are all well,—Arthur gloriously so. He never was more superb. He is in the highest spirits and ready for a "fight" at any hour during the whole day.

FAR ROCKAWAY,
3 August, 1896.

Archie had a real ocean-bath to-day. He said after it

that he did not like "the mighty ocean" (referring to the surf) as much as "a little bit of it" (the bay). I wish you could have seen him in his bathing suit! I assure you he excited universal admiration, and compliments simply rained on him—"Look at that child!" "Did you ever see such a dear?" "That boy is beautiful!" etc., etc. A. of course ran bareheaded; his curls (much shortened) blew about, and his face was radiant as he ran down after the waves and then, as they came up again, tore back to me with squeals and shouts. He was enchanting, and everybody thought so.

FAR ROCKAWAY,

13 August, 1896.

L * * * C * * * says: "He is the handsomest child I ever saw." A little later, she burst out, "He's the dearest child," and finally "The most splendid child I ever saw!" Mrs. W * * * said to me to-day, pointing to Arthur, "The sturdiest, dearest, most beautiful child!"

WEST HAMPTON, L. I.,

26 August, 1896.

W * * * [the medical member of the family] thinks that he [Archie] promises all kinds of good development. His mental qualities W. has been noticing with as much pleasure as his physical. For instance, W. says that Arthur's readiness in meeting people, young and old, is going to be of immense value to him; his power of taking care of himself, his perseverance, etc., are admirable traits to start with. W. considers Arthur's form "exquisite." At one of the annual summer base-ball matches between Quogue and West Hampton, Arthur and E * * * together were a sort of side-show. They rolled and tumbled over each other, and some of the youths said, "Look at Archie"—(I don't know how they knew his name)—"There's a future foot-ball player!" Then they would set the two at each other again, to Arthur's huge delight. He has no fear of his kind.

FAR ROCKAWAY,

24 Sept., 1896.

Arthur is getting very proud of his growth and walks around with a wonderful strut, saying, "Don't you see how big I am?—big as dere"—moving his hand with a sweep upwards from his knee to his head. I keep impressing upon



TO THE
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him that he must be stronger, braver and kinder too if he wants his being bigger to count, and I have begun to talk to him about his being master over his little body.

12 Oct., 1896.

* * * was with me on these expeditions and was very much struck by the way every human being, who caught sight of Arthur at all, noticed him particularly, either smiling, calling some one else's attention, or even turning around. Expressmen in carts and beggars on the curbs were as much impressed as the more critical observers. In one case, three men (gentlemen) were interrupted in getting into their carriage by the sweet sight.

Arthur is superb, resplendent, anything you could call him. A man who has two children of his own said to me yesterday, "That child is an inspiration."

Dec. 31, 1896.

[Speaking of Christmas] those [presents] which were left over, I sent to poor children whom Arthur knows; so I consider the Christmas tree a great charity and a piece of education, for he had been allowed to play with all these toys for several days beforehand so that *he* might realise that he was *giving* them away. And he was the soul of sweetness about it, and let even a train of cars go, which was the delight of his eyes.

In one of the letters, my wife wrote of taking Archie with her to an informal reception at the house of an intimate friend, where she left him in a room on the second story, and of "the unlimited flattery" that he received: "So many people toiled upstairs to see him that finally I brought him down, and there was but one cry: 'How radiant! How beautiful! What hair! What eyes! What colour!' and many pronounced him *the* most beautiful child they had ever seen. And he is—he positively is! He is exquisite and entrancing!"

Arthur went out with F * * * and on the way encountered Mr. E * * *, who was more charmed than ever. He couldn't refrain from breaking out, "He is the most perfect specimen of a child that I have ever seen," and went on to

say that judged from every point—face, colouring, figure, activity and all—he was perfect and beautiful The truth is that no one speaks of him at all without giving him a sweeping compliment, for in every direction his qualities call for unusual admiration. For instance, A * * * says, “Isn’t that laugh enchanting! Did you ever hear so much merriment in a laugh?”

Our boy was nearly four years old when this was written :

May, 1897.

. Arthur, dear soul, is bursting with delight over the spring. He feels it in his veins. He wants to be out of doors all day long, digging in his garden, hunting for earthworms, chasing butterflies and watching bees. But his chief delight is in going to the woods with me and gathering wild flowers, and in looking for the birds. We have added two or three more to the twelve that he knew—the brown thrasher, the grosbeak, etc. Isn’t it *fine*? He listens for the songs and knows many a note

[Spring, 1897.]

. We are growing very bird-wise, and Arthur can tell eleven different kinds. and he knows several by their songs or cries; so his best education—in loving nature—is progressing. The other day we came back with our hands full of wild flowers; he was entrancing and kept saying, “I wud [love] ’ou, mudder, I ’spect [respect] zou. Am goin’ to tell de trute and help zou, mudder”

He has looked ravishing beyond words to-day lying in his bed, looking out of the window for birds; his eyes of unknown depths, so clear and liquid, and his hair massed over the pillow—an aureole about his head.

May 2, 1898.

. Arthur is a “dog” now in his bath every night, diving for “ducks”—a game suggested by a tale of mine about Robin and Scot [our collies] swimming out after a duck. He goes straight down to the bottom of the tub after his wash-cloth, and the bath is as deep as it can be. The splashing in consequence wets the dining-room ceiling nightly.

No weather keeps him indoors any longer.



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THE
JOURNAL
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THE
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND
VOLUME XXV. PART I. 1895.

[Summer, 1898.]

. As to Arthur, his face is like the setting sun—all aglow and radiant. . . . Yesterday, after a fearful night of storm and rain, a pond was made in a hollow of the lawn, quite two feet deep. Arthur had on his rubber boots and waded in; when he found himself getting wet, he thought he might as well go the whole length, so, forgetting the poor boy in his cart whom he had pulled into the middle of the pond, he threw himself down and went swimming! His yellow head was all that could be seen.

July 4, 1898.

. People continue to rave over Arthur. Yesterday a man said to me, "I can scarcely take my eyes off your son—he is so extremely beautiful"

After one of his accidents, which resulted in several deep cuts in his tongue and in the painful operation of putting several stitches in it, my wife wrote (in 1898): "I have sat by Archie all the afternoon, and he has been enchanting—doing his best to comfort *me*, smoothing my hair and stroking my forehead."

19 July, 1898.

As to the children, they are pets of the whole [country] club. Arthur long ago captured the hearts of the whole population—men and women members, and their children, as well as the house-servants and stable-men.

The best of him is that he puts life into other children. I brought the little * * * s here for a morning, and presently * * * even *laughed*—she who scarcely knows how to smile! When we four went down-town, we were joined by one child after another till there was a crowd. When we got back to the house, there still were nine!

Nov. 6, 1898.

. Arthur is still playing horse and dog frantically. To-night he has gone to bed playing that he is "Snap" [an imaginary dog], and so that Snap shouldn't jump out of his crib and leave him alone before morning, he has chained Snap (himself) in by Scot's [our real collie's] chain! Do you see how complicated and queer this is? As to horse, he has all sorts of original ways of playing that oldest of

games. For instance, he puts down on the floor four horse-shoes to represent the four feet. Then he lays a chain in front, doubled up, for the bit. An old pair of reins laid around makes the harness,—particularly the crupper, for he loves to put a napkin down, flying out from the crupper, for the tail. Finally he puts a footstool between the four horse-shoes to represent the saddle, and then sits on it, holding imaginary reins and the poker for a whip. To-day he said, "Look at this picture"—as indeed it was. I answered, "See how that horse's tail is flying out behind!" and he replied, "I can't look around; I'm in the picture."

In the year 1897, a momentous event in Archie's life occurred—he was presented with a baby sister. When she was two days old and he saw her for the first time, he turned to his mother and said: "I'll always help you to take care of little sister." Nothing could exceed his interest, tenderness and devotion towards her. He became her protector as well as playmate. At the age of seven, however, a guardian's sense of responsibility is not infallible, as when one winter's day Lydia, aged two, disappeared, to the utter consternation of the household, but was finally found in an Esquimaux-like snow-house which Archie had industriously made for her to sleep in; and it was only with greatest difficulty that she was resuscitated. There was probably in his mind the recollection of the mid-day naps that he always took, when a baby, in the open air throughout the winter as well as at other seasons.

The long winters of the latitude of Lake Forest furnished ample scope for education in skating, hockey and tobogganing. At all seasons he threw himself into the sports of a free, healthy, normal boy. An elderly pony—or rather small horse—gave him his first lessons in horsemanship, in which he later became accomplished, and helped him to acquire an unusually good seat. At a later date, the pony's successor—Barney—was used by Archie not only for riding, but also for the purpose of driving, at a furious rate, especially around sharp corners, with Lydia by his side. These excursions were made in a two-wheeled exercising-



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cart which was generally proof against upsetting, though on one occasion the combination of sharp corner and a large stone proved too much for even its equilibrium. Another favourite sport, when snow lay on the ground, was to put on skis and, holding Barney's reins in one hand, to be pulled by him uphill and down dale. Sometimes the pony was harnessed to a long, low sledge which Archie himself had made and on which he would stand and drive. Tucked in at the rear end of this rude sleigh, Lydia and her dolls would be whisked through the country. His prowess in boyish sports, however, was paid for by an occasional accident, as when he fell from a bridge and broke an arm, and several times had his head cut open. But luck was usually with him; on one occasion he fell from the roof of our stable to the ground, entirely unhurt. Of course he passed through the rabbit-keeping age. One night, while a fierce storm was in progress, fearing that his pets in their hutch near the stable would be terrified by the vivid flashes and deafening crashes, he slipped out of the house and, braving what was indeed a veritable tempest, presently returned bringing an armful of rabbits to peace. While a most devoted friend and playmate of our many dogs, he also had and always retained a warm spot in his heart for cats. When he was three-and-a-half years old, however, mistaken kindness led him into an indiscretion which my wife described thus: "Arthur has just soaked his kitten in kerosene, turning the faucet of the barrel on her, and then dried her in sawdust, to give her a bath!" Another taste that was marked in his childhood and which became broadened and intensified in later years, was an interest in birds. There was published at that time a little monthly magazine called "By the Wayside," which was intended to awaken among children a love of bird-life. When he was approaching the age of eight years, Archie contributed to its columns the following letter, which won for him a prize and entitled him to wear an honour badge:

July, 1901.

DEAR WAYSIDE:

I want to tell you about a phœbe bird which is building on our dining-room porch. He is making a very nice nest there. Not much of the mud comes tumbling down. We have put out some rags, but he doesn't use the rags at all. I have seen four other birds with rags in their bills. I don't suppose he [the phœbe] knew whether to take the rags for a nest or not. It is principally made of mud and sticks.

There's a robin's nest on the sill of our attic window. She has laid four blue eggs in it. I was going to turn the hose on it for a sparrow's nest before I knew that it was a robin's nest.

We cannot put our screens up on account of the phœbe's being there. We are going to put screens up all over the porch 'cepting in one place where she always comes in. She is pretty nearly done with her nest. She was at it five days. There was a cow-bird which came around trying to get into it,—trying to lay some eggs of hers.

In the town a few days ago, all the schools went to a meeting, and all the people who could. They showed pictures of birds and animals with a stereopticon lantern, and I hope all the other children in the world might be there and have a pleasure like that. I enjoyed it very much.

It was perfectly wonderful to see how the cow-bird kept flying in the air, with her tail down, and her wings going as fast as they possibly could. But the nest was too small: it wasn't done yet, so she couldn't get in.

ARTHUR TABER.

It was at about this time that the following small incident occurred: A brook crossed the road near our house through a culvert. Heavy rains had nearly choked this tunnel when one day, while the children of the neighbourhood were playing there, a boat belonging to one of them was swept by the flood into the mouth of the culvert and lodged somewhere under the road. Archie volunteered to get it. Holding his head above the water, he crawled in on all fours and ultimately emerged at the other end of the culvert, boat in hand.

The need for activity on his part seemed unlimited. In

Another one of my wife's letters, from which the following excerpt has been made and which was written when Archie was eight years old, has been discovered too late to be included in the Memorial Record.

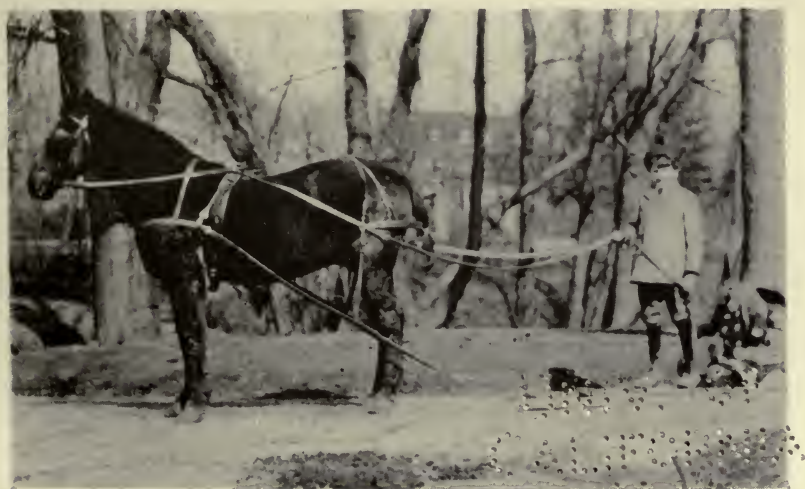
S. R. T.

November, 1920.

LAKE FOREST,

July 6, 1901.

* * * Arthur is ruggedness personified. He not only bathed in our ice-cold lake for one half-hour * * * and came home warm and well, but he is now sleeping out on the back porch every night, without a soul at hand,—a triumph of courage, I think. We have dreadful thunder storms, but he says he can't get wet there, and that if a burglar tries to get into the house that way, he'll be there to catch him! So I'm quite proud of my small man. Today, when I was at the H * * * s', Arthur and Sydney rode over on their bicycles. Just as I was starting to walk home, Arthur enquired very particularly which of the three roads I was going to take, and then he tore off. Presently he came back and behold! he had ridden home and had got my bicycle in place of his own, so that I might be less tired by riding back.



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the spring he would wake early and slip noiselessly out of the house to meet the milkman coming into the town, and then would run beside the wagon until its round was completed, when he would return all aglow, still in time for an early breakfast. We wondered how he managed to wake at such an hour. The explanation came one evening when, on her nightly visit to the children's cots, my wife saw a horse-shoe which was hanging mysteriously from under his bed-clothes and which was found to be tied to one of his toes. This proved to be the child's ingenious device for waking himself when he should turn in the lighter sleep of dawn; and well it served the purpose.

I can't recall all the mischief that his irrepressible spirits led him into, but I find in my scrap-book this memorandum which I made at a time when my wife was obliged to be away from home:

What Archie did while his mother was away in 1902.

1. Jumped into a mud-puddle up to his knees; (he was not wearing his rubber boots).

2. *Did* wear his boots (very muddy) to school and was sent home by the teacher.

3. Flung something across the school-room and was sent home by the teacher, who afterwards waited on me.

4. Expended about \$3.00 on toys for Kitty and himself.

5. Bought an air-gun before breakfast; before luncheon he had broken it and had bought another.

6. On an especially mild day, put on two heavy woolen undershirts.

7. Splashed in his bath to such an extent that the water overflowed the tub and leaked through the first-floor ceiling.

8. Fell into the water in the ravine, necessitating the changing of everything he wore except his suspenders.

9. Discharged his loaded air-gun into the gold-fish globe, shattering the latter and deluging the table-cover, books, rug, etc.

10. Trying to climb upon the roof of the wood-shed, fell from a second-story window of the stable upon some planks on the ground. He was somewhat jarred.

11. Engraved letters in the plaster wainscot of S's bath-

room, and chopped a piece of plaster out of the wall of the bicycle closet.

12. In trying to get something out of the refrigerator, dropped and smashed a large jar of sweet pickles, which he then ate.

The following letter, received recently from one who was Lydia's nurse at that period, also reminds us of some of his characteristic pranks:

April 20, 1919.

I grieved with you in the loss of your precious son. I called my boy "Archie," as I admired, and thought no boy ever lived like, your son, and so far I have never seen his equal. How he would get up at sunrise in summer time and run out singing with the birds! He would take his cart and fill it with stones and haul it around; he always looked for work that took his full strength. I remember too, one cold winter's night, Archie thought that playing detective would be his game; so when John went uptown for the evening mail, Archie followed him in his night clothes. John came in so excited and asked, "Where is Archie?" The nurse replied, "He is fast asleep;" (she had waited and was sure he was asleep). John said, "No, he ran past him up street." Well, we found Archie getting into bed and laughing so hard,—and oh, so cold! Yes, he "played possum," and quietly stole out the front door to play his game.

Another morning he drank all the cream for breakfast and John was making a fuss over it. I can picture Archie so unconcerned and yet manful as he said, "I'll soon get the milkman here;" and out he bounded without coat or hat on a cold, frosty morning. In a short time we saw the man coming full tilt with Archie like to freeze. John kept him from the heat and applied cold water to his hands.

As a child he was a wonder, and it was just such gallant men as he who won our freedom.

But hand in hand with this love of fun, there developed a strain of affection and tenderness and reverence which never left him, and of which glimpses are furnished by the following extracts from his mother's letters:

FRANCONIA, N. H.,
September 1, 1899.

. Arthur is so sweet and so manageable, and is always trying to help me. The other night he wanted me to sit with him when I had promised to play a game of cards. He began to cry when I left him, but, suddenly remembering himself and running downstairs after me in his night clothes, he gave me a great kiss and hug and told me that he was going to be happy so that I might have nothing on my mind and could win a prize.

LAKE FOREST,
21 April, 1900.

This evening, when Arthur and I had had prayers together and a hymn at the piano, he said, "Let's say a prayer for Papa now." So I assented, and he prayed, "Make Tobs good and strong, so that he can help his children and his wife."

One June morning it seemed to us that the catbird in the nearby lilacs had never sung so exultantly. We explained it by supposing that the eggs in his nest had been hatched, to his overflowing joy. Archie pondered a moment and then said, "I want to say a prayer." He led me to a tree and, leaning his head against it, said simply, "Heavenly Father, I want you to be as happy over us as the father catbird is over his babies."

22 July, 1903.

The latest development of his evening prayer: Instead of "God bless me, make me a good boy," etc., it has gradually grown till now we say, "Make me honourable, truthful, clean, kind and brave."

Thus the stream of this little life flowed on in familiar surroundings until early in the summer of 1904, when my wife and the two children sailed to England for a long stay in Wales, where I joined them later. The following letter is interesting to us because it shows the dawn of one of Archie's tastes which in later years became marked—his love of architecture. It was then that he had his first glimpse of what Henry Adams has called "the passionate delights of Chester and the romance of red sandstone architecture":

1 July, 1904.

. The cathedral of course was our principal joy. Archie had been saying many times on the steamer, "I hate the old churches and things you are going to see." In point of fact, he got up early the first morning after we had seen the cathedral, and was dressing noiselessly when I woke. When I asked him what he was doing, he said, "Only going 'round to the cathedral," and added, "I can't keep away from it." The old worn-away stones of the cloisters, the tombs in the walls and pavements and, above all, any blocked-up passage or window, thrilled him; but the music, rolling so gloriously through the arches and falling around us like great waves of sound, was so intensely saddening that I had to leave one of the most beautiful choral services to let him regain his composure outside.

On our return to America in September, another milestone in his little journey was passed: he entered a boarding-school. For several years we had been greatly perplexed and not a little worried by the problem of his education, and all the teaching resources of Lake Forest—public school, private school and tutor—had been tried without very gratifying success. Besides, his intense vitality made him rather unruly and called for more discipline than he was getting at home. So, at the age of eleven, he entered Cloyne House, a school for young boys, at Newport, R. I., where he went through the throes of rather more than the usual amount of home-sickness. Within the first fortnight, however, his studies were interrupted by an obscure and apparently fatal illness, which baffled the diagnostic powers of four of the leading medical men in New England, but which ultimately proved to have been an internal injury, resulting from a rough scrimmage with other boys. His life was saved by the wisdom of the late Dr. Maurice H. Richardson, of Boston, coupled with the boy's superb constitution. After days of agonising anxiety on our part, a very slight improvement gave us faint hope, which grew as the days and weeks went by. Shortly before leaving the Corey Hill Hospital at Brook-



From a portrait painted by Adelaide Chase in 1904

to visit
the school

line, a former penchant of his reasserted itself. I remember, when we were at an hotel in York Harbour and he was eight years old, how he used to disdain the prosaic use of the stairway and how he would strike terror to the hearts of our fellow-guests by habitually climbing to the third story by means of the fire-escape—until the proprietor intervened with a prohibition. So in 1904, on the first day on which he was able to take a short walk, and while the medical injunction to quiet was still in force, he disappeared from his mother's side, ran ahead to the hospital and, swinging himself up to the lower end of the outside ladder, mounted thus to his room.

Time dims the memory of details to such an extent that I had quite forgot the rather remarkable place that Archie, at the age of eleven, had made for himself among our friends and neighbours, until I recently re-read the following letter which I wrote to my wife when the improvement in his condition had warranted my leaving Brookline and preceding her to our home:

LAKE FOREST,
3 Dec. 1904.

. As to Archie's popularity—two evenings ago, at dinner (at the G * * * S * * *s'), Mrs. G * * * once more told me of the universal interest, and said that people were not only sorry for you and me and regretful in the way they would have been in the case of *any* child, but that A. had such a dominant personality that he had made a definite impression upon the whole community. Last evening, Mrs. B * * * (at the McK * * *s'), said that A's illness was the absorbing topic of every dinner-party, each person enquiring for the latest news, and being depressed or elated according to the answer. And so it goes and keeps on going.

Shortly before Christmas, the boy's convalescence reached the point of his being able to go home, and by the following spring, having recovered entirely, he returned to school.

The next five summers were spent on the Maine coast,

the first at a cottage near York Harbour and the others at Wingfield, our country-place on York River. This gave Archie the chance, which he embraced with enthusiasm, to cultivate the arts of boating, swimming and fishing. But these were not pursued to the exclusion of land sports; he continued to ride, and occasionally varied the monotony of the saddle by galloping and jumping bare-back. It was at this time, I think, that he first tasted the delights of shooting. He became a mighty hunter of woodchucks and crows. In his ardour for the chase, this boy, who at other times could hardly be induced to keep still, used to sit, gun in hand, for long stretches of time before a woodchuck-hole, waiting with monumental patience for his prey to emerge. Sometimes he impressed his little sister into the rather perilous service of a woodchuck "beater."

One day the children found a black kitten in miserable condition and borrowed it in the hope of effecting a cure. When their efforts had proved successful, they decided, before returning the kitten, to give it a final treat on the river. The accompanying picture shows them embarking on this excursion.

The letters written by my wife at this time give these pictures of our life:

YORK HARBOUR,

6 July, 1905.

. Archie and I have had one of the days of our lives! We waked finding the sea-fog, which had rolled in yesterday, still partially hiding the sun and making a delicious coolness, and so we determined that we must immediately seize the opportunity of exploring that fascinating, wild territory which we entered the other day.

On the way we gathered strawberries and raspberries enough to fill our two little tin cups, and when we had walked and wandered and explored till after one o'clock, we made a camp-fire in a spot chosen by Archie under two huge willows, at a dip in the landscape, where a tiny stream wandered by, and there we had a delicious meal. We had enough to share with the bull-dog too, and I am most



10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

pleased at the way Archie denied himself to make more for the dog,—an unexpected companion. He talks to him so lovingly and appreciatingly—I mean with such sympathy and understanding. Finally after I had even had a rest, we renewed our tramp, intending to make Kittery and perhaps come back by the cars.

. Some wonderful swamps, where Archie waded in, shoes and all, nearly up to the waist line, and brought back some precious orchids! His delight was scarcely less than mine. He said, "If I'd only known that *this* was the kind of thing you find in swamps, I should have gone with you long ago." At last, with brisk walking, we did reach Kittery, just caught a car and returned at nearly seven! We had been gone about eight hours.

16 July, 1905.

We have just finished our Bible story for to-night. It is the best part of Sunday, Archie says—not so great a compliment, however, since he hates Sundays and hates going to church. But it really was a cosey time to-night. Lydia was already undressed and in bed when we began; so A. lay down beside her, her head on his arm, and his hand holding one of hers. The look of pride and happiness on his face was beautiful. We all wished that there were hours instead of half hours to give to such a peaceful time.

He also wants you to know how he got \$5.00 from me. My father came home one night and told us that it was impossible, so he had heard, to hold an arm out in an horizontal position for five minutes; and so he would give \$5.00 to anyone of us who could disprove that. M * * *, F * * * and I all gained it. I was telling this to the children, when Archie asked whether I would give him \$5.00 for holding his out for *ten* minutes. Remembering how intensely painful the five minutes were, I thought it was quite safe, so I acquiesced. To-night he decided to try for the money, and though I followed him up and saw that arm every second, he actually did honestly win my five dollars.

During the summer of 1906, on returning home one evening, we found that Archie, wishing to facilitate his mother's going to bed without stopping to do the usual things for the children, had written the following in his boyish scrawl and had pinned it up where it attracted our notice:

*Remember
Go to Bed at 10:
Be in Bed*

*Lydia's Room aired
Lydia covered
My cloths on chair.
All the Doors Locked.*

WINGFIELD,
YORK VILLAGE P. O., MAINE,
September 19, 1906.

. watching Archie after he had taken his canoeing lesson. The child has not been taught in vain. You should see him! I allowed him to put on his bathing-suit and canoe over to the rocky point (so that if he upset he could swim), and then show us his new attainments. He stood in the canoe, sent it darting over the shallows and toward the current; then, with a few skillful strokes, turned it about and came darting back again, and as he neared our standing place, brought her up sideways into the rushes to a standstill, and all this *standing*! He is unquestionably an expert. As a final game, he spilt himself out of the canoe, which, however, did not roll over as I expected, and then, pushing it before him, swam into shore with it!

I was also enchanted with his swimming, which is strong, easy and rapid, and he can dive while swimming and come up and go right along, and of course he can rest himself by turning from one sort of stroke to another.

WINGFIELD,
October 18, 1907.

. He also spoke again of his feeling of fresh strength, and said how he delighted in it just as I do in flowers, and how he longs to be an athlete. It is rowing that draws him. This evening as I stood on the bridge, enjoying the ravishing sunset up the river and the cold silver moon in a bank of clouds towards the ocean, just then a row-boat shot under the bridge, and there was Archie, his face all aglow, beautiful as the sky—the very personification of youth and freshness.

One morning, Archie went with me to pay a visit to the family of a noted physician. On our way we saw a large snake curled up and sunning itself on a stone. Archie sprang at it and caught it by the head but not before it had bitten him and drawn blood from one of his fingers. Feeling confident that there were no poisonous snakes of such size in that locality, I assured him that there was no injurious consequence to be feared, and we proceeded on our way. When our hostess heard of our adventure she insisted on calling her husband, who appeared, inspected the finger and asked for a detailed description of the snake. "A rattler!" he exclaimed. Upon being told that there was no sign of a rattle, and when, in order to keep the child from being frightened, I remarked that there were no poisonous snakes in that neighbourhood, he again demanded to know how long the snake was, how thick and how marked. When we had given him these details, he announced in an emphatic manner, "A copperhead!" "No, no," I said, "but if it were, what ought we to do?" Fixing his eyes upon the unmoved boy, whose confidence in me still held out, he replied, "Too late to do anything now. Just watch him, and if it was a copperhead, you'll soon see." And still the child's fortitude remained unshaken.

After a visit that Archie paid at the house of one of his aunts in the spring of 1908, she wrote to us this description of the lad (nearly fifteen years old) as he appeared to her :

Your boy is charming. He is sweet, lovable, good and gentlemanly. He was quiet and not only willing to do things for me but even suggested doing things. He managed his affairs very well, and is in the way of becoming admirably self-reliant. He also has ideas of his own, which makes him interesting. . . .

In the summer of 1908, our boy's enjoyment of life was suddenly interrupted by an acute attack of appendicitis, which involved a most serious surgical operation—performed hardly in time—and was followed by distressing complications. Again his life hung in the balance for many days, but his superb vitality, combined with the skill and determination of surgeon, physician and nurses, once more

pulled him through, and late in the autumn he was able to resume his course at Groton School, to which he had gone on from Cloyne House the year before.

We hoped that his course of education was now determined and that he would continue at Groton until ready to enter Princeton. But this hope was doomed to disappointment. Archie was one of those boys to whom school is a place where they are expected to direct their minds to subjects that do not interest them enough to hold them. His mind was far from inactive and he learned readily enough outside of school; his powers of observation were extraordinary,—with respect to wild life, for instance, in which he took a passionate interest; but with the best of intentions on his part he seemed totally incapable of concentrating his attention upon a book. When he was eight years old, I tried my best, but in vain, to interest him in "Robinson Crusoe,"—though, for some inscrutable reason, at about the same age he developed a fondness for "Pilgrim's Progress." "In the middle of a romp," I wrote to my wife in 1902, "with Kittie, Archie and Toddie [one of our collies], A. stopped and begged me to read 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and when I had done so, he protested as usual against my stopping." Later he made further exceptions in favour of "Swiss Family Robinson" and the books of Ernest Thompson Seton.

His case was not unlike that of Victor Chapman, of whom his father says, "All those necessary stimuli which the world has invented to encourage the ambition and awaken the intelligence of boys were applied to him in the approved manner, both at home and at various schools, but fell upon him as appeals to a sleeping thing,—disturbing, sad and terrible voices." In Archie's case, however, it is only fair to mention that he was handicapped in his educational struggles by the aggregate loss, as the result of his various illnesses and operations, of a full school-year's instruction and discipline. After two years' trial I became convinced that he could not lend himself to the course of instruction at so large a school as Groton, so I regretfully took him out and

sent him to a much smaller school at Redding Ridge, Connecticut, where a greater degree of individual attention would be possible.

While at the latter school, in 1910, he met with an accident, the consequence of which, I think, is worth dwelling upon, because it left a definite impress upon his character. In the course of a game of basket-ball, one of his knees was injured. The surgeon in New York that was consulted advised an operation, to which Archie submitted with admirable courage and cheerfulness, though it proved to be a very delicate and serious business. The operation was followed by a period of terrible distress and then by one of convalescence, during which we attended some base-ball games, etc. The letters that I wrote during this period to my wife, who, much to her regret, happened to be abroad for the benefit of Lydia's health, give some of the details of the experience that Archie and I passed through. On 26 March, after stating the surgeon's diagnosis and advice, I said:

. You can imagine what a blow this was to both of us. We returned to the hotel to talk it over. I, of course, urged Archie to have the operation performed at once. The poor boy had evidently been looking forward eagerly to the fun of his holidays, and at first he was rather reluctant to take my advice; besides, though I think he didn't quail at the thought of another operation (the eighth, by the way), he evidently dreaded taking ether, which he abominates. But it wasn't long before he came around to my way of thinking and gave his consent

The following morning I went with him to the hospital and read to him until one of the nurses arrived to escort him to the operating table I am glad to say that he behaved very well, facing his disappointment and the ordeal courageously and cheerfully. M * * * was immensely impressed by his *sang froid*. At one time, when I paused in the reading, he remarked in a cheery tone, "Well, in half-an-hour they'll be cutting me up!"

28 March, 1910.

Yesterday A. was quite hilarious. I think he is show-

ing a wonderfully sweet disposition in not being morose or bitter over his disappointment. These repeated surgical trials of his probably serve, too, the purpose of drawing us together, for he seems very appreciative and gives every evidence of being fond of me. He still looks ravishingly handsome at times

NEW YORK,
30 March, 1910.

. Archie continues his progress towards recovery At no time has there been any repining or bitterness

NEW YORK,
17 April, 1910.

. Archie has been treated each morning by the masseur, who is very pleasant and of a most affectionate nature; he seems to be entirely captivated by the boy's charms and has become his willing slave. He told me that he had never seen a boy of A's age so well developed physically

A. is certainly a most engaging lad,—so considerate of me and so affectionate. A few evenings ago, when I had a headache he practically put me to bed, undressing me and "tucking me in" with much tenderness and a final embrace. At other times he seems in a state of suppressed mischief,—I mean, like the bubbling-over-with-merriment of ten years ago He was discharged by Dr. G * * * this morning, and has gone back to school. I feel like a lost soul!

LAKE PLACID CLUB,
27 April, 1910.

Fancy Archie's writing to me [after his return to school] "As I look back upon this vacation, I think that it has been the happiest one that I ever had. I feel as if I knew you so much better, and we had such great fun together,"—this in spite of a week in the hospital and of limping about the rest of the time, and (more wonderful still) of the fact that he hardly saw any girls at all! You may imagine my pleasure

The following extract from a letter to my wife gives the impression that Archie made in the mind of a relative of ours:

NEW YORK,

28 April, 1910.

. Your boy I saw three or four times during his stay in town—each time looking handsomer than before; and when finally he came in one evening late for a half-hour's talk I thought him the most radiant man I had ever seen. His beauty and style and charm were so captivating that it was impossible to turn one's eyes away, and he seemed so deliciously unconscious.

The following account (which Archie wrote to us) of a relatively trivial accident shows the characteristic way in which he met it:

REDDING RIDGE, CONN.,

May 1, 1910.

. Last night I opened my window and put out my head to see whether it was raining, and just as I drew it in, the sash fell. This window is typical of a New England farm-house. It has no weights to balance the sash or to make the sash slide up and down. On the left side is a bolt which must be pulled out to the side in order to raise the sash. I had two fingers on the sill, when the heavy sash, falling about three feet, hit these fingers. I thought that they were broken—they felt that way. I tried to push the sash up but found that it was so tightly wedged in that I could not lift it with one hand and at the same time pull out the bolt at the side. So I took hold of the bolt with my teeth, pulled it out and at the same time shoved the sash up; and my fingers were released. I gave such a jerk with my teeth that this iron bolt, about a quarter-of-an-inch thick, was broken off the window. I also broke off a corner of one of my teeth

Soon after this, a sudden wrench of the knee brought on further inflammation and necessitated a second—and still more formidable—operation. It was hard enough to face the ordeal the first time, especially as it could not be determined in advance with certainty whether or not he would be permanently crippled—with the really tragic consequence of having to give up foot-ball and all other rugged sports. But to approach the operating table again after so short an in-

terval, with the memory of the after-suffering fresh in mind, and with the knowledge that the chances of using his knee freely were still further diminished—this was certainly a test of nerve. The situation was made still more trying by the fact that he was about to go under the surgeon's knife for the ninth time, and that by reason of this repeated experience the smell of anæsthetics brought to him overwhelmingly vivid associations and had become intensely obnoxious. This was the condition that confronted him when he wrote to me as follows on learning that another operation on the knee was necessary:

REDDING RIDGE,

24 May, 1910.

I am more sorry about plunging you into this additional expense than I can say. I hope that you won't feel depressed by this news, but make light of it, as I do, and think of the good time when it is all over, and of how much worse off I might be.

Depression seemed to form no part of his nature. After he had gone through the horrors of emerging from ether and the suffering caused by the wound, he was moved to the hotel where I was staying. I remember that one day while still lying in bed (his surgeon having enjoined perfect quiet), he leaned over and seized my leather hat-box and with shouts of joy tossed it like a ball towards the ceiling; and that when it fell on his head and nearly dislocated his neck, his merriment knew no bounds. On another occasion when his genial masseur entered the room and approached the bed, Archie, by way of extending a joyous greeting, jumped upon his back; and when the irrepressible boy had been shaken off, with a shout he sprang from the bed to the chandelier, which fell with a crash—to his huge delight. Notwithstanding such outbursts of uncontrollable spirits, however, his convalescence progressed to the point where he could walk without crutches; and so in June we sailed for England, expecting to join the rest of the family in Brit-

tany. But on arriving in London, the knee was so much inflamed again that I put him under the care of a surgeon there, and when it appeared that the recovery would be slow, and Archie was demoted to crutches again, we took up our residence at Northwood in Middlesex—sufficiently near London to make it possible to have frequent consultations with his surgeon. A letter that I wrote to my wife gives this typical picture of our life in the six weeks that we passed there, during all which time, notwithstanding the discouragement and the tedium of waiting for the deferred cure—(at one time he expected never to be able to walk again), there was no word of complaint—nothing but patience and cheerfulness:

NORTHWOOD,

14 July, 1910.

. For two days, he sat in the garden and either read himself or listened while I read aloud He was, however, (notwithstanding an extremely clever and funny one of Mrs. Andrews's stories, some of Jacobs's yarns, which never fail to send him into chuckles, and Roosevelt's and other hunting articles) just beginning to get rather restive when I succeeded, after two days' toilsome negotiation by telephone, in having a Bath chair sent over from Uxbridge. So to-day I have not only been pushing him about to points where picturesque bits and beautiful views could be had, but, with his characteristic love of play, he has been propelling himself in the chair, with his hands on the wheels—à la taxi-cab, and he has had no end of fun in that way

I find another letter that I wrote at the time, which speaks of a hunting-knife and a riding-crop that I gave him on his birthday (22d July), and adds, "He was much pleased to be remembered and overwhelmed me with thanks—as indeed he does *every* day, saying, 'Tobby's so good to me,'—with many caresses and hugs."

I always look back to the spring and summer of 1910 with mingled feelings—of sympathy and admiration for the poor boy, and of gratitude for the inestimable privilege that

he and I were afforded of coming to know each other to a degree that is seldom granted to father and son.

When at last Archie reluctantly recognised that the trip to Brittany, on which he had set his heart, must be abandoned, and when his mother, who had herself been ill, had sufficiently recovered to cross the channel, with Lydia, and to join us, he had the partial compensation of a motor-trip through England, including a visit to Oxford. Thus was laid the foundation of that loving admiration for the ancient seat of learning which he was to acquire seven years later—in circumstances how different! By the middle of September the knee had healed sufficiently for him to return with me to America, but thereafter it was always liable, if accidentally wrenched, to give him pain and trouble and to confine him indoors for several days, and it continued to be more or less of a cross for the rest of his life. In the seven years that followed, I can recall only three or four occasions when brief outbursts of impatience gave proof that the nervousness resulting from the affliction had broken down the bounds of even his extraordinary self-control. He was able to play golf, to ride a bicycle, a motor-cycle or a horse, to swim, to skate and play hockey and to dance; but I suppose that one must be an American school-boy or college-boy to appreciate the full significance of being debarred forever from foot-ball, base-ball, track athletics, basket-ball, water-polo and tennis.

The following small incident of school-life seems to me significant enough to warrant its being chronicled. A certain boy, who was not a "good mixer" and was lacking in athletic prowess, entered the school. The head-master, Archie wrote, "spoke to me about him and asked me to do what I could for him, and, as * * * wanted to room with me, in he came. Of course, I didn't want to room with him, but Mr. * * * [the head-master] told me that the happiest recollections of his life are those when he did something for someone else; so I saw that I had a chance which seldom comes. We are getting on quite well."

Archie's next three years were passed at Lake Placid School—having been attracted thither by the son of a friend of mine. I think it was during those years that he first "found himself" in the matter of study, perhaps because he then recognised the necessity for application if he was to succeed in entering Princeton. The fact that this school migrated to Cocoanut Grove, Florida, where the term between Christmas and Easter was spent, was much to the liking of "an open-air creature" like himself; the school-house was situated on the shore of a wide bay, and he and his fellows used to disport themselves on or in the water during the time outside the hours of study. His letters of this period abound with references to the birds and fish that he delighted in observing—pelicans, kingfishers, ducks, geese, needle-fish (like "miniature sword-fish"), snowy egrets, Wilson's snipe, turbot, etc. "The school yawl," he wrote on 15 Jan., 1911, "starts on a cruise every Friday afternoon, and stays out Friday and Saturday nights. She carries seven passengers—the sailor, a master, and five boys—a different five every time; so each fellow gets a cruise about once a month." Then follows an account of kingfishing and blue-fishing. "Another accident" (one of a chapter) "occurred when the young fellow who was acting as pilot lost his hat overboard. It had a good start by the time I got into the water, and was drifting away; in the meantime the boat was moving slowly in the opposite direction, so by the time I got back I had had an awfully long and hard swim."

Further cruising and fishing exploits are recounted in the following letters:

COCOANUT GROVE, FLORIDA,
Feb. 8, 1911.

DEAR MAMMA:

. On Friday, H * * * B * * *, who has a cat-boat down here, asked me to go out cruising with him. We sailed South East across Biscayne Bay to the Ragged Keys—a distance of fourteen miles. I caught a beautiful four-pound mackerel. The Southern mackerel are

beautifully coloured, like a rainbow-trout, only instead of being speckled, they are striped. We anchored in a quiet cove, and after supper rowed ashore. Near the shore the water was very shallow and alive with fish, which jumped on every side, being attracted by the lanterns. A needle-fish, six-inches long, jumped into the boat. We crashed through the mangroves to the ocean side of the key, where we found a nice sandy beach. We made a large bonfire of drift-wood, and when it blazed up we could hear the raccoons barking up and down the beach. One of the boys had just put down a log when he noticed something running along it. This turned out to be a scorpion! It looked like a small lobster—about three inches long—and carried its claws above its head, spread out ready to pinch anything that came in its way.

The next day we sailed thirty-four miles. . . . There was a very heavy wind which blew up a high sea. . . . On the way we caught a lizard-fish. We reached Cape Florida at sunset, and in the evening we had another fire on the shore. Both this night and the night before we had a shark-hook out all night, but did not get any. The next morning we started for home. . . .

COCOANUT GROVE, FLORIDA,
March 9, 1911.

DEAR MOTHER:

A week ago it came my turn for a cruise I was just climbing on deck when the boom jibed. As I was looking at my footing, I did not see it until it was about a foot away. I did not have time to duck, so I jumped backwards overboard, but the boom was travelling faster than I was, and it struck me across the left arm while I was in the air. I made a grab for it with the right arm and hung on. There I dangled until someone pulled the boom in. The blow paralysed my arm for a few moments. . . .

On the sail down we had one accident after another. First the jib-stay broke and the jib fell into the sea. We put on a new rope and were hauling the jib up again when the jib-halliard broke, and again the jib came down. Shortly after this the rudder-rope broke, but we steered with the jigger.

The next afternoon we went out striking. . . . S * * * and I took turns; he would row while I stood in the bow with the grain, and *vice versa*. . . . First S * * *



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grained a small shark—the first secured by anyone at school this year, with the exception of the one I caught. . . . Shortly after this I saw a shark-fin suddenly appear at about fifty yards on our right. We were soon moving rapidly in that direction, and, as luck would have it, the shark began to swim right for the boat. I had been standing with the pole across my knees, and now I raised it over my head and put my foot upon the small seat in the bow to brace myself for the shot, when I inadvertently gave the seat a kick; the noise reached the shark, who, with a tremendous sweep of his tail, making the water boil, rushed off. This was the largest shark I have seen; he must have been five feet long. . . .

Every year the school has lark races, each fellow competing for a cup. I raced A * * * in the first round and beat him in 4 minutes 50 seconds; then we changed boats and I beat him 6 minutes 30 seconds, in the second race.

During the Christmas holidays of 1911-'12, Archie called on a friend of ours, from whom we later had the satisfaction of receiving this letter:

CHICAGO,

4 Jan. 1912.

. I had a lovely chat with Archie a few days ago, and I congratulate you upon having such a fine, noble and manly son. He has great promise, and I expect great things of him. . . .

In April, 1911, Archie stayed at Pinehurst, where he enjoyed plenty of riding—going out early one morning in company with the master of the kennels, who was training bird-dogs. When a long distance away, two of the dogs, Archie wrote, “‘lit out’ for the kennels as hard as they could go. We both sprang to the saddle, and the chase was on. B. is a splendid rider and he had a pony broken to the plains, while I was on a hunter. I was kept busy dodging branches and bushes which my horse, following the one in front, ran down. For miles we kept up the pace—through the woods; I could just manage to steer my horse between the pine-trunks which went whistling by. But the dogs beat

us to the kennels. After capturing them we started out again. . . ."

Archie's enjoyment of life on the coast of Florida was so keen that he preferred to spend there the Easter vacation of 1912. Having saved his small allowance, he and another boy hired a boat for a ten days' cruise in the Everglades. Their cook and guide were two of the escaped criminals that find in that uncharted wilderness a haven of refuge and freedom. The trip proved full of adventure. One day, while pulling himself out of his boat upon some roots in the swamp, he grasped what he supposed was a thick vine, but what proved to be a snake. On another occasion, while he was standing on the deck of a sail-boat, his gun slipped from his hand and fell stock foremost; the trigger, hitting the gunwale, discharged the shot within a few inches of his head. Some of the other exploits are told in these letters:

NEW YORK,
April 23, 1912.

DEAR MOTHER AND FATHER:

Just a line to let you know that the sharks didn't get me. . . . I had the time of my life on the cruise. I caught eight tarpon and an 800-pound shark. We also did some duck- and curlew-shooting, etc., and I shot an alligator.

April, 1912.

. On Tuesday morning, April 11, we left the town and made a long run of forty miles under sail and anchored in the lee of a small key in the wilderness on the edge of the gulf. In the evening after supper it was slack-tide in the channel, so Harry rowed me while I fished.

The sharks were thick and kept cutting my bait to pieces, but I could not hook one. Finally I determined to get one, and I struck furiously after the slightest touch, but kept on losing baits; at last I was conscious of a slight pull and struck as usual and hooked my fish, for away went the line just tearing off the reel, although I had all the brakes on hard and was using the thumb-drag,—in addition to Harry's rowing in the opposite direction, which greatly increased the pressure. After taking out over a hundred



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and fifty yards of line, I told Harry to stop rowing, and we were towed along against the tide for ten minutes; then the shark stopped his run, and I began reeling in, although I was badly winded and getting tired from the exertion of holding the pole up. . . . I found that the only way to tire the fish was to have Harry row as hard as he could, while I would let the pole down until it was parallel with the water and then pull up with my arms and back and legs braced, until the pole was perpendicular. Every now and then the shark would make a rush and undo all my work. Of course I could not stop him for the line might break. I was horribly tired and every time I pulled up I thought it would be my last. Harry also was rapidly giving out, but he managed to get over to a mud-bank. Here we rested, and then I reeled the shark, still unwilling, up to the boat; as he came alongside he made an awful splashing, and when he stopped I began to lift part of him out of the water while Harry stood ready with a club to finish him by beating in his head. But what was our surprise to see come out of the water the upper fin of his tail! It was a ghastly moment—to see this thing suddenly stick up out of the water and begin to wiggle and writhe about in the moonlight, all the time slopping water up in the air and into the boat. Our first thought was that we were hooked on to some dreadful sea-monster peculiar to those desolate keys bordering on the gulf. Presently we began to come to and realise that it was only a shark which had been foul-hooked in the tail—an extremely rare occurrence. I pulled the fish up again, and this time Harry caught it by the tail and pulled it half into the boat, so that its head was in the water and its body was resting over the side, while its tail was in the boat. Then Harry seized the club and began battering away. I shall never forget the sight of that shark then; every time Harry hit him he raised his head out of the water and turned half around and tried to bite Harry, who would hit him again; then the shark would turn around the other way and try to get at him, all the time opening his great mouth and exposing rows of terrible teeth. Two or three times I thought that the shark would double around into the boat. Finally, however, Harry quieted him, and we lifted him aboard and got him down under the seats, where we finished him. Then we rowed back to the Chequit, much elated but dreadfully tired.

When Archie was eighteen years old, he listened to a talk given by Dr. Grenfell about his experiences in Labrador. The boy's love of adventure as well as his humanitarian impulses responded so eagerly to this description of the splendid work for the relief and welfare of the fisher-folk that he volunteered to assist in that work during the following summer. But circumstances developed which prevented him from carrying out either that project or another for which he offered his services several years later, namely, Bishop Rowe's work among the Indians in the wilds of Alaska. I think it was the Bishop's account of an especially thrilling adventure—being pursued by and having to fight off a pack of wolves—that precipitated the boy's desire to take part in a life so alluring. He consulted a friend of his about joining him on this expedition and then wrote to me:

May 5, 1914.

F * * * C * * * is well pleased with the idea of going to Alaska and is anxious to work. We want life in the open—camp-life or on the trail—no matter how hard the work.

Among the few writings that he cared at that time to read were such as Roosevelt's accounts of shooting-trips and his descriptions of animal life. This he reflected in writing from Cocanut Grove on 11 March, 1911:

In another letter you said that you liked my accounts of certain places even if I do not give them in detail. When I wrote about my trips, I felt like T. R., for I first took up the subject of fish and discussed about their habits, size, food, shape and appearance, and then went on to certain birds, etc. I was under the impression that I had very carefully informed you on the phenomena of Florida.

Archie contributed several articles, descriptive of his tramping and shooting exploits, to *The Migrator*, the school paper, of which he was on the editorial staff and, later, editor-in-chief. An alligator-hunt in which he took part is



thus described in that paper by another boy: "The alligator now came straight for the boats, which were about eight feet from shore, and when his head was beneath them he more than stretched the intervening space. The glade-boat in which Nichols and I were standing now began to rise slowly in the water, and if Taber hadn't again shot him through the head, we might have come on more intimate terms with the reptile."

When the Lake Placid School returned to the Adirondacks for the spring and autumn terms, his love of wild-life was afforded further gratification. A letter written at Lake Placid on 6 Nov. 1911, gives this picture of a deer-hunt,—a form of recreation that the boys were allowed to enjoy from time to time:

Two of the guides were to drive while the third and all three of us [boys] watched on a lumber-road. We were placed down the wind, and the guides started in at the head of the belt of timber, driving towards us. It was some time before I could hear their barking, but when it came to my ears there followed a half-hour of tense excitement. I crouched motionless, expecting to see a buck emerge from every thicket. Then a twig snapped directly in front of me, and I peered into the darkness of the deep woods, trying to catch the slightest sound or movement. Minutes passed thus, and I listened breathlessly, but could hear nothing but the beating of my heart. For a moment I thought that I saw a creature glide between two trees, but I remembered the guide's parting injunction—"Don't shoot till you know what you're shooting at!"—and refrained from firing. Upon closer examination I found that it was only the sunlight dancing on the tree trunks. Suddenly a partridge burst out of a tree near me with an uncanny whir of wings, then another and another, and I found that I was in the midst of a whole flock. I heard a little squeak at my feet, and there was a tiny field-mouse perched on the end of a stick not six inches from my foot. Presently a red squirrel came along and betrayed my presence by an incessant chattering from a branch directly overhead. As the drivers approached, snapping twigs, a flock of migrating

robins passed overhead; the air seemed alive with them. Now the barking of the guides could be heard more and more distinctly, and as they drew nearer my watchfulness increased, for deer that have been driven much will sometimes sneak along just in front of the drivers, who were now only a hundred yards off. Then my guide came out of the woods not ten yards from me—a fair illustration of the sense of direction and woodcraft—and the drive was over.

Archie delighted in travel, and this instinct was gratified in 1912 by a journey in France, Italy and Switzerland, which terminated in a motor tour through Tyrol and southern and western Germany. One incident I remember as showing the boy's rapid education in the matter of art. At the end of June, I had introduced him to a very limited number of the old masters in the Louvre. When we came out, he laughingly confessed that he had never been more bored. Some ten weeks later our motor-party broke up at Cologne, whereupon Archie, who in the interval had visited the galleries of Rome, Florence, Milan and Munich, announced his intention of going, alone, to Holland in order to see the Dutch pictures,—and he did.

In the autumn of that year, my wife had the pleasure of receiving from our boy this expression of his appreciation:

LAKE PLACID,
October 23, 1912.

DEAR MOTHER:

I have been waiting for an opportunity to let you know how much I enjoyed your visit and how much it has helped me. It has made me feel ever so much better mentally, for I was very depressed during the weeks previous to your coming. Now I feel ever so much happier and freer . . .

In the Easter vacation of 1913, although just recovering from a prolonged and aggravated attack of knee-trouble, he insisted on carrying out a pre-arranged trip to Panama in company with several school friends. On the way back—boy-like—their money gave out, and they were stranded

at Havana until the situation was relieved by a telegraphed money-order.

The following summer was spent by our whole family in the far West. My wife and the children began the tour by passing about six weeks on a ranch among the Big Horn Mountains, where they were in the saddle every day. The following is a letter that my wife wrote to me before I joined the party:

TEPEE LODGE, WYOMING,

July 3, 1913.

. To-day Archie and I went out riding alone. He is getting quite an idea of the "lay of the land," and so wanted to explore. We started in on a trail, but it soon ended by a log-cabin, after which we had nothing more (when we had any trail at all) but sheep-paths over the mountains and down a cañon. This country is frightfully steep and rough. A single misstep of our horses would have sent us rolling down to the bottom, where a rushing trout-stream ran. How the horses can proceed when their right feet are a foot higher than their left, and each foot is turned almost on edge, I can't see. But I did not want to spoil Archie's ride, nor to be a coward, so I followed on. Finally we turned down to cross the stream. At this I had to lie back on my horse all but flat, while his head disappeared, hidden by the point of the saddle—so frightfully steep was the grade. Here we crossed and mounted the opposite mountain, till there came a place where even Archie agreed it was impossible to ride. He promised, after leading his own horse across the mass of rock and boulders that blocked the sheep-trail along the edge of the cañon, to come back for mine, and then for me. But I thought I would be brave; so after he had disappeared, I dismounted (on the only flat place, and that only a foot or two long or wide) and proceeded alone, leading my mount. With my fearfully stiff knees, it was a difficult "proposition," but it turned out propitiously and (I was glad to perceive) to Archie's approval. "Why, little Mother!" he said repeatedly. When our wanderings had brought us into safety at last, I breathed deeply and thankfully. I am glad to know what Archie does by himself. He agrees it could not have been worse; so I have sampled all that he is likely to attempt.

In Yellowstone Park, Archie revelled in the riding and in the wild creatures that abound there. Our tour included a journey along the Alaskan coast to Skagway. There were more rides and tramps in Yosemite Valley and at the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River. While at Merced, it occurred to him that there was a rare chance to test his power of enduring thirst in an arid land. So on a day when the thermometer in the town registered 112° in the shade, he started at a brisk pace—which he estimated as being between four and five miles per hour—and walked out into the desert, where the temperature was reported to be nearly 135° . At the end of an hour and a half he turned to go back. By that time his exertions had resulted in dreadful thirst, and presently his lips and tongue began to swell. There was no sign of water—nothing but sand, sand everywhere. His strength was giving out when he saw at a great distance a line of cattle. From the fact that they were in single file, he guessed what proved to be the fact—that they were standing in an irrigation ditch. Spurred on by the hope of finding water there, he plunged on, though far off his course; and when at last the ditch was reached, he threw himself on the ground and drank—as he reported—gallons of the muddy water. Thus revived, he managed to get back to the town—with the experience that he had sought. A few weeks later, while in Arizona, he added to the family's itinerary a two days' solitary excursion on horse-back—notwithstanding terrific heat and his suffering from hay fever, aggravated by alkali dust—to a certain petrified forest in Arizona, from which he triumphantly brought back, among other relics, a live horned-toad as a much-appreciated present to his mother. The place that he occupied in our little party is indicated by a letter from my wife to her mother—in fact, it expresses the attitude of the rest of the family toward him at all times:

MERCED, CALIFORNIA,

Aug., 1913.

. Archie is our guide and fun-maker. We can hardly get along without him. He is so affectionate and attentive and such "good fun."

At the commencement of 1903, when he was nearly ten years old, Archie paid his first visit to Princeton, and at the Yale game "rooted" vociferously for the Orange and Black—to the great amusement of his neighbours in the stand. From that moment there was never any doubt as to the college that he would choose as *alma mater*. So, on our return from the West in September, 1913, it was with eagerness that he entered, with the class of 1917, upon the halcyon period of college life. The difficulties that he had encountered with studies at school, however, pursued him to some extent to Princeton, and, like many another father, I found it necessary to urge him to apply himself. That his attitude was not one of resentment appears from this typical letter:

PRINCETON, 10 Jan., 1914.

I want to assure you that there is no risk of making yourself unpleasant, because you ought to know that I am grateful when you tell me what you think about me—although I do not always improve. However, I am profiting by your criticism. Talks like this increase the bond between us. Let me thank you and tell you that I will go at my work with "attack."

Archie engaged in the usual number of "extra-curriculum activities." Among these was the project of giving the choir boys of Trinity Church, Princeton, an annual outing, in which he became interested through his friend, Rev. Ralph B. Pomeroy, then rector. And so, in the summer of 1914, he spent several weeks at a camp near Bay Head, acting as "counsellor" to the younger boys. A friend of ours, writing recently, gives this picture of him as he appeared at that time:

Some years ago we were sailing from Bay Head to the Trinity Camp on the Metedeconk. Your son was on the pier, and we both remarked on his beauty and his superb physique, and the spirit of helpfulness which had brought him there. He had a knightly quality which is rare.

Judging from the heartiness of the greetings that he used to receive thereafter from certain small boys on the streets of Princeton, I imagine that he made a good impression on his wards. Another part of that vacation was passed with some of his college friends in camping and fishing in Canada. For the purpose of adding to the interest and excitement of the trip, they made it without a guide, and chose as its scene a wilderness of which no map existed.

Archie's relation to his mother at this time is indicated by his writing to Lydia thus:

PRINCETON,

May 11, 1914.

. I had a perfectly delightful visit from "little Ma" last Friday. I think she is wonderful; every time I see her, I appreciate her loveliness more and more.

An aunt of his, writing in September, 1914, speaks of him as being "delightfully vigorous, manly and straightforward."

In the winter of 1914-15, our family took up our residence at Princeton, to Archie's intense delight, and the three college-years during which we thus enjoyed his companionship are crowded with precious memories. He retained his room in Lower Pyne Building and (in Junior and Senior years) at 52, '79 Hall; but one of the bedrooms in Symington House was appropriated as his own, and he used to sleep there from time to time. More than once, finding the front door bolted late at night, when he was not expected to return, he managed to effect an entrance by climbing to an upper window from the top of a motor-car or otherwise. On one occasion the method adopted



TO THE
MEMBERS OF THE
COMMISSIONERS OF THE
LAND OFFICE

was to place a garden-hose-rack on the stone wall of the fore-court, and then, mounting to the top of it, to jump and swing himself up to the second-story balcony, which is at such a height as to make the feat seem quite incredible. But he was not always attended by such good luck. Being in haste one day to enter his room in Lower Pyne, and having forgot his key, he climbed up the outside of the one-story extension and was crossing the glass roof when it broke under his weight, and the employees in the Post Office below were astounded when they looked up and saw a human form dangling directly over their heads.

In the decoration of his room in Symington House he took the liveliest interest, and it still contains the collection that was his pride—specimens of Indian bead-work, war relics, guns, snowshoes, polo mallets and other sporting implements, snake and alligator skins, a tortoise shell, antlers, the sword of a sword-fish, racing and yachting prints, etc. He loved to “drop in” for lunch or dinner or whenever an opportunity was afforded, always announcing himself, as he opened the front door, by a certain cheery call which we recognised as meaning Archie and no one else. His pleasure was enhanced if he brought with him one or more of his college friends, for this furnished the opportunity to gratify his strong instinct of hospitality.

So the delightful months of college life rolled on—but not quite as usual, for the Great War was raging, and college boys, as others, were beginning to awaken from the dream of irresponsibility. Like millions of his fellow-countrymen, Archie’s heart was stirred by sympathy for the Allied cause. When reports came of the splendid ambulance service that had been inaugurated by Americans in France for succouring the French wounded, he became increasingly interested. His spirit of adventure and his love of confronting and overcoming difficulties—especially if spiced with danger—as well as his compassion for the suffering, were appealed to. He was probably conscious, too, of having a valuable contribution to make to the cause

in the skill he had acquired in the driving and handling of a motor-car. Thus in the autumn of 1915, having obtained his mother's and my own ready consent, he offered himself and was accepted as a driver in the service known as the American Field Ambulance. His reputation for embarking on exploits of adventure is reflected in what a relative wrote at this time:

It is wonderful that Archie is starting out on so heroic a mission. . . . I think he leads a charmed life any way, and I know that he is always in danger, no matter where he is; so this may seem tame to him. . . .

On 18 Oct., 1915, he sailed for France. A letter from a friend of mine, who was living in Paris, gives this picture of him on his arrival there:

PARIS, 8 Nov., 1915.

I found Archie looking tall, handsome and happy in his new uniform of the American Ambulance He dined with us and it was the unanimous opinion that "Archie était très bel homme", and all the women of the family lost their hearts to him at once.

His experiences are best told by the following extracts from some of his own letters:

AMERICAN AMBULANCE HOSPITAL OF PARIS,
NEUILLY-SUR-SEINE, le 17 Nov., 1915.

DEAR FATHER:

Tomorrow a new section which has recently been formed starts for the front, and White, Stanton and I have been lucky enough to become members of it, although it is chiefly composed of men who have been in the service a long time The exact destination of this new section is not known to us, but the general direction is into the Champagne district where there is heavy fighting now, with substantial gains for the French. This ought to be great, as we are to be attached to a division of the regular French Army.

SECTION SANITAIRE AMERICAINE No. 4,
CONVOIS AUTOMOBILES,
B. C. M., PARIS,
Nov. 27, 1915.

DEAR MOTHER:

For three weeks I was a member of the "Paris Squad" of the American Ambulance, and stayed at the hospital at Neuilly. Our duties were to unload the trains of wounded men coming into Paris and to take them to hospitals all over Paris. It was like being attached to a fire department, for we were subject to call at any hour of the day or night; but the trains of wounded almost never arrived in the day, so that most of the work was done between sunset and sunrise. Frequently calls came in at 11 P. M. or 1 or 2 A. M. and that meant four to six hours' work; in fact I think a call never came in after ten P. M. when we did not stay up until dawn It was very wearing, especially so since some of the work demanded a severe physical strain—such as pushing wounded men on stretchers into the top racks of an ambulance. When a Frenchman is big and you are tired, he seems to weigh a ton.

When a call comes, the officers of the squad walk down the dormitory where we all sleep at the top of the hospital, and *kick* everybody out of bed. We all stagger down the 108 steps to the court-yard and get the motors started (which is quite a job on a cold night) and drive down to La Chappelle station where all trains of wounded arrive Then we wait for the train, which is frequently late. The station is the coldest and dampest place imaginable. Some try sleeping in their cars, while others gather around some stoves which have been placed in another large room, where we wait, adjoining the ambulance shed. When the train arrives, it is our duty to enter the cars and get the *blessés* out of their beds and on to stretchers, which we carry out of the car and lay on the platform for the *brancardiers* to carry to temporary hospitals; also under the train-shed, where the *blessés* are given something to eat and drink; here they are sorted and it is determined to which hospital they shall go and in what ambulance. . . . The *brancardiers* are very careless and on several occasions have dropped *blessés* with fatal results. They dropped three *blessés* in one night, I believe, and killed two of them; so the government requested that the A. A. do the unloading, which they do now, and the *brancardiers* are not allowed to

touch the *blessés* until they are brought out on the platform

The nurses who give coffee, bread, soup and cigarettes to the *blessés* in the temporary hospitals at the station are all French, and are *perfectly wonderful* for their tenderness and cheerfulness. It's one of the most impressive sights I have ever seen to see these women walking among the rows of stretchers, smiling, bending over to say a kind word to *every* man, giving out bread or a cigarette with the utmost grace and gentleness, and even pouring soup down the throat of a man who could not help himself, spoonful by spoonful, with such care that not a drop is spilt—taking infinite time with each, although there are rows of others waiting their turn. Think of what these women have given up, the hour of night, their patience; the nurses at the hospital are kind, but nothing like this; the only thing that I can think of to compare it with is your own self-sacrificing.

Dec. 5, 1915.

DEAR MOTHER AND FATHER:

. It is very exciting work, this driving at night, for there are scarcely any lights! No motors have head-lights in Paris; they all carry little glimmering side-lights—red. Then, too, there are very few street-lights lit—perhaps only one in twelve. Consequently the boulevards are dark and the small streets even in the heart of the city are *black*. As may be imagined, there are many accidents, both motors running down foot-passengers and motors running into each other; and for every accident there are twenty narrow escapes. On an average of once every three or four nights one of our ambulances gets into trouble. To make matters worse, the taxis have not slowed down a bit—if anything they go faster.

Great difficulty is experienced, even with the gendarme as guide, in finding the hospitals, especially on small streets, for these have no lights, hence you cannot see the signs to tell what street you are on. Also at night and early morning there are no passers-by to ask. When the hospital has finally been reached, the *blessés* are carried out by the hospital orderlies, and the stretchers and blankets returned to your car.

The business of dealing with the wounded upon their arrival in Paris is most carefully planned and expeditiously

carried out. The whole system reflects much credit upon the French Government.

Dec. 13, 1915.

DEAR MOTHER:

. Paris to-day is not the gay city that you remember; it is a place of mourners. I began to feel this as soon as I arrived, and this impression was strengthened the longer I stayed. Having arrived from Bordeaux late on a Saturday night, I got my first glimpse on a bright Sunday morning, and it was saddening beyond belief to see every woman in black so far as the eye could reach up and down the Champs-Élysées. I found out afterwards that even among the poor of the Latin quarter and Montmartre the women wore yards of crape.

Walking down the Champs-Élysées, the Allies' flags and Red Cross flags appeared on both sides. There are the Russian, Japanese and Italian hospitals, as well as many French military hospitals. The entire Élysée Palace Hotel is given over to a vast hospital, as is also a part of the Ritz. As I went into the Tuileries, I passed a nice-looking young woman leading by the hand one of the most beautiful children I have ever seen; this little girl was dressed from head to foot in purple—the child's mourning; evidently her father had been killed in the war. In the Bois, the children of the better classes are dressed in this fashion.

The city is full of ambulances which are to be seen at all hours. There are also a great number of funerals—those of wounded soldiers who die in the hospitals. The traffic is confined to taxis and military motors. This latter class is all painted "battleship gray," and includes everything from a motorcycle to a high truck. The Government has confiscated for the duration of the war thousands of private cars, and, in cases where no requisition has been made, they have been donated to the service. You see officers of all ranks, captains, generals, etc., dashing by in great limousines. Frequently great convoys of trucks laden with supplies pass. These convoys have the right of way, and it is most impressive to see truck after truck go thundering by, every one at the same distance behind the one in front of it, all so grim-looking, and each with canvas covering roped down securely, hiding its mysterious burden. After a dozen or so have passed you look in the direction in which they are proceeding to see where they are going,

and as they roll by you look towards where they are coming from, and still no end in sight.

Of course there are quantities of militaries in the city. Officers in gay uniforms, soldiers from the trenches with their steel helmets, Zouaves, Senegalese, Colonials, Marines, Belgians, British land and naval forces, etc., all on leave of absence for a rest.

I am frequently saluted. Sometimes I suppose I am mistaken for a British army-officer, but often I'm sure it is because of the Red Cross I wear on my hat. Once I saw an officer of high rank stand at attention and salute an ambulance as it passed him. I think this showed such high-mindedness, fine feeling and appreciation of the work of the Red Cross.

Shortly before Christmas, a vague rumour reached us of a tragic accident that had befallen some of the boys in the Ambulance Service,—that a shell had exploded near a group which included Archie, killing several; but we understood that he had escaped death. A few mornings later we were thrown into consternation by receiving from an acquaintance in Massachusetts what amounted to a letter of condolence; no details were mentioned, but the writer assumed the knowledge on our part either that Archie had been killed or that some terrible injury had overtaken him. It seemed impossible not to connect the two incidents and to conclude either that he had died as the result of injuries or—a thought even more unendurable—had been horribly mangled and might, if he survived at all, drag out a maimed existence. The time required to run down the rumour, by telegraphing and telephoning, seemed, in our state of mind, an eternity; but before evening we had been partially reassured, and within two days there came a reply to my cablegram to Paris, stating that the rumour was unfounded. Subsequently I received the following from the Director of the American Ambulance Hospital of Paris:

January 10, 1916.

. I am glad that my cable reached you and brought relief to your anxiety in regard to your boy. I

saw Arthur about two weeks ago and he seemed perfectly well and happy, and I know from what his Section Leader says that he is doing good work and is a helpful influence in his section. We are happy to have boys of his quality in our service for the influence that they exert in maintaining high standards and for the good name which they help to build for our country among these wonderful French people, who have shown themselves, I think, to represent the highest civilisation which our modern world has attained. . . .

Curiously enough, the very sort of accident of which we had heard the rumour did in fact occur shortly afterwards:

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE,
December 26, 1915.

DEAR AUNT MAY:

Last evening will long be remembered by us. We enjoyed a special dinner which had been sent from Paris for us, consisting of turkey, cranberry sauce, etc.; and these things went surprisingly well after the simple army rations to which we have become accustomed. While we were in the midst of the feast, an orderly entered with an urgent call for an ambulance at a town some distance away. As it was my turn to go, I rose and left the table. . . . My room-mate also prepared to go, and so we started; but before we had gone far, we were called back, and we returned to find that it was entirely a put-up job. This practical joke was devised by one of the French lieutenants attached to our squad, to test the morale of our section. I know he was immensely gratified to find that we put duty first.

After dinner we opened Christmas presents, which had been sent through the kindness of the friends of the Ambulance, both in France and at home. . . . We were singing and listening to the phonograph when our merriment was suddenly chilled and the evening was brought to a dramatic close by the entrance of another orderly. He bore the sad news of the death of one of our men—a member of another section,—killed by a German shell while on duty, and of the wounding of another man. Not a word was spoken for some time. At length some one broke the silence by saying with a quivering voice, "Good boy." One after

another of us slowly left the room and went out into the dark. . . .

I knew Archie well enough to feel sure that he would be so much interested in his mission of mercy as to be tempted to stay on past the time for which he had volunteered; but I also knew that, if he should not return in time to resume his college course at the beginning of the second term with his own class, the chances were that his collegiate education would stop short at the end of his Sophomore year. This seemed a pity and a mistake, especially from the point of view of December, 1915, when our country had not yet assumed her part in the war, and it was doubtful whether she ever would, and when a university education seemed more important than it appeared to be a year and a half later. But my advice did not reach him until he had wrestled with the problem and had reached a decision by himself, as the next letter shows:

SOMEWHERE ON THE FRENCH FRONT,
January 14, 1916.

DEAR FATHER:

Some three weeks ago I had to solve the greatest problem I have ever had to face yet, namely, whether I should stay over here and risk my life in trying to save others, or whether I should return to America. I felt that the greatest thing to live for is to be of service, and as human life is the most valuable thing in the world, I felt very strongly that my duty was to stay here. I rather like the idea of the *Chef* of our section, who considers that he has already done much more than he is worth;—on the supposition that one life is as valuable as another, he thinks that, since he may have saved as many as a dozen lives, he has done twelve times what he is worth.

I can assure you that I was glad when I finally arrived at a decision, because I considered the question for a week, going over every possible argument. I put it out of my mind for a time and waited for an opportunity to write you about my decision to stay. In this interval I began to consider again. It was rather difficult to keep an open mind with so many biased counsellors as there are here;—all the



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men in the section want me to stay, and they are very pressing in their determination.

To make a long story short—I changed my opinion of what was best to do a week ago, and decided to return. I will come back some time next month. I see I shall be late for college, but it is impossible to get back in time. In fact I can't leave the army before February 17, as my contract does not expire until then.

Our section is incorporated in the French army, and is attached to a division fighting at the front now. We have replaced a French ambulance service in the field and are consequently one of the units which go to make up an army corps—hence the difficulty of getting a leave. However, I have definitely decided to come back.

It was with some surprise that I read your letter of the 26th of December, which I received this morning, anticipating my desire to stay over. I certainly am glad to have your opinion to back up my own decision in the matter. This was a terribly hard question for me to decide—much harder than you can realise. I knew that I had much to lose by staying over here, and it was just this knowledge which made it harder to decide, for I had to put aside utterly my own selfishness and the personal equation. Then, too, I had no more to lose than many of the other men here, who have given up everything for the work. I knew that I was not afraid to stay and yet in staying felt that I stood face to face with death; in fact I prepared myself for that event long ago. I found it necessary to do so in order to accomplish my work well, for this reason: if I should be afraid, I should not be able to do my duty some time when I got into a tight place; therefore, I had to eliminate the fear of being hit by a shell or something. To be able to thus eliminate fear, I had to bring myself into a state of mind where I was willing to make the sacrifice should my time come. So far I have had no narrow escapes or even been in particularly dangerous places. The work has been confined simply to going up and down behind the lines with occasional trips up to *postes de secours*, which are usually a few hundred yards behind the first-line trenches. Many of the roads which we use, while far from the front, are yet well within range of the enemy's big guns, and one road which we use daily is within sight of a German look-out on a high hill, so the latest order from General X * * *, commanding our army, is for cars proceeding in the same direc-

tion to keep 300 yards apart. These roads are shelled from time to time, but a shell has never dropped near while I was en route. The other day I spent thirty hours on duty in a town where they are expecting to be shelled out any hour. The town had been bombarded several times

Since beginning this letter many hours have passed—this is my third attempt amid all kinds of difficulties. At one time there was a noisy game of dominoes on my right, and a game of cards on my left; a phonograph has been going almost steadily all the time. Now someone is chopping wood on the floor. We are stationed in barracks at present and the only place for the men off duty is our dormitory, hence there is great noise and roughhouse, singing, shouting, knocking into the table, etc., all the time. For all these reasons, I hardly know what I have written.

I have reason to think that a *big* gas attack will come off soon—reports from prisoners, certain activity on our part, etc.,—so watch the papers. I always keep my gas-mask strapped on my side like an officer's revolver.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE,
January 18, 1916.

DEAR LITTLE MA:

This has been the most wonderfully interesting three months of my life, and I have seen things I can never forget. I once had the opportunity of seeing the most wonderful exhibition of courage that I have ever witnessed. I was engaged in loading wounded into ambulances. It is the custom to place the *blessés* on the ground behind the ambulance which is to take them away, and then, when all who are to go in a certain car have been placed inside it, a squad of *brancardiers* comes to lift the stretchers in. I noticed that one of a group of *blessés* had been hit very severely—his left forearm had been shot off just below the elbow; he had been hit in one foot, and had lost one eye; he had also sustained other injuries in the head, and in addition had been wounded in the remaining hand which was bandaged up, leaving only his third and fourth fingers exposed. As I passed I saw that he was smiling—he had the most beautiful and noble expression on his face—he was content with the lot of a “soldier of France” Between his two free fingers he held the stub of a cigarette, and he actually asked me to light it; it is needless to say that I gave him a cigarette, and apparently the same idea occurred to everyone else within hearing, for in a moment he had a lot.

The most touching, heart-rending, appealing sight that I have seen was the funeral of a *blessé* who had died in the A. A. Hospital. This occurred a few days after landing. I was suddenly plunged into a strange world where the sights and realities of war were being brought home to me every instant. I had prepared myself for unthinkable things and so was not taken by surprise by most of what surrounded me. At the time I saw this funeral, I had already been through the hospital and seen ghastly wounds and the shattered remains of men—all sorts of things; and yet I had not been overcome by any of them; so it was with great surprise that I found myself fairly stunned by this small procession, because I had not looked for a shock from that quarter. I noticed a group of a few women and children and a few soldiers waiting by one of the entrances to the hospital. As I watched, a coffin covered with the tricolor was brought out and the procession moved forward, the soldiers walking with arms reversed beside the remains and the women walking behind. There were not more than eighteen persons in all; they did not walk fast or slowly, but it was in their attitudes that they betrayed the utter dejection of their grief. There was no music, no show—a single bunch of flowers and the French flag, furled and tied with mourning, going at the head of the column, which walked one block to a little chapel opposite the hospital.

Words are entirely inadequate to describe my feelings; it was something which only the one who experiences it can appreciate. I was nearly knocked over; suddenly the enormity of the sadness, crime, wastefulness,—the utter uselessness of war, came over me. I then began to appreciate in a small degree what war is, and the thought that eleven nations were then engaged in exterminating each other was too much for me to realise,—it is curious that an idea can be too big to grasp. It fairly took my breath away, and all I could think all the afternoon was, "O God, the *pity* of it all!"

SECTION SANITAIRE AMERICAINE No. 4,
CONVOIS AUTOMOBILES, B. C. M.,
PAR PARIS,

January 21, 1916.

DEAR TED:

I have just come back to our base after a night of continuously driving my ambulance under the most trying and

nerve-racking conditions. It is our duty to evacuate the wounded from a number of *postes de secours*, situated a few hundred yards behind the first-line trenches, and to take them to a field-hospital or to a point farther to the rear, where they can be put on board a train and sent to convalescent hospitals. Of course this service cannot be performed in the day time, as the Germans usually hold some point of vantage from which their lookouts can see over the country far and wide and command all roads approaching the front. Therefore we travel at night and without lights of any sort. As soon as darkness falls, a vast tide of traffic starts for the front—convoys of ammunition, fresh troops going up to the trenches, those who have been relieved returning, guns going into position, lines of food wagons, which seem endless, etc., etc.,—all this in the blackness of the night and without a light; in fact the men are not even allowed to smoke. You can imagine the smash-ups and tangles which occur when all kinds of conveyances are passing each other, especially when it is raining or snowing and you cannot see your hand before your face.

In most places the roads are narrow, and it is indeed a critical job to pass a convoy, when there is every danger of locking wheels with a wagon on one side or else of slipping off the road and into the ditch, or, what is still worse, into the reserve trenches which line the road. Here and there are shell-craters, and these it is impossible to avoid; it is a queer feeling to be riding along and suddenly to have one of the front wheels drop into a good deep hole. From time to time they shell the road, but so far I have had no narrow escape, as some of the men in this section have; in fact, I have never been even near where a shell has struck.

Driving in these circumstances is necessarily slow; we have to creep along in low speed for miles. When, however, we come to a good stretch of road and are inclined to speed along, we may suddenly be confronted by a sentinel with levelled gun looming out of the darkness. Before you can stop you have drawn alongside of him, and you finally come to a halt with his fixed bayonet about two feet from your chest. After giving the pass-word, you are allowed to proceed. Just one experience like this was enough for me, and now I always go slowly. If you pass by one of these sentinels, he is likely to shoot. There is no telling where they are apt to be, even on a road that you

know well, for they are stationed at different points along the road every evening.

One of the greatest difficulties of this service is driving after the brilliance of an illuminating bomb has died away. They go out very suddenly—quite as suddenly as they burst into flame; and when they have gone out, the darkness seems more intense than ever, so that you have to stop and wait for your eyes to become accustomed again to the night.

There are places where we come so close to the trenches that everyone talks in an undertone. In these places a motor throttled down as low as possible sounds to you like a steel-mill going at full blast.

There are other sides to this work beside the thrill of excitement. One of the most terrible experiences I know of is to have to carry a load of badly wounded men in their terrible agony over a rough road, where the bumps are unavoidable, and yet you know what each of the *blessés* must suffer. The French are wonderfully brave; they never complain, and seldom utter a groan; but sometimes, when a particularly bad bump has put them to increased torture, they do cry out. When once you have heard this sound, you can never forget it; it tears your heart.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE,
Feb. 4, 1916.

DEAR MOTHER:

. On the first of the month I returned to our base after what I suppose will be my last visit to the front. I had enough experiences to fill a volume of the size of a dictionary. Among other things I paid a visit to the trenches and watched the effect of the shell-fire of a French battery upon the German trenches from a *poste d'observation*. You cannot imagine how intensely interesting, how horrible, how exciting it was to hear the range telephoned to the battery; to hear the word "Fire!" and instantly a roar behind us, a whiz as the shells passed over our heads, and then to see the earth heave up, trenches tumble in, etc.; a few seconds afterwards the report of the bursting shells could be heard. I could have pitied the poor devils in those trenches if I had not just heard so much about the recent Zeppelin raids, and more particularly about the bombardment of one of France's largest towns, which we happen to be near; for I knew exactly what havoc was being

wrought, how the men were being blown up and torn to pieces. . . .

After the bombardment was over, I started back for the place where I left my ambulance. We had not gone far before the Germans began to shoot again. Most of the shells were bursting beyond us, over the brow of the hill, but suddenly there was an explosion in the air over us and the *éclat* of a shrapnel shell fell into the trench in front of us. It burst directly over the trench, so that one piece cut a bundle of telephone wires, another hit the door of the *abri* in which a number of men were sitting, and another piece fell within a yard of three officers who were standing near a bomb-proof. I went back to a station behind the hill to see if anyone was wounded when the shells burst; and all the way the shells were whizzing over my head. . . .

Archie landed at New York on 22 February, 1916. As he was among the first to come to Princeton from the scene of war, he had much of interest to tell, and although up to that time he had never spoken in public, he accepted invitations from the Men's League of Trinity Church and the Hook and Ladder Engine Company to give informal talks before their assemblies, using as illustrations some of the war relics that he had brought over, which at that time were novel.

Our boy had the satisfaction of achieving the record of having driven his ambulance a greater distance, and of having transported a larger number of wounded, than any other member of his section. In November, 1919, we received a gratifying expression of appreciation of his services as an ambulance driver, namely, a posthumous decoration conferred by the French Ministry of War, and enclosed with it the following letter from the director of the American Field Service:

MY DEAR MR. TABER:

The accompanying letter, numbered C4/7, although given under date of January 3d, 1919, by the Ministry of War, is the fulfillment of an honour they had intended giving us for a long time. We had previously sent to them a list of the early members of the Field Service, and, need-



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less to say, among the foremost of those was the name of your son, ARTHUR RICHMOND TABER.

Remembering always, with very deep gratitude, your son's record in our Service, and our fine debt to him, we should like the privilege of presenting to you the

AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE MEDAL.

This decoration is conferred in appreciation of your son's achievement for the Field Service in its effort for France. I am asked to express to you, in behalf of our American and Foreign staffs, and of the Committees and Universities in the United States, which have constantly supported the Field Service for four years, their grateful acknowledgment of the debt due to your son. Only by such effort and sacrifice as he personally gave could the purpose and credit of our labour have been accomplished.

Respectfully yours,

HENRY D. SLEEPER,
Directing, A. F. S. Hdqrs.

Archie returned from France a much sobered boy; his eyes had been opened to a new scale of the values of life. But he never lost his poise; even the indelible impression made by close contact with physical horrors and mental anguish was not sufficient to quell his buoyancy of spirits. He re-entered with zest into the fellowship and varied interests of university life. His strong instinct of sociability was afforded gratification by the "Proms" and other dances. The year before, he had been elected to membership in Ivy Club, and its opportunities for good-fellowship he keenly enjoyed. I remember that in one of those unfortunate "mix-ups" which are apt to attend the club elections, a member of his class, after declining several invitations from clubs other than Ivy, found himself in the position of not being a member of any organisation. Thereafter Archie took pleasure in inviting this friend to be his dinner-guest at Ivy Club once a week during the remainder of his college course.

Rowing was always one of his favourite sports. At Lake Placid for two years he was stroke on one of the two school crews. In his Freshman year at Princeton he pulled bow oar on his class eight and in Sophomore year was a candidate

for the Varsity crew. At one time, his enthusiasm for this sport cost him dearly in pain. He was susceptible to ivy-poisoning, and unfortunately his hands had become greatly inflamed by this scourge at the height of the rowing season. But so anxious and determined was he to hold his place on the crew, that he pulled an oar throughout this period—of about a fortnight—although after each day's practice he had to call on his physician to have his hands bandaged again. On his return from France, he resumed rowing and devoted himself to single sculls. John Fitzpatrick, the veteran oarsman and Princeton rowing coach, recently wrote this statement of his appreciation :

As long as the Princeton Rowing Association exists, the name of Arthur Taber will be spoken of with admiration. I have heard hundreds of graduates refer to him as not only unique but a very vivid personality. In all the four years I knew him at Princeton, I always found him a perfect gentleman—straight-forward, pure-minded, generous and manly. I loved him dearly.

His interest in shooting began when he was a lad. At Lake Placid School he won the Gun Club Cup and held it for two years. On entering Princeton this interest continued and he participated in clay-pigeon matches. In 1916 he became a member of the University Gun Team and took part in a contest with Yale. In the Inter-Collegiate Shoot he again shot on the Princeton team against teams representing Dartmouth, Yale and Cornell, as well as in the Individual Championship contest, thus qualifying for and obtaining the Gun Team insignia. He was also fond of gunning for ducks and quail, sometimes in the vicinity of Princeton and sometimes along the Atlantic shore. One of his companions recently wrote to me the following recollections :

NEW YORK, Dec. 9, 1919.

. While at Princeton I saw quite a bit of Archie. The thing that attracted me to him was that he shared with me the love of going out hunting, particularly in a canoe for



ducks, up one of the creeks which empties into the Lake, and that he took great pleasure in rising at even four or five in the morning to go out with the faint chance of seeing any. He always loved to be out-of-doors. The majority of the ducks at Princeton were wood-ducks, which the government is trying to preserve. Archie would rather not shoot at some ducks going by unless he was absolutely positive they were not wood-ducks. In this way I remember he lost many opportunities of getting other varieties of ducks

His record has certainly been a fine one. May I not congratulate you upon being the father of such a fine boy?

In the autumn of 1916, he again heard and responded to the call of the wild, as this letter shows:

LAKE GENEVA, WISCONSIN,
Oct. 5, 1916.

DEAR FATHER:

This is the fourth and last day of a shooting expedition after ducks and snipe. It certainly has been glorious fun The trip has been a great success as far as snipe are concerned; we have found some of the best snipe-marshes in the United States Our system is to go along until we see likely-looking land beside a lake or river, when we stop and wade out through the marsh. We haven't taken a very heavy toll of birds, but nevertheless have had lots of fun. The jack-snipe which we are after is the gamiest bird in the country and the hardest to hit because of its irregular flight. When flushed, it goes away darting from right to left and up and down, flying the while at high speed.

On his return to Princeton, he wrote the following letters:

Oct. 11, 1916.

DEAREST MOTHER:

There was one episode which happened the day T * * * and I had our jumping exercise that I haven't told you about. He tried to put his horse over a fence between three and four feet high The horse jumped but struck his knees, which suddenly arrested his momentum ; the result was that T. went shooting off.

In the meantime I had taken the saddle off my horse and was trying some jumps bare-back. I looked over in T's direction just in time to see him come a cropper and the horse galloping off due West; so I started in pursuit without stopping to saddle up. The chase proved to be a long one, with T. bringing up the rear on foot, wildly gesticulating and shouting directions the while. My horse had a bounding gait and a bony spine, which were not adapted to bare-back riding, so that all the skin was worn off my knees trying to stay on; finally, however, the runaway was captured and we returned to the jumps.

PRINCETON,
Oct. 13, 1916.

DEAR LITTLE MA:

. Architecture is one of the courses I have chosen and the one I am most interested in This course is given by Mr. Butler, the famous archæologist, and is a splendid commentary upon history; in fact, since architecture is such an enduring monument, our knowledge of the early civilisation is almost entirely based upon it

My shell is even better than I expected, and tremendously fast. With a single stroke it shoots its own length over the water (*i. e.*, thirty feet)

As time and the war went on and as complications developed which threatened to involve our own country, the need for military preparation became more and more apparent to thoughtful people, and the "Plattsburg Idea" gained currency and popularity throughout the country. Archie was among the many college men to whom this idea appealed increasingly. On 12 July, 1916, he entered the Military Instruction Camp at Plattsburg, becoming a member of the 6th Training Regiment as private in Company H of the 2d Battalion, and completed the course on 8th August. Whether or not it be true, as some believe, that, but for this institution, our armies could not have taken the field in time, or even that our country would not have taken part in the war at all, I think it unquestionable that our boy was one of a multitude for whom the rigour and discipline of this military camp paved the way for greatly increased efficiency



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in the later training and in the actual performance of military duties.

In the latter part of the winter of 1916-17, in view of the interest manifested by Princeton students in the American Field Service, the authorities of that service determined to find—as they wrote—“some prominent Princeton man who had previously been in the service and who would take the leadership there in recruiting for new members to go to France.” After some correspondence, Archie was, at the suggestion of Dean McClenahan, appointed about 20th of March, 1917, to that position. For many weeks thereafter, he devoted a great deal of time and hard work to the undertaking, explaining to enquirers the needs and details of the service, considering applications, approving or rejecting applicants according to his judgment of each man's fitness, making up groups of ambulance-drivers who were to be sent over as “Princeton Units,” and arranging for their transportation. His room in '79 Hall became the headquarters for this service and was often crowded with applicants. He made several trips to Lawrenceville where he talked to the boys of that school in the hope of forming a unit there. Ultimately he had the satisfaction of organising and sending forward three units, each composed of twenty-five Princeton students. The impetus given by his efforts resulted later in the formation and despatch, under the leadership of his successors, of two more Princeton units. One of those who assisted him spoke afterward of “the respect and admiration we all felt for the untiring energy and devotion he gave in a most excellent cause.” He was obliged to relinquish the work when, as our country drew nearer and nearer the inevitable break with Germany, there appeared what he recognised as a still more important undertaking, and, for him, a solemn duty.

II.

Lord God of Hosts, whose mighty hand
Dominion holds on sea and land,
In Peace and War Thy will we see
Shaping the larger liberty.

Nations may rise and nations fall,
Thy changeless purpose rules them all.

For those to whom the call shall come
We pray Thy tender welcome home.
The toil, the bitterness, all past,
We trust them to Thy love at last.

O, hear a people's prayers for all
Who, nobly striving, nobly fall!

—*John Oxenham.*

Long before the declaration by Congress that a state of war with Germany existed, Archie became impressed with the enormous importance and almost unlimited possibilities of aviation. The following entry appears in his diary under date of 3 Sept., 1916: "I spent the evening reading the Flying Magazine and have determined to take a course in one of the aviation schools next summer." Another entry reads: "10 Dec., 1916. Talked to father about aviation." Well do I remember that conversation. He had unquestionably reached the conclusion that the air service was the branch in which he could best serve his country. On 8 March, 1917, he applied for a commission as first lieutenant in the Aviation Section, Signal Officers' Reserve Corps, the application being accompanied by the following letter of recommendation:



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OF THE
SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION
WASHINGTON, D. C.

March 12, 1917.

MY DEAR SIR:

I have the greatest pleasure in recommending for your consideration Mr. Arthur Richmond Taber, a member of Princeton University. Mr. Taber is a young man of ability and of the strictest integrity. He has had six months' experience in the ambulance work of the American Ambulance Hospital in France, where he gave splendid service. He is a young person of the greatest courage and of very real ability. I recommend him to you, with great confidence in his fitness for the splendid work of your corps.

I am,

Very truly yours,

HOWARD MCCLENAHAN,

Dean of the College.

To the Officer in Charge,

Aviation Corps,

Mineola,

Long Island, N. Y.

The rôle that aviation was destined to play was foreseen by some of the alumni of Princeton through whose public-spirit and generosity the Princeton Aviation School was organised, and instruction in flying was provided at a field within a short distance of the town. Archie was delighted by this opportunity to learn the new art, and there he flew almost daily in April, May and June, 1917.

On 29 June, our boy entered the United States Army as a flying cadet, and on that day my wife wrote to me from Princeton: "How strange that one can be gay even under the shadow of a grim ordeal—for Archie has entered the army and taken his oath, reporting that he had signed his death-warrant. But we joked over everything, even when he told of having had a suit tried on which his bones might never wear. . . . I understand the French spirit better daily, as I go about with my heart feeling bruised all day long."

On 5 July, 1917, Archie became a member of the first class to be trained at the United States Military School of Aeronautics at Princeton, commonly known as a "ground-school," and he wrote the following letters:

SYMINGTON HOUSE,
PRINCETON, N. J.,
July 5, 1917.

DEAR TOBS*:

Last Friday was a great day for me; on that day I took the oath of allegiance, so I am now in the army. However, I was not called out on active duty until today, when the course of instruction in the "ground-school" began. It has been very trying, waiting day after day for things to become organised, but at last they are in motion. We are living at Patton Hall and taking our meals at Commons. The day is devoted to attending lectures, drilling and taking exercises

PRINCETON, N. J.,
July 16, 1917.

DEAR FATHER:

Thank you ever so much for your inspiring and most desired letter of July 8th. I am most gratified that you both appreciate the importance of this branch of the service, which I consider is, as you say, "of almost supreme importance," and that you are entirely satisfied to have me in the flying corps. . . .

This course of instruction is called the "ground-school" because we do no flying, but confine our activities to study, theoretical work, drill, and practice in wireless, etc., etc. So far we have completed courses in military law, army regulations, and military organisation of our own, the British, French and German Armies. Besides this we have had two hours of wireless work a day. This consists of receiving messages upon a telegraph ticker in the Continental code; an expert sits at a desk in one of the big lecture-rooms in Guyot Hall with a loud ticker before him and proceeds to jot off messages to us who take them down on paper, substituting for the dots and dashes their appropriate letters. It sounds like a telegraph office. I have already come to the point of receiving six words of five letters each in a minute. I can *send* many more.

We spend four and a half hours a day at infantry drill. It is really very hard work and mighty good for us—both the drill and the intensive work, I mean—and I am mighty glad to be buckling down to a stiff job for a change.

*[The name that Archie had given me in his childhood.]

The preceding letter also contains a reference to a subject that is far removed from aviation. I had seen Barrie's charming little play, "The New Word," put on the stage in New York. In writing to Archie, I enclosed the following review of the play (adding some comments of my own) :

As a searching account of the human animal, The New Word is incomparable. A middle-aged, middle-class Englishman is left alone with his young son, who is in his uniform as lieutenant, and next day is to depart for France. The father is proud of his boy and the boy loves his father, but neither of them has ever overcome the embarrassment of close kinship, and Barrie exhibits them in all the awkwardness of their emotional illiteracy. . . . Most of us are aware of relationships that ache inside us like life awaiting birth. There is a peculiar estrangement that is bred by the very similarity of temperament between father and son, and an affinity that makes expression seem indecent. This is so gently, so humorously, suggested in The New Word that the mawkishness of meaningful theatrical handclasps is avoided. Father and son do come near to each other, but Barrie is satisfied to leave them British to the end. Had he made them more articulate, it might have been more admirable, but it would have destroyed their realness.

To this Archie replied: "I read the enclosed criticism of Barrie's play, and I am just as thankful on my part as you are on yours that we have none of the British estrangement between us."

Other letters descriptive of life at the ground-school follow :

SCHOOL OF MILITARY AERONAUTICS,
PRINCETON, N. J.,

July 26, 1917.

DEAR MOTHER AND FATHER:

How the time does fly! My squadron, which is the first, *i. e.*, No. 1, in the ground school, is now in its first week of the Senior Wing. The first three weeks of this course comprise the Junior Wing and the last five weeks the

Senior Wing. By far the most time in the Junior Wing is taken up with infantry drill, to instill into the students the habit of prompt and unquestioning obedience, until it becomes subconscious. Of course, all this drill was excessively tiresome and a dreadful bore, but I am not blind to the fact that it did me a lot of good, as some rigorous discipline (like what I've just now gone through) is just what I needed. I absolutely hated it, but every few hours I would catch myself up and realise that, if I continued to dislike it, I should miss the value of the training as well as an opportunity for disciplining myself. In fact, this is the major lesson to be gotten from the drill. For the first three weeks we drilled between four and a half and five and a half hours a day. In the last week of Junior Wing we had a stretch of drill of three hours in length every afternoon!

. I sometimes regret that I did not join the naval aviation, for in that branch now I could make a greater contribution to the Allied cause than where I am.

SCHOOL OF MILITARY AERONAUTICS,
PRINCETON, N. J.,

July 30, 1917.

DEAR MOTHER AND FATHER:

. We continue to be most thoroughly occupied all the time. We are being given in eight weeks the most important subjects which occupy two years of work in the regular army signal-corps. You can get an idea of the intensity of the work required of us when I tell you what our machine-gun sergeant told us yesterday. In the Canadian schools the time allotted to study of machine-gun is forty hours, and in France sixty hours is spent in studying this marvellous piece of mechanism. Now, our schedule calls for only fifteen hours' work in this study! It is considered of vital importance that every aviator shall be as familiar with a machine-gun as with his own collar, for example, so that if the gun ever fails to work in a crisis he will know exactly what is wrong and how to fix it, and can make the necessary adjustment, with the spare parts which are carried for that purpose, in literally a few seconds. The government test for proficiency in the knowledge of machine-guns is really most extraordinary for the degree of its minuteness. Two machine-guns, a Lewis and a Vickers, are dissembled and the parts are shaken up together in a blanket. There is a total of 144 parts belonging to these

two guns. The student is then blindfolded and given five minutes in which to assemble both guns completely. It does seem as if such a stunt were quite impossible, yet every one of us will have to do this before he leaves the ground-school.

Archie had not been a member of the army long before he encountered an example of the military martinet,—a type so foreign to his own genial nature as to excite both his disapproval and his pity. A certain officer whose acquaintance he made at this time he describes as—

. a West Pointer of the harshest, firmest type, who never for a single second relaxes his vigilance or unbends, but seems bent on carrying his militarism to the last point in everything. I think that he is in one way a very pathetic figure, for he is so harsh in his decisions that he has antagonised all the men under him until they simply hate him and go out of their way to avoid him, with the result that he has absolutely no companionship with other men, but might just as well be living on a desert island. In this way he entirely misses that stimulating *bonne camaraderie* between officers and men which is one of the most distinctive features of the French aviation corps. I'm sure his spirit will not be characteristic of that of our flying-corps when it takes the field, but I think it is a pity that he should act as he does at all. When I get my commission I certainly won't let it handicap me as his commission does him.

SCHOOL OF MILITARY AERONAUTICS,
PRINCETON, N. J.,
August 5, 1917.

DEAR FATHER:

. I am "officer of the day" to-day, and although I am in Princeton over this Sunday, my official duties demand that I stay in the office to take the names of the twenty-five new men who come in each week to report for duty. This job is mighty hard, as it requires a lot of book-keeping, checking of equipment, etc., but it is rather good fun as the new comers have to bow down before you and fairly crawl on the ground.

Did I tell you about the opportunity I had offered to me

(along with most of the other men in my squadron) to go to Canada to the Royal Flying Corps ground-school at Toronto, to take their course and then come back to this country as an instructor? The idea was to have us go to a flying-school elsewhere in Canada, after we had learned their method of instruction at the ground-school. Every one in the squadron turned the offer down on the ground that we did not want to stay over here and instruct, except one man, who left for Canada yesterday.

I think that it is a most disgusting spectacle that these slackers are offering to the country now, when scarcely a man who goes before the examination boards does not claim exemption from the draft.

. I feel more confident of the final outcome than at any time since the beginning of the war.

SCHOOL OF MILITARY AERONAUTICS,
PRINCETON, N. J.,
Aug. 8, 1917.

DEAR AUNT MAY:

Thank you a thousand times for your letter of greeting upon my birthday, for I like to have the date remembered, and your letter gave me a great deal of pleasure. I feel that I must decline your over-generous offer to give me something, since I consider that you have already given me more than I deserve

I am very glad that you read all the aviation news you can, for it gives me a feeling of a more complete understanding with you when you take an interest in what interests me so vitally. What an unfortunate series of accidents occurred at the beginning of this week! We have lately had a number of the most extraordinarily good lectures upon fighting in the air, and some of the exploits which are accomplished and the demands upon the men are simply beyond belief. I wish I had time to tell you more than a trifle about them. For one thing a pilot must be constantly on the alert against attack from below, behind and above, as well as from in front. He must always have a landing-field in sight in case the motor goes bad; he must watch the direction of the wind all the time for changes in direction; he must constantly look at the instruments before him—gasoline supply, oil supply, compass, instrument to show how fast the motor is turning over, etc., etc.; he must also keep a watch on the country he is passing over, to spot

on the map he carries the towns and rivers he sees, so that he may keep his bearings all the time. Carrying out all these things—and *many* more—is beset with incredible difficulty because of the speed at which the machine travels through the air. An aeroplane is usually invisible when it is on your level and over two miles away; should you turn to look over your shoulder and survey the sky behind (to make sure that you were not to be attacked from above) for only seven seconds, an enemy aeroplane, travelling at the same speed that you are, would have *passed* you, although it was out of sight when you first turned around! Such a thing is easily possible with a speed of one hundred and twenty miles an hour or faster.

Another problem arises when two machines, each with a speed of 130 miles per hour, approach each other. They are coming together at the rate of 260 miles per hour and they will smash up if one or the other doesn't turn off; but the way the machine-gun is fired is to point your plane directly at the adversary; you cannot hit him if you try to pass close by, but must aim directly at him with your plane. The machine-gun is not accurate beyond three hundred yards, and consequently the pilot must withhold his fire until he is within that range. Now at the rate the machines are going, this distance is covered in a second. Just think of the precise judgment required not to shoot too soon and thus throw away the ammunition, but to shoot at the right moment, *i. e.*, before the enemy has altered his course. Also, the nerve and judgment required to hold the plane on its course and at the last possible instant to swerve aside. By the way, the pilot must do this driving with one hand while he manipulates his machine-gun with the other
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SCHOOL OF MILITARY AERONAUTICS,
PRINCETON, N. J.,

August 19, 1917.

DEAR TOBS:

We are living in an atmosphere of the greatest excitement and considerable unrest down here, due to the fact that next Saturday, Aug. 25th, we graduate from this ground-school, and nobody knows what will be done with us. Of course rumours are rife, and there is much speculating on the future; I may say that this excitement does not bother me as much as many others, because I think I'm inclined to

deliberate over such matters; but even as I write, my room and the hall are a-buzz with the discussion of plans until the air seems fairly charged

Several days ago a notice was posted on the bulletin-board saying that all men who wished to go to Italy for their flying instructions were to sign below. This was the extent of the information given! However, eleven men in my squadron signified their desire to go. I wanted to find out all I could about this proposition, as well as what orders we are likely to receive from the War Department, and so I had an interview with the Commandant. He showed me a dispatch from Washington saying: “. Men will be sent to the following flying-schools for instruction: Royal Flying Corps in Canada and in England, French, Italian and our own.” I find that no one will be sent to a foreign flying-school who does not want to go, because the number of applicants for foreign service is so great; so I suppose I can stay and fly in this country if I want to; however, I am anxious to go where the instruction is best, where I can get most out of what is offered, and where promotion is likely to come fastest. I have the opportunity of expressing a preference for any of the above schools, although there is no assurance that I should be detailed to the place of my choice (except Italy); it is certain, however, that unless I express a choice, I won't be sent abroad. Therefore I am greatly embarrassed to make a choice. Schools in each of the five countries have their own advantages and shortcomings; I will set them down briefly for each school as they occur to me.

I. U. S. FLYING SCHOOLS.

1. We are handicapped seriously by a lack of instructors, fields, machines and necessary equipment.

2. Machines that are given us to fly in, however, will be brand-new and in first-class shape; thus we shall not have to go up in well-worn machines, as is the case at some foreign schools, I understand.

3. It would be pleasant to be associated with Americans.

4. We should make progress faster perhaps through being able to speak the language; I fancy that this would prove a stumbling-block abroad. However, it might be more than made up for by better instructors and the advantage of being near the scene of action. At any rate I am better off than the majority, I'm sure, as far as language is concerned.

II. THE CANADIAN SCHOOLS.

I am disposed to eliminate this as a possibility at the outset, because I have learned that they fly up there with eight feet of snow on the ground. Flying is a chilly sport even in summer-time and I think it is foolish to undergo the extreme hardships of cold if one can go elsewhere. It must be said, however, that their instructors are wonderful.

III. THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The advantages of instructors and machines are obvious. Then there is the advantage of proximity to the battle-front, which I am convinced is of very great importance both subconsciously and psychologically. It establishes *esprit de corps*, arouses the student's enthusiasm for work, and quickens him appreciably. Language would not be an obstacle here.

IV. THE FRENCH SCHOOLS.

They have the same advantage as the British. In fact, all the foreign schools are recommended from the point of interest; they would all be fascinating. I am rather attracted by the idea of personal contact with such picturesque men as these foreign instructors, all of whom have seen service and most of whom are instructing because they are no longer suited for active service, through wounds as a result of having been shot down, or suffering from nerve-shock.

V. THE ITALIAN SCHOOLS.

I rather incline to this idea! First, because it is new and untried; up to the present no American aviators have been sent there. Second, because I think that the chance of being promoted quickly is greatest. For the reason that none are before us, I think there is excellent chance for promotion, merely by attending to duty faithfully; and that, with exertion, there is a fine field for making a record.

One of the greatest drawbacks is the character of the country we should have to fly over. While we were learning, this disadvantage would be done away with, for the schools must be located in flat and suitable country, I am sure (although I don't know where any of them are); but after several months of training we should be sent to the front, and I don't believe there is a more treacherous bit of country in Europe to fly over than the Alps with their various and varying wind currents. I don't suppose that we should be sent forward until we were able to handle a machine in these conditions, but, granting that we could handle the machine, how infinitely more difficult it would be than

flying over flat country like France.

Another drawback is the poor quality of the country for forced landings. Should anything happen to the motor which would force you to glide to the ground, it would be almost impossible to pick a landing-spot in many sections, whereas along the French front a forced landing can be made almost anywhere with comparative ease.

Other less important points of inducement are:

The experience of the overwhelming reception which we are sure to have.

My own fondness for Italy with its romance and antiquity.

The fascination of flying among the Alps and seeing battles there.

The chance to learn some Italian (and here, by the way, my year's study of Italian would be a helpful background).

A pleasant winter climate.

The thing which I want most to know, and about which I can get no information, is whether a man will be kept at the front after he learns to fly, or whether he will return to this country as a "flight-leader" to organise his unit to take to France from the recruits which will then be in training at our many proposed aviation-fields. In the former case it would not make any difference where I went to fly. In the latter case, the sooner I can get back here, the better job I can get. The main idea is to get to the front of the rush, you see.

My whole feeling in the matter is this: At the present time I am in the first thousand, or at most, the second thousand—of this great army of aviators which we shall have shortly—and I wish to stay in this position; now, I have a feeling that if I stay in this country to learn to fly I shall not succeed as rapidly as if I go abroad; if this is true, others who go abroad will pass me, and I shall find myself no longer in the first or second thousand, but in the third or fourth thousand or even farther back. Therefore, clearly I must go abroad (if my supposition is correct, and I'm pretty sure it is).

It is hard to decide anything without information, and when I think it over, I simply argue in a circle. I am altogether tired of the official silence on these matters which Washington preserves.

I am considering getting a furlough for a few days at the end of this course, if I can, but there seems a slim chance of

the War Department's granting it. As yet I have not applied, because I'm afraid that, should I get it, it might interfere with some nice plan that the Department has up its sleeve for us as soon as we get out, and hence I might spoil my chance for something good

U. S. SCHOOL OF MILITARY AERONAUTICS.

PRINCETON, N. J.,

August 28, 1917.

. Major Bingham, head of the ground-schools in this country, made an inspection of the schools (there are now eight) and found Princeton by all odds the best, and the only one which "came up to the scratch"; the men from that school have a special "drag" in Washington, for they are considered the most fit and best prepared. Therefore every man from my squadron who applied to Italian service has been recommended to go.

PRINCETON,

August 23, 1917.

DEAR FATHER:

. It happens that I did read Sir William Robertson's review in the *New York Times* in which he speaks of "moral attrition," and I liked it ever so much. I believe heartily in the "psychology-of-nations" equation, and so his article found much favour with me; in fact,—considering the branch of service I have chosen—I should be a believer, heart and soul, in this doctrine, to accept and carry out to the best of my ability my future responsibilities, for it is by means of aircraft that the very marrow of the German nation will be shaken. I am more and more impressed daily with the magnitude of the plans for breaking down their nerve, as these plans are revealed by the courses which we are taking up. It is really most encouraging, and gives even a person not inclined to look at the war from a rosy point of view, a comfortable assurance of the Allies' present ascendancy, and an absolute conviction of their final triumph. For the last two weeks, we have had placed before us for study a good deal of confidential information as to the relative positions of Germany and the Allies in the air. All this goes to show that the Huns are "on the run" and are seriously handicapped, so that they are resorting to all sorts of stratagem and devices to make up for their lack in this direction. This is not extravagant speculation, but is cer-

tain knowledge, which is kept more or less within bounds by the military authorities; however, there is no doubt of the truth of the above (that the Germans are handicapped) when one has studied the tactics and policies which the Allies are pursuing to-day.

SCHOOL OF MILITARY AERONAUTICS,

August 24, 1917.

DEAR FATHER:

I have decided to go to Italy. My name has been sent to Washington and I have been recommended for Italian service, so I think that matter is settled. I have no idea when I shall sail, but I expect it will not be soon, judging from the usual delay encountered in dealings with the Government, *i. e.*, not inside of two weeks

Thank you ever so much for the spelling corrections, which I have read, marked, learned and inwardly digested! I certainly am a woeful speller. The strange thing is that I know how to spell almost every word on the most recent lists you have sent me; but I write rather fast, without attention either to characters or words or to spelling, because I am always pressed for time; thus I write down what comes into my head first—regardless of whether it is right or wrong. In this way I am entirely unconscious of my mistakes most of the time

I have been reading for a portion of my free time every day, but I prefer poetry, because you can pick it up and finish a portion of it complete in itself in spare moments; this sort of reading is quite unsatisfactory when applied to connected matter like a book. I got a volume of Service's poems, entitled "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man," and have enjoyed them immensely; I love their lofty, roaming spirit; and as for the themes, I can hardly read such tales of heroism without weeping. The other reading matter which I give attention to is the daily paper. Of course, I read all the war news and most of the political news of the great things which are being inaugurated in this country. These are certainly stirring times to be living in; I read the *Times* editorial page religiously; in fact, the afternoon is spoiled if I don't have a chance to see the paper

By the way, I wonder if you saw in last Sunday's *Times* a communication from a German Lutheran pastor called "Keeping the German Immigrant an Alien"; if you have not, I should like to send it to you, for it is a remarkably



TO THE
GENERAL ASSEMBLY

thoughtful and clear statement of a practice which we have allowed to go on among us for years and to which most of us are still blind

MINEOLA, NEW YORK,
August 28, 1917.

DEAR LITTLE MA :

Yesterday afternoon about five o'clock, about half of my squadron including myself were suddenly ordered to report for duty at Mineola immediately. You can imagine with what a thunder-clap this struck me, just as I was hoping that word would come from Washington granting me a leave of absence for a few days, since I had just finished the ground-school course and am expecting to go to Italy. It was a very keen disappointment indeed; the commandant had applied for leaves of absence for us, and had given us to understand that they would be granted by the War Department; however, I had not allowed my hopes to rise too high, for I know something of the way in which army orders are issued—just when you expect them least.

Upon being ordered to go, I had to work like mad for several hours. I removed all my surplus outfit from the barracks packed away my remaining civilian clothes said good-bye to Mr. Galt, Dean McClenahan, some of the faithful old servants at Ivy, etc., etc. I started for New York about eight o'clock in the car

From what I can gather we shall fly here until sent to Italy. This seems to be a concentration point for the men who are going to Italy; to-day a batch came in from Cornell; they are a clean-cut, military-looking lot, and I am rather heartened by their appearance; they are surely exceptional in being trim in appearance, for the average is very low, I regret to say.

In an article by Hiram Bingham, formerly Lieutenant-Colonel, A. S. A., and published in July, 1919, he describes some of "the adventures, disappointments, sufferings and ultimate achievements of the flying cadets." Speaking of the work in the ground-school, he says:

Experienced teachers at Cornell and elsewhere assured me that the amount of work which these new students were able to do in a few weeks and the

amount of knowledge and skill they were able to acquire was a perfect revelation. Never before had any attempt been made to teach so much in so short a time. Never before had it been assumed that the average student would work nine hours a day and would strive to his utmost to be included in the upper ten of the class. Never before had there been such powerful incentives to succeed in the classroom and the laboratory. On the other hand, never had there been such keen disappointment awaiting those who failed [in] a second attempt to pass a single examination [to pass an examination in a single subject]. Everyone worked with an intense devotion to the matter in hand. The fortunate ones who graduated with honours, after the result of almost unparalleled student industry, were sent to the port of embarkation.

After seven weeks of such work in the heat of an exceptionally hot summer, it can be easily imagined how keenly Archie enjoyed a brief holiday which a few days' leave enabled him to spend at York Harbour. He and I played several games of golf together—one of his favourite sports; and he had the fun of attending several dances. On his return to Mineola he wrote:

MINEOLA, August 31, 1917.

DEAR FATHER:

. One of my fellow-passengers was a Signal Corps man, a Dartmouth graduate, and just out of Boston Tech. ground-school. He was returning to Mineola, too, and is among a group of men from that school going to Italy. Like all the rest of this Italian expedition he is a fine chap, so I am rejoiced at the prospect of such pleasant company. A detachment from Illinois University seems up to the high standard of the rest; they are the latest arrivals.

The muster-roll for which we were required to be back here at 7:30 comes at 2:00 this afternoon. How like the army to allow plenty of time!

When it appeared that the aviation detachment to which Archie belonged would not be detained long at Mineola but

was likely to sail shortly, the rest of our family went to New York, where Archie, with the aid of his motor-car, could visit us when on leave. For five precious days we were thus together,—not knowing but that each would prove to be the last; and when one morning he telephoned that he could not obtain leave, and when the day passed without his appearing, we knew that the grim moment had at last arrived; he had started on the long journey from which he was destined not to return.

In the article above referred to, Col. Bingham, speaking of the graduates of Ground-Schools, says: "Nothing that I know of in the war caused more mental suffering or greater loss of morale than the failure properly to provide for these honour graduates." He mentions the cadets that had been sent to Europe with the understanding "that they were to receive immediate instruction in foreign flying-schools," and continues:

When they got there and found themselves confined for months at a time in concentration and mobilisation camps far from sight or hearing of an airplane, forced to study over and over again the very subjects which they had mastered with so much enthusiasm at American Ground-Schools, treated by despairing officers as though they were "draft dodgers" and enlisted men who needed military discipline and who deserved reprobation rather than sympathy, their souls were filled with bitterness, and their minds with evil thoughts against the War Department in general and in particular those officers who had sent them [to Europe]. Some of these cadets received no opportunity to receive flying instruction for six months after they arrived in Europe. It has been well said that the greatest tragedy of youth is being obliged to wait. When in addition to the necessity of waiting is added a burning sense of injustice due to lack of faith and failure to keep promises, the result is truly appalling.

No sooner had Archie and his fellow cadets landed than they were confronted with the first of a series of illustrations of the confusion and lack of co-ordination in the air-service that Col. Bingham speaks of. In order to appreciate fully the bitterness of the disappointment revealed by the following letter—his first after landing—it must be kept in mind that, relying upon what he understood was a promise on the part of the authorities that his painstaking choice of Italy as his training-place would be adhered to, he had been for weeks looking forward to the carrying out of this project with all the enthusiasm of his ardent nature:

QUEEN'S COLLEGE,
OXFORD.

October 8, 1917.

DEAR FATHER, MOTHER & KIT:

Here I am on dry land and mighty glad to be safe ashore. But before I say anything about the voyage, I must tell you what has happened. When we came off the steamer, instead of starting for France, we were ordered to Oxford, and it soon came to light that there had been a mix-up in the orders for our detachment between the U. S. headquarters in France and Washington, and our detachment was ordered to split up. Our Major decided to do as he was directed and have his men go to Oxford, while he went over to the continent to try to straighten out the muddle, which obviously was a mistake. This delay in England caused considerable grumbling and disgust, as you may well imagine. Well, you can scarcely imagine the effect of the news that our Major, a perfect wonder, had been relieved of his command, that the Italian detachment was to be split up, and that the idea of going to Italy had gone up in smoke. There was a near-riot; it was a stunning blow, and a most disastrous one for the morale of the corps. The detachment had developed a *fine* spirit, a great deal of *esprit de corps*, enthusiasm for their work, and, above all, a great attachment for their officers—the Major in particular—so that it seemed to be a very remarkable organisation. In a single moment all this spirit, and the unity which a rather long voyage under the pleasantest circumstances had produced, vanished like smoke, and of an organisation which had promised so much for the future

nothing was left. The Major and one or two of our captains, together with the two medical officers and all the enlisted men of the detachment, were ordered off, and only the student aviators were left to come here. The disappointment was keen—almost unbearable. It was bad enough to be broken up by losing the officers, but the idea of not going to Italy was too much; we had been anticipating and counting upon it so much. In addition to this there was in my own case a feeling of resentment, for I felt that the government had not kept faith with me, inasmuch as I had *volunteered* for *Italian* service, and *not* for British service. In point of fact, had I suspected that I was to be stuck here, I should never have volunteered for foreign service, and I should have done much better, too, for doubtless I should have had my commission by now—seven weeks after graduating from ground-school.

The “last straw” was the information that we should have to go through the British ground-school course here for six weeks, as all Royal Flying Corps cadets are required to do; however, a new indignity such as this (doing all over again what we have just done, for our ground-schools are modelled after those of the R. F. C.) hardly produced a murmur—so complete was the depression.

Lack of time prevents me from writing more now, but I will say that things look ever so much brighter now than they did a day or so ago. I have spent much time and effort trying to prevent further grumbling and to make the men see the best in their present situation, because I feel that the least we can do in the circumstances is to put on a cheerful countenance, for it would be too discourteous to accept the British hospitality in a spirit of disappointment. *Everything* is being done for us.

Having accepted the inevitable, the boys—or Archie at least—found some compensation in their enforced sojourn at Oxford, as appears from his next few letters:

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD,
October 24, 1917.

DEAR MOTHER AND FATHER:

I am well along in the Royal Flying Corps ground-school course, this being the third week of the six-weeks' course. This Oxford school is second to none in England,

and so we are lucky to be here; this is something of a solace after the Italian fiasco. Although a certain portion of the work here is what we have had at home, still there is a great deal which is new, or given in a more complete form; and even in the work we have had at home the courses as given here are so well taught that they make repetition profitable. I can't praise this school too highly; the instruction is splendid both in method and clarity, and is given by men who are specialists in their respective departments, having seen service in France; some are officers, but the majority are corporals and sergeants; all are very fine chaps. Everything which can possibly help a student to understand mechanism or construction or whatever the subject may be is taken advantage of; he is given the actual object to inspect, or, if this is not practicable, a model in miniature is provided; he is further aided by diagrams, cross-sectional drawings, photographs, lantern-slides, pictures, printed notes, etc., etc. Most of the work is done in small classes consisting of seven, eight or nine men in each class. This gives everyone ample opportunity to ask questions, inspect models, etc. We take notes from these lectures, which are models of concise and simple statement. Once a day we have a general lecture for the whole squadron on some general topic, like types of Allied and German aeroplanes, illustrated by land photographs and skyline silhouettes; or British Army Discipline; or the private soldier's duties and responsibilities; also the non-commissioned officers', and officers'; all these are jolly fine, and everyone looks forward to the last hour in the evening when they come.

One course which is entirely new and one which I have found very interesting is on bombs. We have several of the most common bombs now in use to study; the weapons are complete (except for the high explosive) with their different kinds of nose- and tail-fuses, so that they can be fired instantaneously upon impact, or delayed in their firing for a fractional part of a second, at the pilot's discretion. This latter type of fuse is used for bombing factories, etc., with the idea of allowing the bombs to penetrate the roof and fall within the structure before exploding, instead of going off on the roof. This type of fuse has produced remarkable results, for a building is fairly gutted by the force of the explosion. Then there is another type of fuse which delays the explosion for fifteen seconds; this

is useful for night bombing when the pilot must fly very low over his target to see it and hit it; if the explosion occurred immediately upon the bomb's falling, the detonation might be sufficient to create atmospheric tidal-waves which would bring the machine down; but with this fifteen seconds' delay, the pilot can make good his escape. These fuses are interesting from another point of view, which is their numerous safety devices. Without these, bombing would be terribly dangerous, for a slight jolt or any kind of an accident might set them off; but with these safety devices all sorts of contingencies are taken care of, such as, for instance, the case of a pilot being forced to land through engine-trouble before he has dropped his bombs upon his objective; he certainly would not care to make a forced landing with bombs, and he might not be able to drop them in a place where they would do no damage—if he were over his own lines, for example; or, again, a bomb might be shaken off its rack under the machine while leaving the ground or in landing; but with the safety devices the bomb is prevented from exploding. These devices are marvels of ingenuity. From what I have said one might be led to think that there is some chance of the bombs failing when they hit their mark; but this, too, has been taken care of in such a way that when a pilot releases the lever the bomb falls free, leaving all its safety appliances behind.

The course in aeronautical instruments is fine and includes every sort of instrument being used to-day. Of course the actual instrument is before you during a lecture, and diagrams and drawings all around the walls show its various phases of action. In machine-guns, we have so far only taken the Vickers (which is new to all of us, since it was the Lewis we studied in the ground-school at Princeton). Yesterday afternoon I went out on the machine-gun range and enjoyed the practice ever so much; I fired about sixty shots with quite satisfactory results. We have also been having artillery observation, wireless, rigging of planes, a great deal of work on all kinds of engines—of both rotary and stationary types; and buzzer practice, which was hard at first because we had grown stale, but it is much easier now.

I find that many of the courses which I had in college are of the greatest value—chemistry and physics in particular. The former is of assistance in remembering the ingredients of bombs; the components of alloys used in engine con-

struction, when strength, lightness and minimum friction are demanded, for example; or a substance of peculiar hardness with a low melting point; properties of various kinds of lubricating oils, and in a thousand and one ways. Physics is also essential in understanding wireless, bombing, arcs of fire of various kinds of shells, trajectory, the strength of materials for standing tension, compression, torque, in the wings, body and tail of an aeroplane, etc.

All our classes are given in the Oxford University Museum, which consists of a group of half a dozen buildings, all well equipped. There is an army regulation over here that half the windows in a *class-room* shall be open all the time. As you can imagine, we wear our overcoats all the time, and even then are often not warm enough while sitting still in the damp, penetrating cold of this part of the world. It is most difficult to take notes in these circumstances, as our hands are frequently rigid; however, no one seems to be the worse for this hardship

When we began this course, it did seem as if the end would never come, bringing with it the day when we should be assigned to flying squadrons; you can't imagine how anxious everyone is to get into the air, and also to qualify himself for a commission by passing the required tests. We were told that the usual course of six weeks would be cut down to three for us, but there has been no sign that that has been done, nor is there any prospect *yet* of being assigned to squadrons; this should come at the end of this (the third) week, which would bring it in the next few days. I am very much afraid that we are doomed to more disappointment. Had we remained at home, everyone would have a commission now; as it is, a commission is still in the *distant* future!

EXETER COLLEGE, OXFORD,
Oct. 29, 1917.

DEAR LITTLE MA:

As you may notice from the above heading, I have changed my place of residence from Queen's to this College, and I regret to say that I am not as comfortably off here as in the other place; the change, however, is not voluntary, but was carried out so as to bring us all together under one roof; heretofore we have been divided between Queen's and Christ Church. Living conditions at the best are rather a hardship in these mediæval quarters (this

college was chartered in 1314), according to our scale of living; with all its inconveniences, though, this is a nice old place, and I like its atmosphere very much. How curious it is that one of my long-cherished wishes should be gratified, namely, to study at Oxford! At Queen's I was rooming with three other men, all of whom I like ever so much, and when we moved over here we were all able to stay together. . . . We have a large room with four beds and a table in it; that is all the furniture allowed. It is usually rented as a single room in term-time—or "in the 'varsity", as the correct expression goes; still it is not over-crowded or stuffy since there is a window-seat with three windows looking out upon the greater quadrangle of the college on one side of the room, and on the other side another window-seat with three windows opening on "The Turl," which runs into High Street. It is at the corner of High Street and The Turl that the good old "Mitre" stands, where we stayed in 1910, you will remember. . . . Our room boasts of a fire-place, which we feed plentifully with coal from the late afternoon on through the evening, and rejoice to be warm once in the twenty-four hours. One of the most rigid rules of this ground-school is that half of the windows of each room must be kept open from 7 A. M. to 4 P. M., regardless of weather—rain or snow or cold. We have had a good deal of abominably cold, damp, raw weather; in fact, during the first *fifteen* days that we spent here, not a day passed without rain at some time during the day, literally. However, of late the days have been glorious, cool and snappy, and full of sunshine, and often a cloudless sky overhead. One of the drawbacks of this college is that to wash you have to go outside, and the wash-shed is about two hundred yards' walk from our entry. Having arrived at the wash-shed, there is no hot water at all, and oh! how chilly the cold water is in the morning!—or at any time during the day, for that matter. With our fireplace, however, we are able to cook hot water when it is needed. Each entry has one day a week when the occupants may take a hot bath (in the bathing establishment) between the hours of 2:30 and 4:00 P. M.; all the rest of the day and of every day in the week is reserved for the eight undergraduates of Exeter! Consequently, there is very little bathing by the majority. However, I have found that the bath steward has an open palm, and since then he never seems to see me when I bathe on days other than the one

appointed for our entry. This state of affairs is really absurd. Every one in the ground-school is required to take exercise in some form or other during a part of the afternoon, and yet who wants to exercise if he can't follow it with good hot and cold baths? Both at Queen's and here the meals are very fair; they are bountiful and *exceptionally* well cooked. It is a *great* pleasure to go to meals in such a beautiful hall as the dining-room here; it is quite large—long, narrow and very high. Its proportions must be very nearly those of Procter Hall. Like the latter, it has a raised platform at one end, and a rich and very beautifully carved wooden screen at the other end, in the Jacobean style. The windows are all filled with coloured glass, not old, but very nice in colour and design, chiefly of armourial bearings—crests and coats of arms, etc. The windows are singularly nice in shape, tall and narrow, and with very light, airy tracery at the top; I suppose that they are done in the perpendicular style. Of course, these windows with their glass are most attractive when the sun is shining outside, casting a mellow light on the portraits upon the walls; but they are most effective at night too when seen from without, when the hall is lighted up within. There is here the best collection of portraits of any hall which I have been in yet, excepting only Christ Church.

Saturday afternoon is a holiday, and I have planned to take some good excursion every Saturday and also on Sunday afternoon, so as to get the utmost out of the opportunity. Sometimes the outing consists of a trip on the river, or a bicycle ride (to Blenheim, for instance, but that is another chapter), but more often a jolly good ride over the country. Yesterday I had such a wonderful one. The problem is to get off the hard roads on to a soft country road, but this is apparently impossible, as such roads do not exist. We often have to ride some distance before coming to a field with a gate unlocked. We have found several good fields in the neighbourhood and have been able to ride from one to another for sometimes a mile, jumping hedges and fences and water-hazards (which abound) until stopped by wire or a high thorny hedge or some such obstacle as a locked gate. Most of the gates are too high and solid to attempt to jump without some risk to the horse, and the "take offs" and "landings" are invariably poor. The horses which we are able to get are fine, and there are two or

three hunters among the limited supply at the only stable in town, which we always engage from one week to the next. Some week I hope to be able to ride in one of the meets of the Heythrop hounds, which are hunting twice a week; but the meets always come on week-days, which are school-days for us, so as yet I have not been able to get off. Yesterday we found a series of fields separated by negotiable hedges, and, by riding in a circle, we organised a steeple-chase over a half-mile course. It is fascinating to canter over a stubble-field and to flush flocks of partridges which disperse to either side, or to jump into a pasture and stampede all the horses or cows which may be grazing there; our own horses get excited by the competition with the pastured animals, which run alongside, but, strangely enough, never try to get out, although they see that the hedge may be cleared.

More of the pastimes that Archie enjoyed at Oxford are recounted in a letter to a friend written some months later:

March 3, 1918.

DEAR B * * *

. It is great fun to hear of your acquaintance with Oxford, because I am very fond of the place, and your mention of having been there in race-week recalls my own boating experiences on the Thames last autumn. There was a good deal of rowing when I was there, and most of the colleges were represented by crews of cadets from the flying corps and the officers' training corps, instead of undergraduates. Unlike our ground-schools, the R. F. C. schools of Military Aeronautics allow their men the afternoon free for recreation, and, consequently, there were several intercollegiate boat-races every afternoon, and I can assure you that even in the old days of the "varsity"—as the British say—the contests were not more hotly rowed. These races were international as well as intercollegiate, and, therefore, attracted particular attention; the Colonials in the R. F. C. occupied colleges by themselves, so there were South African, Canadian, Australian and New Zealand crews, in addition to the Englishmen; but the Australians were the best oarsmen. Crowds of townsfolk and military used to line the river-banks and the barges, and although they would applaud wildly for our opponents, yet they were such good sportsmen that they never seemed

displeased to find that an American crew had won, which invariably happened. The Americans were in Christ College and in Queen's, and one crew or the other was always "head of the river." Later we all moved to Exeter College, and it is a pleasure to say that as a member of the Queen's and Exeter crews I rowed in a good many races, and was never in a losing American boat.

I should have liked to see the race-week in Oxford before the war when all the strange old barges were in use, but I can imagine what it was like because I saw the Henley regatta in the summer of 1910. . . .

Further illustration of the truth of what Col. Bingham wrote about the disappointments of the aviation cadets is furnished by Archie's next letter. It also serves to reveal his ardent desire to *command men*, for I am assured by one of his intimate friends, who was a fellow-officer in the Air Service, that that was the real motive that underlay his eagerness for a commission, for which he had applied nearly nine months before the date of this letter:

EXETER COLLEGE,
Nov. 2, 1917.

DEAR TOBS:

Yesterday I was perfectly delighted to receive. . . . the first letter that I have had from any of you, and I was awfully hungry for news. . . .

The eternal question with us is "when are we going to get away from here and to flying-schools?" Plans change very rapidly, but I will trace what has happened since I wrote to Mother four days ago. In that letter I referred to the improbability of our being sent off to flying squadrons at the end of three weeks—as we had been promised—and to the likelihood of our being kept to complete the six weeks' course. As I had foreseen, we were not assigned to squadrons in our third week, but during our fourth (*i. e.*, the week up to-day), it became apparent that we should not have to finish this course after all. This was much to our liking—mine included—for after a month of this work we all began to get tired—"fed up," as the English say, with ground-school work. In fact, we had in reality finished the course, for the "meat" of the instruction is all given in the first four weeks; the last two are merely for revision

and review. In ordinary circumstances, this review would have been invaluable; but in our case, taking the subjects over again, although going more thoroughly into them, was a review in itself. Also, not having to grind up on every subject which we had been given here, as we should have had to do if all of them had been new to us, gave us more time for applying ourselves to what was actually new. Therefore, we are not losing by leaving before the final exams. It had now become an established fact that we were to leave, but now another altercation arose, and in a rather curious way too.

It happens that since our arrival in England there has been a change in the personnel of the chief of the air-board; the former head of the air-board promised to train a number of American aviators of which our detachment was a part, and arrangements were made for us to attend Royal Flying Corps schools after taking the ground-school course; with the new head, General Salmon, came a change in administration and plan, and it turned out that we could not be "posted" to flying squadrons after all. The situation is further complicated by the fact that our government won't grant us our commissions, although application has been made for them, so that we may be upon the same footing as the Englishmen at flying-schools, who are commissioned when they *leave* the ground-school. Apparently there are few schools to which we can go, because most of them have no facility for dealing with officers and cadets—which demands a separate mess, etc. So we are betrayed again. The whole business is so disappointing that I would go home to-morrow if I had the chance. I came mighty near doing this yesterday. It was announced that twenty men of some clerical ability were wanted for "ground-officers," whose duties are to take care of equipment, motor trucks attached to flying squadrons, the supply of spare engines on hand, etc., etc.; and I volunteered and was accepted. I found that the men who had volunteered were to go home eventually after having attended an army administration-school here to learn the R. F. C. methods of organisation. However, when I found that a commission would not be given before we went to such a school, I withdrew; had a commission been forthcoming in this branch of the service, I should have taken it and become a transportation officer temporarily, and later have transferred back to the flying corps; in this way I should at least have a commission.

Everybody in this section is getting peculiarly *bitter* towards our Government, and this feeling is boosted considerably by the arrival of men who have graduated from American ground-schools *since* we have, and now are officers, having done sufficient flying at home to qualify already! and also by news from home that men who were in their second week of the course when we graduated are now officers. The "joke is on us all right" when you consider that we volunteered for foreign service in the hope of receiving preference in promotion through having superior advantages; I hate the word promotion now; it seems such a mockery, for the men to be promoted first will probably be the seniors in rank. Another reason for wishing to return is to get somewhere where the prospect is good for getting decent flying weather. An effort has been made, and rejected, to have us go to the great R. F. C. school in Egypt. Thus we are again handicapped; this time by the weather, which is such that it is only occasionally fit for flying, and, therefore, much more time will have to elapse than if we could fly regularly before qualifying as pilots.

At the beginning of this letter I mentioned the fact that we were only to have four weeks of the ground-school course, and then be sent to squadrons—until this arrangement was upset by the change of air-board heads. Well, we began to have exams. given us the other day, and as the authorities were anxious to use Exeter for lodging some of their own cadets, it was decided to give us an indefinite leave, pending the settlement of the problem of sending us to flying-schools. . . . Word came from our army headquarters in London, however, which put a stop to these plans; the report was that no leave would be given. . . . So we went back to classes, but it was a perfect waste of time, because everybody knew what we had been over and the reviews were a joke.

In another day or so came fresh news: the whole detachment is to leave for a machine-gun school, where nothing but machine-guns will be studied. We shall learn to shoot as well as the infantry in the machine-gun corps, and know the gun, with all its causes for stoppage during firing, perfectly. Here is another blow, and it makes a flying-school look more distant than ever. By the middle of next week we shall have left Exeter.

His desire to fly, however, was finally gratified; his next

letter explains how he came to be transferred from the ground-school at Oxford to a flying-school at Stamford, in Lincolnshire:

November 18, 1917.

DEAR LITTLE MOTHER:

. I'm still anticipating an overwhelming mail some of these days, and in the meantime I wonder constantly what you are all doing, and continue to be hungry for news.

. It is sometime since I last wrote a letter home; in fact, I think it was when I was in Exeter College. I shall have to go back and give you the past two weeks' events. As nearly as I can remember, this last letter was written at a time when I was very much disgusted with the way in which events had turned out. We had been disappointed of going to Italy; we came to England to fly, but instead, were shoved through another ground-school, and having finished that, just when it seemed probable that we should at last get some flying, the news came that we were to go to a machine-gun school; not the least of the disquieting factors was the knowledge that our juniors at home were being commissioned before us. Well, my luck took a turn upward.

As the detachment was preparing to leave Exeter College for the machine-gun school, it became evident that arrangements had been made for training twenty fliers at once; this meant that the twenty men picked would not have to go to the machine-gun school, but could fly immediately. It was my very good luck to be one of the twenty chosen (largely because I had already done some flying). I was delighted at the prospect of flying at last, but it was not entirely without regrets that I prepared for the flying-school, for it meant leaving the rest of the bunch, and some mighty fine and admirable fellows among them with whom I have developed close friendships. This was the parting of the ways.

The rest of the detachment left for the machine-gun school several days before we were to go to the flying-school. Thus we had a three days' leave! Instead of going to London, I thought I could more profitably spend my time in Oxford, for there was the chance to do many things which I had longed to do for a month, but which the routine of ground-school made impossible. And what a good time I did have! I led a life of healthy outdoor exercise com-

bined with intellectual labour, for I worked and studied a bit on history, painting, architecture, stained glass and wood-carving, etc. I think I have never enjoyed any similar period more than I did those few days. Oxford is certainly an ideal place to follow such pursuits, for it so stimulates the desire to acquire information about the various monuments about you—both the monuments for what they are in themselves, and the times of which they are the product. This is strong proof of the value of environment. What a curious thing it is—that sensation of pleasure which comes from contemplating a beautiful object. Although intangible, it gives a keen delight which is as distinctly pleasurable as something concrete which gratifies a physical longing. Just as a cold drink and rest refresh a thirsty and tired traveller, and give a feeling of deep satisfaction, so to stand in New College cloisters, or in the old library at Christ Church, or in All Souls' Chapel, or in Jesus quadrangle, produces a like feeling in the soul. This is an entirely new experience for me and I must say that I rejoice in it, for it seems to lift one up spiritually. How often I have wished that you, Tobbie, Kit and Aunt May might have been there to enjoy the moments with me. Some more of the gems of Oxford which are my particular favourites are all the old buildings of New College, especially the chapel and dining hall; all Magdalen—chapel, dining hall, inner quadrangle and Addison's walk along the Cherwell, etc.; Merton College library; Oriel dining hall; and the old chapel at Trinity. I forgot the old divinity school where Charles I held his parliament during the Civil War.

I think that it must have been our boy's familiarity with the Tudor-Gothic aspect of his own beloved university that paved the way for his ready response to the charm of Oxford, and that he was unconsciously feeling the sentiment of relation between the ancient mother of colleges and her American descendant that Alfred Noyes has given voice to in his poem on "Princeton":

.

Now lamp-lit gardens in the blue dusk shine
Through dog-wood red and white,
And round the gray quadrangles, line by line,
The windows fill with light,
Where Princeton calls to Magdalen, tower to tower,
Twin lanthorns of the law,
And those cream-white magnolia boughs embower
The halls of old Nassau.

.

Archie continues :

Another of my pastimes was a daily ride on a splendid English hunter. These rides were simply glorious; perfect weather prevailed, entrancing country and an excellent horse beneath you. I always had good company too on those rides, for there were a number of other men who enjoyed them as much as I. One of our favourite rides was to climb a long ridge forming one bank of the Thames, and to go cross-country from field to field, jumping hedges and fences where we could, and in those places where the hedges were too thick or too high, or a combination of a hedge and a deep ditch along one side of it, we would open the gate. We found it possible to ride for miles in this fashion along the ridge overlooking the Thames valley, and the highly cultivated fertile country beyond. From this plateau country, beautiful glimpses of "many towered" Oxford could be had through groves of beech and oak; or again, from an open pasture, the whole city would lie out before us with its innumerable chapel and church spires. I cannot begin to describe the beauty of the country; it was a great surprise to me to find hardly a sign of autumn, although the season was well advanced and this is a northerly latitude; the leaves on the trees had turned from green to brown but had not fallen; while the grass in meadows and pastures was luxuriant and as green as ours in the spring—indeed, I think it was greener. The only place where autumn had laid its hand was in the grain-fields—now stubble. And these stubble-fields had a peculiar attraction all their own; this was their quantities of skylarks, which I wish you could have been there to see and hear. Even at this late season these little fellows were singing their throats out as they climbed to a height of several hundred feet and then descended again, singing lustily all the while and only finish-

ing their song a few feet above the earth. In cantering across a field they would rise by the hundreds on all sides of the horse. It is not an exaggeration to say that they were as thick as English sparrows in any American city. The amount of wild game life was fascinating too; in the open fields we would frequently flush a monster hare, which, as it sped off, looked as big as Kerry [our Irish terrier]; in the woodlands the English pheasants—one of the most beautifully marked of all birds—would run down a woodcutter's road ahead of the horses, or dart across the path from one fern-cover to another.

All England is rejoicing that it has had such a man as Lloyd George to steer the ship of state (or, more appropriately now, the ship of states). What a remarkable address his Paris speech was! Without his and Lord Northcliffe's boldness to point out the Allied weaknesses in lack of unity, where would England be? It seems to me the plea for unity has at last made itself heard, and that it will become an established fact from now on; if this is so, there will be a definite significance to a group of the Allies' flags when displayed together. Up to the present the only unification which has existed, so far as I can see, is unity of purpose—yet even this was a great step forward. It is America's contribution to furnish the foresight which will act as a stabiliser, and the wisdom which will bind together the nations under arms.

Even after leaving Oxford, Archie loved to hark back to the memories of the beauty that had made so deep an impression upon him. On a post-card picturing the West door of the church at Iffley he wrote: "When I was at Oxford, I took a bicycle ride to the little village of Iffley, where stands this exceptionally interesting old Norman church, dating from the eleventh century. It was changed frequently during the middle ages, and each transformation has left a mark characteristic of the period; the original tower and nave (now standing) with three round doorways—one at the end, and on either side—like the reverse side. At a later date windows were cut in the main walls, and are arched so: [Drawing]. Finally other windows were cut—perpendicular: [Drawing]".

Another message was sent on a post-card showing a picture of New College Chapel: "The last night that I was in Oxford I went to a most beautiful service in this inspiring chapel. I sat in the choir, which in ordinary circumstances is reserved for the undergraduates, while the congregation sits or stands behind the rood-screen; but the eleven undergraduates (normally there are one hundred and fifty) would be lost in the stalls, unless they were reinforced by the military. The choir was very good, being one of the best three in Oxford."

Nov. 14, 1917.

DEAR MOTHER:

The flying-school that I am at now is near the sea coast, and, consequently, in the path of hostile aerial invasion. Therefore, not a light is exposed at night; everything is dark as pitch, there literally not being even a street-lamp lit. The last raiders dropped two bombs six hundred yards from our flying-field and hangars. They lighted in a stubble-field and did no damage.

STAMFORD, LINCOLNSHIRE,
December 6, 1917.

DEAR MOTHER AND FATHER:

. Very soon I shall be flying alone; I have had over five hours' instruction on dual control in the last month. This is shockingly little, but is accounted for by the facts that we had many classes to go to at first; that the weather has been treacherous, and that there has been a scarcity of machines, as well as a lack of enthusiasm for flying on the part of instructors. We are flying the same kind of machines that we had at Princeton.

U. S. ARMY AVIATION CORPS, No. 1, T. D. S.,
STAMFORD, LINCOLNSHIRE,
December 25, 1917.

DEAR AUNT MAY:

. I am wondering what you are doing this Christmas-day. Here it seems just like any commonplace day. I should like to mark it by going to service at Peterborough Cathedral, but there is no way of getting over there. I've been reflecting on the varying

Christmases I have had in the last few years—last year at home and going to a dance in the evening; the year before, driving an ambulance all day long; the year before that, the first Christmas in Symington House. . . .

(On a picture post-card) :

STAMFORD,
7 January, 1918.

DEAR LITTLE MOTHER :

Isn't this an interesting and extraordinary old church? It is the most unusual and eclectic place in all England, I believe. . . . The other day I went to see the old Norman cathedral at Peterborough, which is most interesting, but spoiled by various kinds of hideous modern adornments, like brilliantly coloured glass windows.

NO. 1 TRAINING DEPOT STATION,
STAMFORD,
January 13, 1918.

DEAR TOBS :

. I shall ask you to continue to send the *New York Times* military critic's articles, because, although the news is somewhat stale, it is, nevertheless, very interesting to get a point of view that is never hinted at over here. I think this chap, Symonds, is a wonder, and I put more than the usual amount of confidence in his reports because experience has shown that his deductions have been for the most part correct.

. My visit to Iffley was accompanied by a striking incident: I went there on a glorious, bright Sunday morning, one of those perfect autumn days when the air is crisp and sets one all a-tingle. I stood in the churchyard looking at the shadows of the fine cypresses, with which the church is surrounded, fall upon the old gray pile, and thinking how firmly the church had stood through the ages amid the solitude and peacefulness of that spot. Presently the congregation within began a hymn; but their voices were drowned by a roar, dull at first, but which momentarily increased until the aeroplanes which produced it came in sight over the roof of the church. There were about fifteen of the latest and fastest type; the air was so clear that you could see the skeleton outline of the ribs in their wings, over which the fabric is stretched, silhouetted against the

cloudless sky. The contrast between antiquity and the ultra-modern was strange indeed!

January, 1918.

DEAR FATHER:

. I've been reading in the Alumni Weekly about the Liberty Loan drive, and there came upon your slogan, "If you can't go across, come across!" (I nearly committed an "Englishism" by getting the joke mixed up). How fine it was of the University to buy one hundred thousand dollars of bonds! I should like to have you buy some of the next loan's bonds with the accumulated capital for me.

The Government has offered a plan of insurance for aviators, and I insured myself last month by taking out a straight life-insurance policy for ten thousand dollars, which is the maximum amount allowed. I have made this policy payable to you, and should an accident occur necessitating a payment, I suggest giving it to Princeton to swell the endowment fund.

I hardly need to say that this suggestion is being carried out. The fund so established bears Archie's name and will remain a perpetual proof of his loyalty and devotion to his Alma Mater. It may interest and gratify his friends to know that his memory will be perpetuated in several other ways. Besides minor memorials, we have used the small estate that he left by endowing a bed in the Isabella McCosh Infirmary of Princeton University, and by creating an endowment fund for the benefit of the Permanent Blind Relief War Fund for Soldiers and Sailors of the Allies—each to bear his name. In addition, through the kindness and enterprise of one of our friends, assisted by the generous co-operation of others, a bed has been endowed in memory of him in the American Memorial Hospital at Rheims.

STAMFORD,

January 15, 1918.

DEAREST MOTHER:

To-day was the most eventful for me of any since I've been in England, for I went solo! And what fun I did

have too! I had to laugh and shout out loud (which was drowned by the roar of the motor) for sheer joy at finding myself master of the situation, and actually piloting the old bus around. It is the most exhilarating feeling I've ever experienced. At first I wobbled all over the sky trying to keep as far as possible from the other machines which were up, but confidence came with leaps and bounds at finding myself off the ground. Just think—here I've been in England since October 2d, and to-day, January 15, I made my first solo; it is preposterous, almost incredible, that so much time could have been wasted. In the nine weeks that I have been here, I've flown eight hours, or less than an hour a week; at Princeton, by way of comparison, Stanton's pupils got over an hour a day, or eight hours in one week. Here's the reason that it has taken me such a long time to go solo: (1) The eight hours that I've flown have been spent on two varieties of machines; (2) on two types of control—*i. e.*, stick-control and wheel-control; (3) and with five different instructors. (1) One of the two varieties is the same kind of machine that we used at Princeton. (I have avoided using the name because censorship has become very strict about military topics, and violations of the rules, governing what may be written and what not, are punishable by court-martial.) The other kind of machine is a new one for me. It is as difficult to fly the two kinds as it would be to sail one day a cat-boat and the next a yawl; each type has its peculiarities, and you must learn all about each, which takes longer than if you devoted your attention to one. (2) The different types of control are confusing, too, when you fly a wheel-controlled bus one day, a stick the next, and back to a wheel again, as I have done; it is like changing from a saddle-horse which is bridle-wise to one which is not; it takes time to become familiar with both types. (3) Every one of my five instructors had a different way of coaching, and I had to adapt myself to the man I was flying with; for instance, one man would fly straight and level until he came abreast of a point he wanted to make, then he would throw the machine over on one wing until the planes were nearly vertical, whirl about and flatten out again—he had been on scouts at the front; another man would make a wide and gradually sweeping turn—he had been on night bombing; another would make a moderately sharp turn, something between the two extremes, and would want me to do likewise. There is one more cause for

the delay in my getting off, and that is that the eight hours of instruction were spread out over such a long period; one forgets during the interval between flights, and loses the knack. The longest interval between flights with me was three weeks. . . . Considering all these things, I wonder that I have gone solo even now; I never should have if I hadn't had some time at Princeton. . . . From now on I expect to progress with leaps and bounds, for I don't have to wait on anyone's pleasure. . . .

AMERICAN HEADQUARTERS, LONDON,
January 18, 1918.

DEAREST FATHER:

I'm overjoyed to know that my letter of December 7th should have arrived on Christmas Day and given you and little Ma so much happiness. I think that the hand of Providence must have been behind this for, according to my calculation, there was no chance of its getting to you even anywhere near that day; there were only eighteen days for it to cross, and most mail takes nearer a month. Your joy at hearing about Kit's and my meeting must have been surpassed only by ours at the actual reunion.*

If you admire my taste in postal cards, I must say the same of yours in Christmas cards. In addition to being pretty, though not being over-adorned, the patriotism of their simple language makes a very stirring appeal. They are admirable. What interests me is the spirit of the nation of which they are the expression, for the cards are the *product* of national sentiment, and do not make it. Although you admired them when you made the selection, I feel sure it is impossible for anyone at home to fully appreciate the warmth of heart which these cards arouse. Thank you so much; I have enjoyed them and benefited by them as have those whom I showed them to. I posted two on the bulletin board in the American quarters. . . .

Archie was keenly interested in the various forms of war-work that the rest of the family had taken up. Under the date last above, he wrote to me in this fatherly and flattering vein:

*[His sister Lydia passed through England on her way to Paris, where she was to engage in war-work. This furnished the opportunity for their spending several days together, at first in London and later at Stamford.]

I'm as pleased as you are, and (I'm sure) prouder, over your appointment as a member of the Legal Advisory Board. I should think that that would be a place where you really are needed, and which it would be hard to fill well, and that's why I'm glad you're in. I must confess that I had misgivings sometime back (when I knew that you had offered your services in any number of ways and yet had found no settled job) that you would have opened to you only mediocre jobs which could be filled as well by any sensible man; in other words, I was afraid that you would do work which anybody else could do, simply because the opportunity for getting the right sort of job did not come along. And I was afraid that the right sort would not come along because first class opportunities are usually not lying around open, waiting to be filled. But now I think that they have got talent where it is needed. I'm so very much in favour of the sort of thing you've been engaged in heretofore, *i. e.*, classifying the draft army according to vocation, and preventing this kind of farce:—making a drafted store-keeper a carpenter, a carpenter a butcher, and a butcher-by-trade a store-keeper—that I was afraid it would be hard for you to find the right niche. I don't mean to imply any lack of confidence in your ability to find the right task, but these things are beyond your influence and you have to take what comes. So accept my hearty congratulations.

In a letter written some weeks later his concern for me is again apparent:

DEAR TOBS:

. Your letter of January 8 has relieved me very much because I was afraid that, like Muntie [his mother] you were over-working—on the Legal Advisory Board—but I am *so* glad to hear that you are no longer exhausted at night by the day's efforts. Don't let the slackers escape their service in the army if you can possibly put them in; I think that chicken-hearted citizens are a menace when left at large.

STAMFORD,
Jan. 24, 1918.

DEAR FATHER:

. I've been having marvellous fun lately; yesterday was a perfect day—windless, warm and sunny, as well

as quite clear, which is rare indeed—and I flew over to one of the main trunk-lines between London and Edinburgh to race the express-trains, which is a very amusing sport. I also tried the trick of diving down upon a moving train, as if I were behind the Hun lines and were going to rake the engineer with machine-gun fire. This sport was a trick much used by Canada's supreme flier, Major Bishop, and by machine-gunning both engineer and fireman he caused any number of wrecks of troop-trains. However, before I got to what would be close range, I zoomed up again, so that I never came nearer than two hundred to three hundred feet—but still coming down from a thousand feet or so, it makes a good long dive.

The other day I followed a hunt. The Marquess of Exeter, whose estate is near, has a fine pack which meets frequently. When I went up, I did not know that a meet was scheduled for that day and so I was not on the look-out for the hunt; therefore it was just by chance that I happened to see some horsemen riding across a field as I was looking at the ground. I watched them take a hedge at the edge of a field, and then I turned to follow and see where they were going. As I overtook them, I saw others ahead, and then it dawned on me that these I had seen at first were the stragglers in a much drawn-out "field." Flying in their general direction (for they were not riding in a straight line, but some were going one way and others another, in an effort to avoid seeded fields), I spotted the huntsmen in red and caught up with the hounds just as they entered a large wood. From my position above I could see the limits of the wood, and so circled around and around, waiting for the chase to dart out from an unexpected corner. But they did not appear, although I waited until a rain-storm came up and the clouds below hid my view of the ground; so I suppose that the old fox fooled the hounds.

I have now finished my time at this school and am waiting to be "posted" to an advanced squadron for further training. There is one thing that I have made it a definite rule to do: that is not to attempt to stunt until I have had a good deal of air experience. I feel sure that you cannot appreciate the temptation it is to try one little trick or another. After you have gone solo and had enough time to find that you can fly straight and keep the machine level and land it softly, there seems nothing more to do but sit there and be bored by a repetition of what you have already

demonstrated you can do,—make a smooth turn, etc. It is surprising how quickly familiarity with the machine and its instruments comes, so that your attention is no longer riveted upon what you are doing, because these things become mechanical. Thus, looking out for other machines and observing the ground are the only diversions. But these are not satisfying, and then it is that the desire to experiment takes hold of you; it seems as if it would be so simple to droop one wing and allow the machine to side-slip that it is a hard temptation to resist. A man who has had only a little experience in flying is like a beginner in anything else in that he feels that he has mastered the whole art. I believe that over-confidence in flying is the most dangerous attitude of mind that one can fall into,—worse even than carelessness, or bad judgment.

Danger is a curious thing: I suppose that it is nearest when you feel the safest, for that is when you are off your guard. As you fly along with the machine under complete control, you wonder what could possibly happen, and feel as safe as can be, even making allowances for the motor's failing, because, with a fair altitude to glide from, you could select a good landing-place. This is the time to look out for, and it is at just such a time as this that good pilots are caught napping.

Now, from what I have just written about my determination to be prudent, and the former tale about diving on trains, you will doubtless see an inconsistency, but . . . there is none; such a dive is not a "stunt," but is a regularly employed tactic which you use every time you want to make a landing-field. Further than that, there are fields on either side of the track in this country all along, in which it would be practicable to land. Stunting would be trying a sharp turn with so much bank that the planes would be vertical with the ground, or looping the loop, or spinning, stalling, rolling, or doing any one of a number of other possible exploits. A loop, for instance, is one of the easiest stunts to do and I am crazy to try it, but I shall wait a while yet. Lots of the others try these things and get away with them finely, which makes the stunt seem the simpler and you more eager to try it; but I think they make a foolish mistake. I must say that after you've seen experienced pilots—men who have done hundreds of hours over the lines—come back and have mishaps, you wonder how anybody gets past the dangers of the preliminary training. I



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think there is a guardian-angel watching over student pilots. I'm convinced that flying is a dangerous game, despite the assertions of many pilots to the contrary; but I am also convinced, however, that if you are constantly aware of the danger you will be all right; it seems a paradox, but it's true. The exercise of prudence and common sense will see you through all right, and I am putting these convictions into practice.

U. S. AVIATION CORPS,
c/o AMERICAN HEADQUARTERS,
GORING HOTEL,
LONDON, Jan. 30, 1918.

DEAR LITTLE MA:

I have left my former place of residence and have been transferred to a higher training squadron [at Waddington, Lincolnshire] for further instruction. I am not now at liberty to give you my new address, so the above will have to suffice. I have been recommended by my former instructor for scouts, which are the hardest of all machines to fly; so I am pleased because it is something of an honour, as well as being everybody's ambition, to fly a scout machine. Just as a child must pass through the eight grades of a grammar-school and then four more of high-school, before he can take college exams., so the scout pilot must be trained by learning to fly a graded series of machines, each a little more difficult to handle than the last and with peculiarities all its own, before he arrives at the goal of his ambition—the fighting scout. Therefore some considerable length of time will elapse yet before I get to any kind of a scout machine. However, as I progress, the machines which I am using are getting faster and faster, and each succeeding one has a more powerful engine than its predecessor.

My new quarters are fairly comfortable: we live in "huts," as they are called,—long, low, narrow, wooden buildings divided into half-a-dozen cubicles,—which are in reality small rooms where three men are quartered. There is a small sheet-iron stove in each cubicle, and one window; they are electrically lighted. There is no furniture of any description in the cubicles; when one moves in, he sets up his cot, lays out his sleeping-bag on it, erects his collapsible wash-basin and collapsible chair—and the room is furnished completely as far as his needs are concerned. We have the mess-hall just at hand, and are quite near the air-drome and machine-gun range. The food is not

of superior quality, although it is quite edible; the mess at Stamford was very much better, but on the whole we are quite well off.

In February, 1918, Archie was sent by the military authorities to France, where he was to continue his training. But the military machine, from his point of view, still dragged unconscionably. A friend in Paris, who saw him shortly after his arrival, wrote to me: "His only complaint was that he had not had enough to do in the English camp or here in France." His experiences at the flying-school—at Tours—to which he was transferred and where he passed his brevet, are told in this letter:

3RD AVIATION INSTRUCTION CENTER,
A. E. F.

April 13, 1918.

DEAREST MOTHER AND FATHER:

. After two weeks of waiting for orders at the Air Service Concentration Barracks (from which I last wrote)—and during that time I did absolutely *nothing* in the way of work except stand guard *once* and go to *one* formation—I finally went off to a flying-school. I had hoped that it would be an advanced school of training because of my previous experience in England, but, as I have never passed the Reserve Military Aviators' tests—(they are not given in England)—I had to go through that formality which would entitle me to be commissioned, wear the aviator's wings, and be called a R. M. A. This school was the 2nd Aviation Instruction Center [at Tours] where Kit [his sister Lydia] came down to see me; for a week or ten days the weather was miserable and there was no flying; but the day Kit left, I was put on the flying list (over the heads of any number of others waiting, because of my previous flying) and once more got into the air. The type of machine was entirely new and altogether different from anything I had flown before, so I went into a dual-control class. They were not hard to fly, and an hour and fifteen minutes with an instructor (a wild Frenchman) sufficed to convince him that I could land it, so I was *laché*, as the French say, to solo. Then I went to a class known as *tour de piste*, where the soloists go after

being turned loose from dual, to practise landings; I put down six landings for the officer in charge of that field and was again *laché* to the spiral class with which the R. M. A. tests begin. The stunts in this class were to spiral, execute a hair-pin turn, and "S" into the landing-field so as to land near a given mark. In doing each of these tricks, I had to climb to over two thousand feet, cut off the motor, and then glide into the field without again using the engine to help, even if I thought I was going to fall short of the mark. Of course the value of this work is to prepare one for cross-country flying so that, if the motor should fail, you would be able to reach any field you had decided to land in, and not be compelled to land at the point where the normal angle of glide would bring you down, for that point might turn out to be a forest. In all three of these tests the motor had to be cut off while the machine was directly above the landing-field; thus you can easily see that any angle of glide in any direction would bring the machine to earth outside the field; therefore the machine had to be manœuvred about quite a bit until finally brought to the required spot. In the case of the hair-pin turn, for instance, the motor was cut off and the glide begun just above the landing-field; but the difficult part lay in judging the distance to glide in one direction before turning back and making for the field. The point is that for a time you are gliding directly from the field and you have to keep looking back over your shoulder at the field so as not to glide so far that, when the turn is made, you will not be able to make the field; and, conversely, you must not turn about too soon or you will over-shoot the mark. This is a nice problem in still air, but when there is a wind which is carrying you along on one tack and which will be dead against you on another and therefore retard considerably your progress and cause you to fall short, it takes some figuring. In the "S," you simply go so far to one side of the field, then turn and glide so far to the other, and so on until you are in line with the mark on the landing-field. These things sound hard, but in point of fact were quite easy for me—not that I take any especial credit to myself, but because I had had so much more time in the air than the other chaps who were taking that course; and then these were things that I had been trying in England on my own hook;—strange to say, helpful as they are, these tricks are not *required* over there.

From the "spiral" class I went to the "voyage" class,

which is where the real fun lies. The tests required are to fly for an hour at an altitude of over six thousand feet, make two short cross-country flights of sixty miles each, and two triangular cross-country flights of one hundred and twenty-five miles each, landing twice on each trip. It was a rare treat to be flying over the choicest part of France with its beautiful rivers and countless châteaux, ancient and modern. The country was particularly beautiful at this season, and I enjoyed the opportunity to the full. Kit has told you about our two trips together by motor to various châteaux, hasn't he? Well, that put an idea into my head, and I acted upon the impulse to buy a map showing all the old ruins and famous châteaux in that region, and with this map I set out to see as many of them as I could. The result was that I managed to see twelve in all. Of course, the triangles of one hundred and twenty-five miles each were over a definite course, but it so happened that the prescribed course passed some of the most interesting of the "show" places, while others could be reached by a détour, if one knew where to go. This is where my map came in, for, although it was not nearly as accurate as the military maps provided for us, it had the places to be seen marked, which the others of course did not have. There is much to be said for this sight-seeing from the air, for one can fly all around and around a place, over and beside it and get an impression which can be gained in no other way, I'm sure. I only regret not having been able to go inside.

I was quite anxious to finish, and so I put in seven hours' actual flying in one day. This of course does not include the frequent stops along the route or at the home airdrome to have the machine filled with gas and oil, or to change machines, etc.; it does not represent the total time that I was in the machine and the time spent in taxiing to and from hangars, and waiting for the signal to start, etc.; so that from 11:30 to 7:30 P. M. I was hardly out of the plane and did not have a moment's rest. The result of the pressure of the air against the head, the cold, the wind (for the pilot is not well-protected in that type of plane), the rare atmosphere at a height, and the nervous strain,—all these combined laid me up for a day, although it was not until twelve hours afterward that I felt any ill-effects.

In [censored] days from the time I started to fly I had passed all the tests and was breveted as an R. M. A. and entitled to put up my wings, which I did soon

afterward, and I was also recommended for a commission. All this training at the 2d Aviation Instruction Center did not put me even back to the same point of advancement that I had reached before leaving England; but it is certainly well to have a good, firm, elementary training, I'm convinced by what I have seen of flying accidents, and I certainly have had plenty of fundamental training.

Now I am at the 3rd Aviation Instruction Center [at Issoudun] for work on machines

Just think of this,—that if I had stayed in England, I should probably now be in the midst of the struggle, the way a number of men I was with are now.

3RD AVIATION INSTRUCTION CENTER,
A. E. F.

April 14, 1918.

DEAR FATHER:

. Since last October I have been paid less than half of what I ought to have been drawing. This is simply one of the injustices which the cadets have had to put up with, but my own feeling is that this, and everything else, where the results have fallen short of our expectations and the Government's promises to us, must be borne with the confidence that in the circumstances the best has been done.

. . . .

3RD AVIATION INSTRUCTION CENTER,
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE,

April 21, 1918.

DEAR FATHER:

Aren't the French stunning in their miraculous resistance? And the British, too, have completely reinstated themselves by their defence in Flanders this past week, which entitles them to be called a *real* army, like the French. Although there was a time (when the British were retreating for thirty miles) when everyone had grave misgivings as to their resistive strength, now the feeling of confidence is well-founded. I wish I could write what I think and feel and know, but the censorship is rigid. I happened to be in the office of a friend of mine who is in the Intelligence Department in Paris on the afternoon of the second or third day of the Hun offensive, at a time when the latest news from the front made the whole office-staff white with apprehension of what might develop, and the wires were kept

hot; you had the feeling that you would burst under the excitement of waiting for news of the next hour; but Providence and *the French* intervened, and the Hun did not score the greatest and most overwhelming victory since the war began; but all of this must be kept secret until the war is over. The crisis of that afternoon resulted in a Supreme Chief of the Allied armies being appointed, and this had just happened when I was there, so that it was good fun to come by this information a week in advance of its announcement in the papers over here.

It is surprising to meet a number of men with access to reliable sources of information who feel that the end may come soon and therefore unexpectedly, because I can't see any termination yet; the present "drive," however, should prove to be a complete failure, because, from Germany's point of view, anything would be better than the Allies' peace terms with their mortal blow to German aims in Russia, the near East and the far East. The one thing I'm afraid of is that when Germany begins to play a losing game, she will "stall for time" by demanding an armistice, or want to talk peace terms, by which she may escape a good part of the thrashing which her deviltry has made her so richly deserve. My hope is that the United States can secure such an economic hold of France and Britain that neither can possibly accept such an armistice or talk peace, should they want to, but will be forced to see the thing through by our indomitable will to finish the job. Our President seems to be buoying up the Allies' determination at a time when it is needed; I don't take stock in peace-talk in the countries over here; I think it's German propaganda.

On the 4th of April, 1918, Archie was commissioned as first lieutenant in the Aviation Section, Signal Reserve Corps, and on 20th April he was assigned to active duty, which he explains in the following letter, written at the Advanced School at Issoudun:

3RD AVIATION INSTRUCTION CENTER,
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE,
April 28, 1918.

DEAREST LITTLE MOTHER:

As you may have perceived from this envelope, I have received my active orders and assumed the role of an officer;

and I am thoroughly impressed (although not oppressed) by the responsibilities which may be a first lieutenant's (although I have nothing important to do now); for he may be called upon to command an aero squadron at any time. Lately I've been studying military subjects a good deal, and the more I learn the more I find I don't know—which is hardly surprising. When I say "impressed with the responsibilities" (which I may be called upon to shoulder), I am thinking of the example of my commanding officer at Plattsburg in 1916, who, having applied himself to military studies for four years at West Point and having studied intensively for the eight years after his graduation (he was in the class of 1908), was only a first lieutenant! Another example is that of Captain * * *, who had only reached the stage next above a first lieutenant, a captaincy, although he was in middle life. Therefore, if so many years of intensive training are required in peace time to fit a man thoroughly for his task, how much there is to be learned by a person coming in from civil life with so short a period of preparation as I, and I have had ever so much more than most.

You have probably been surprised by an absence in my letters of any mention of my flying, but that is something I am not at liberty to discuss; at present I'm not flying, but hope to be soon.

The one thing in the minds of all of us is—when will American-made planes and motors arrive? Apparently people are just beginning to wake up at home to the fact, which has only been too evident over here, that the aircraft production plans have not come up to expectations. In the *New York Times* for March 20 is a very strong editorial setting forth these facts; I wish you would read it, if you haven't already, for it shows that just one battle-plane has been shipped in place of the thousands promised. By the time this letter arrives the country will probably have waked up with a start to find production so delayed; but this fact has been apparent to us for months; although the public may be fooled by the much-advertised building of our aerial fleet, the crowd who cannot be fooled is the crowd waiting on this side to fly those planes. Three months ago I might have written that plans had fallen down, but it would have been liable to be censored on this side—at least until the scandal became generally known and talked about in the papers, as it is now. It is a curious thing that al-

though we are the first ones to find out whether or not American production is up to its schedule, we are the last ones whose voice may be heard on the subject—(by “we” I mean men in the aviation corps over here). To have given this matter the publicity which it deserved and which would have stimulated production, might have been done long ago; yet such communication would have been pounced upon by the rigid military censorship, which frowns on criticism; it is a pity that silence had to be kept, for the cause of the allies has been the distinct sufferer through the prolongation of the war.

In the remainder of this letter, Archie’s loyalty to country gives no uncertain sound. I suppose that his attitude of extreme severity towards traitors in America was typical of the way in which the men who had gone overseas to face danger and death regarded the toleration of treasonable acts at home:

It certainly is fine to see the way in which some groups of people are patriotic enough to take the trouble to probe into the matter whenever a case like this comes up; this time it is the *Providence Journal*, (isn’t it?) which is bringing to light the work of secret German agents and spies in delaying the production plans for aircraft. The mention of spies suggests to my mind what I think is the most important stone of all to turn and one which we are overlooking, and that is to go to every possible length to prevent every plotter from even having the opportunity to do harm; to set to work on wholesale production before this is done seems like turning on the water and waiting for the tub to fill while the stopper is out; and in going to every possible length, I should include inflicting the most severe punishment in every questionable case, instead of the weak policy adhered to up till now. For instance, not long ago I saw that one of the directors of the Hamburg-American line—the general manager, I believe—was involved in the bomb-plots, and had been sentenced to eighteen months’ imprisonment at Atlanta. This man did his best to kill the travellers crossing the Atlantic, and it was not his fault that the bombs did not go off; if sufficient evidence was lacking, however, to condemn him on this score, I think his misuse of the company’s money for directing munition strikes, etc., made

him deserve the same fate as Bolo Pasha. The explanation of his short sentence must be the further use of money by his colleagues and other backstairs tricks. His case is typical of hundreds of such; I think we're too lenient. In fact, I have yet to hear of definite and strong action having been taken in such a case. For this reason I was sorry to see defeated in Congress the bill giving the Government the right to inflict the supreme penalty upon enemy aliens. At present I can't see that there is anything to deter this class from attempting destructive enterprises, because they cannot lose their lives; the worst that will befall them is a few years in the penitentiary. I should like to see a number of these arch-fiends made a horrible example of; the effect throughout the country would undoubtedly be good and scare many thousands of timid plotters into inactivity. We are told that one lynching produces another, and experts on crime are opposed to capital punishment, but I think the emergency demands some hard, swift action.

I didn't mean to write such a long sermon; I'm sorry, and shall try to tell you something interesting next time.

Another illustration of the general attitude of mind that I referred to above is furnished by this extract from Archie's letter of 6 May, 1918:

This morning's edition of the *New York Herald* has just been brought through the barracks, and I have been tremendously impressed with one incident; among all the headlines dealing with the usual events of interest—the submarines, Flanders front, our own front, air victories, etc.—the one which has attracted the attention of every man of the six who are reading the papers is a headline telling of the lynching of a pro-German in Illinois. The headline is not in large type and the article is short, but everyone's eye fell on it, and everyone has commented on it, expressing huge delight that one of these malignants has been brought to time. The first man who saw the article called out with joy what had taken place, and each one as he read it expressed satisfaction in one way or another. There was a distinct flurry of excitement, just as if Lufberry had brought down three more planes, which was quite surprising considering the small importance of the article. But the interesting thing is the attitude of mind that the incident revealed, for it shows how out-of-patience everyone is with

the way in which enemy agents and aliens at home are allowed to roam at large, and with our lax policy in controlling them.

U. S. AIR SERVICE,
3RD AVIATION INSTRUCTION CENTER,
A. E. F.

May 1, 1918.

DEAR TOBS:

. My training continues with a round of classes daily, most of which are compulsory, and with a good deal of reading on tactical and other military subjects, which is voluntary. I am doing a great deal of shooting of all kinds—machine-gun, clay pigeons, and revolver—all of which is mighty good fun. The machine-gun work consists of firing several makes of guns, at different ranges and at rapid and at slow fire; and, most important of all, drill in remedying stoppages. These beastly guns are not perfect and may cease fire for any one of a thousand causes during an engagement, but many of these stoppages are comparatively simple and may be easily and quickly fixed, if the trouble is promptly located; therefore infinite practice is required to locate the trouble and apply the right remedy. Some of these stoppages are real (having developed during firing), and others are artificial, having been purposely arranged by the instructors. I am at a great advantage over the others in the matter of gunnery, because of my winter's training in England.

It is an inexpressible satisfaction to be able to censor your own mail—a privilege enjoyed by officers. How I did hate to have my mail censored! Now I am acting frequently as a censor myself and I don't enjoy it at all; I hate to read other people's mail, and yet I can't put my name to it unless I know its contents and see it sealed.

U. S. AIR SERVICE,
3RD AVIATION INSTRUCTION CENTER,
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE,

May 2, 1918.

DEAREST LITTLE MOTHER:

. I'm afraid you're working *too hard* [in the filing and coding department of the War Trade Board] by trying to do overmuch; not that I want you to accomplish less, but the secret of productive administration is first to pick

capable assistants, and then to delegate *all* the work to them, so that you do nothing yourself but continually supervise. This is the plan on which army administration is constructed. The theory that to get the best results one must put one's shoulder to the wheel and plunge in to set a good example is outworn, and is not practicable in the army (except in emergencies, and a short period constitutes an emergency; never for a protracted period). Officers are instructed not to lend a hand, as a general rule, but to dictate, direct and supervise. I think that you might profit by trying this. I know exactly how you feel; that with all your energy you could do a thing much better than someone else; that's true, you could; but that's not the point; the thing is to teach a number of others to approach your standard of efficiency

ON ACTIVE SERVICE WITH THE
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE,
May 6, 1918.

DEAREST FATHER:

. While I was in England I had the opportunity of going through an aircraft factory where the complete planes were built—machines and engines. Of course it was exceedingly interesting, but the thing that impressed me was the infinite toil of literally hundreds of employees to make one aeroplane, and the extent of the wastage and effort lost when a machine is carelessly wrecked. And I have seen the same man smash three planes completely, all in the same day. The loss to the Government in money is very great indeed, but what is worse is the labour and painstaking care of all the employees being spent in a moment, never to be regained. It would be a splendid thing if every would-be pilot could go through a factory, to see for himself the responsibility which he assumes by driving a plane of any type—even training-machines

U. S. AIR SERVICE,
3RD AVIATION INSTRUCTION CENTER,
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE,
May 7, 1918.

DEAR B * * * :

. I happened to be in Paris while a bombardment was in progress, and another man and I spent part of an afternoon rushing around in a taxi from the scene of one

explosion to the next most recent burst. I wish I were at liberty to tell you a little about that bombardment.

On another occasion I went to see the church which was hit. I will refrain from describing the blood-spattered scene, for it was altogether too revolting; the thought of such barbarity as to shell an open town, and particularly on Good Friday of all the inappropriate days in the calendar, made my blood boil, so that I thought I would burst with rage. I felt like going instantly to the Air Service headquarters (if it would have done any good) and putting in my application for a transfer to the bombing division, with the idea of paying back the Hun in his own coin. I don't approve of the spirit of retaliation, as a rule, but I suppose that this is an illustration of the evil of war; for, although I have a natural reluctance towards a vicious act, I would welcome an opportunity to bomb a German town while the memory of that scene is still in my mind.

An unusual thing happened to a friend of mine recently; he was on a cross-country flight but had to make a forced landing for some reason; he chose a pasture with a few cattle in it in preference to the surrounding fields with growing crops, and landed safely. He got a gendarme to guard the machine—(against the good folk of the neighbourhood who are souvenir-hunters of the first order; they would destroy an unguarded plane in no time)—and went to a nearby village to telephone for some mechanics. He returned to find the gendarme sitting peacefully on a fence-rail, while out in the field an infuriated wild bull was goring the wings into shreds. The Allies' *red*, white and blue device painted on the wings had excited his indignation.

U. S. AIR SERVICE,
3D AVIATION INSTRUCTION CENTER,
May 8, 1918.

DEAREST LITTLE MOTHER:

In a former letter I mentioned having been on *permission*, but have never told you anything about it. In accordance with a general order, A. E. F., every one in the zone of advance is entitled to a seven-day leave of absence every four months (and flying is considered an equivalent to being in the zone of advance). After finishing at the 2d Aviation Instruction Center, I felt at first that I would not waste the time by taking a leave, but after finding out something which I'm not at liberty to write, I

decided to apply for this leave; then, too, I figured that if I did not take it then, it would probably be a *long* time before I could get another, because as soon as I had finished here, I should want to go right to an aerial gunnery-school; and after that work was finished, of course, I should want to go right to the front with the same group of men whom I had been with; and, once being at the front, I would not ask for leave until I had been with a squadron a reasonable length of time. Well, all this means that I took my leave, and went, by way of Paris, to Nice. In addition to the seven days at my destination, I was given six days traveling time, but as a fast train reaches Southern France in under twenty-four hours, I had two days in Paris both going and coming. My companion was H * * * V * * *, who came over from England with me, and has been with me all along; he is an architect, and had never been in Paris before; so it was great fun showing him around, because of his especial appreciation of what he saw. He was anxious to see all he could, and this fitted in exactly with my wish to see Nôtre Dame, the Madeleine, etc., etc., again; his technical knowledge was able to teach me a lot.

One of the pleasantest features of Nice was the hospitality of the Americans and English, who have villas in the vicinity; they were most cordial, and insisted on our coming for teas, dinners, etc. A lot of us got a motor for the day and went over the Cornice drive, stopping at Mentone for luncheon. . . . We went to Monte Carlo for tea, and how different it looked from what my imagination had pictured . . . after the glimpse of it that we had. . . . in 1912, when you and I were on our trip to Rome. From the Cornice drive we walked up the hill to that hilltop town of La Turbie with its remains of a Roman tower. How beautiful the Mediterranean was!—and the profusion of spring flowers! The clouds were low and hid the view of the snow-peaks up the valleys, alas! but they made very beautiful effects on the sea of variegated colours. However, I did have a chance to see the snow-mountains and the sea at the same time, and that was upon the golf-course at Cagnes; how I wished for Papa to play with!

3RD AVIATION INSTRUCTION CENTRE,
A. E. F., FRANCE,
May 10, 1918.

DEAR TOBS:

. Dr. Paul van Dyke came down here from Paris to-day, and he and I took a long walk over to a town where there is the remnant of a *most picturesque* mediæval keep, surrounded by a double moat, most of which is in perfect preservation to-day, and containing water in both moats. It is really one of the most charming and beautiful fragments of a castle that I've ever seen.

3RD AVIATION INSTRUCTION CENTRE,
A. E. F.,
May 11, 1918.

DEAREST MOTHER:

This camp is splendid; we have comfortable barracks which are rain-proof, have running cold water, and stoves on which to heat water when needed. There are two Y. M. C. A.'s and a *perfectly fine* Red Cross canteen. There are movies almost every evening at both "Y. M.'s," frequent concerts and amusements in the way of variety-shows, improptu theatricals, lectures, etc., etc., as well as boxing and wrestling contests and exhibitions. The Red Cross runs a good canteen for the enlisted men and a restaurant for the officers, where the meals are delicious and can be had at almost all hours; the advantage of this arrangement is that officers, coming in from flying-fields at times other than the regular hours for meals at officers' mess, will not have to go hungry. You will see, therefore, that the R. C. is doing an invaluable service, and really taking over a function of the Government. In addition to the restaurant, they maintain an officers' club, which is most inviting; here is provided a warm, comfortable and large room where officers and their friends can gather; ordinarily you would not suppose that such a place was needed, but you can appreciate the big part it fills when you consider that, without it, there would be no place of meeting except in the barracks, with their rows and rows of bunks, or in a hangar, or in a Y. M. C. A. writing-room, which is large, cheerless, cold and rather forbidding, like an unfilled barn. There is also an enclosed garden adjoining the officers' club, which gives a distinct air of privacy—a great thing in an army, by way of change. I've forgotten to mention the writing-room and the library, with a fair circulating fund of books.

I do not know in whose inspired mind originated the thought of setting apart a certain day on which every man in the American Expeditionary Force should write a special letter to his mother, but if the experience of our own family on receiving the following letter furnishes a criterion, I feel sure that he or she—(it was probably a mother herself)—will ever continue an object of the deepest gratitude and blessing on the part of both parents in many thousands of American homes. Notwithstanding the principle that “from every man’s correspondence Death at last removes the seal” of secrecy, the letter is here reproduced not without much hesitation; its contents are of so intimate a nature as to make it seem almost too sacred for print; but it reveals a beauty of character that we should like our friends to know and which cannot be conveyed otherwise; and in justice to our boy we wish to show him at his best:

3RD AVIATION INSTRUCTION CENTRE,
A. E. F.

May 12, 1918.

MOTHER’S DAY.

MY VERY DEAR MOTHER:

I want you to know that my thoughts, which are constantly about you, are devoted to you continually throughout this day, and that you are more deeply in my heart than ever. I don’t know why I have waited so long to tell you how much I owe to your years of patient training, ever-present example as an incentive, and beautiful ideals as an inspiration; it is certainly not because I don’t and haven’t for years appreciated the debt. I wish I were at home so that I could make some return, although I can never completely fulfill my indebtedness; but at present all I can do is to thank you whole-heartedly and to “carry on,” as the British say.

I’ve just come from service and communion at the Y. M. C. A., where a Mr. Edmund, formerly a Philadelphia lawyer, gave a fine talk, using as his subject the responsibility of the men in the A. E. F. to live straight so that they may go home untainted and fit to cope with the problems of America as the greatest world-power. He showed the utter fallacy of that attitude of mind, unfortunately so com-

mon, which throws all restraint aside and enters on a career of dissipation under the pretext that nothing any longer really matters, since the chances are against returning. It will be hard for you to appreciate the force and strength which such a philosophy has, for a number of reasons: being far from the zone of operations, you don't feel the tense spirit always in the air and highly contagious; to your maturer judgment it seems too illogical altogether—less so to youth; and anyway youth does not like to consider overmuch, but acts on impulse; and, too, exceptionally few men have anything approaching your confidence in a future life, and anyone without such reassurance must feel like a ship without a rudder. On the other hand, I look at the problem at quite another angle from yours, and see, feel and know all the pull which this frame of mind has. Now, therefore, I am sure that I should have succumbed with the quantity of others—and some of the best blood of America among them—had it not been for your noble attitude all these years, pointing me the way by thought, word and deed—(it scares me to think how nearly I came to missing it). So, dearest little Ma, you may perhaps feel a portion of my gratitude to you.

With oceans of love to all,

Your most devoted son,

A. R. T.

I can think of no better way of implying the intensity of gratification that this letter brought us than by quoting this passage from the account of the life of Lord Lyttleton (as told by his daughter):

“This was the man whose single reported saying after my mother died acted like a powerful moral tonic upon us all. . . . When bowed down with grief in the darkest hour of his bereavement, he said, ‘This is the worst blow that could have befallen me, except one of the boys going to the bad.’

“No one will ever measure the full amount of good those few words did: spoken as they were at one of the most sacred moments in the speaker's life and with the weight of all his moral power behind them.”

Out of the fiery furnace of war conditions in which our boy was being tried, we knew that he would come un-

scathed. He had learned (in Shelley's phrase) to "rule the empire of himself."

3RD AVIATION INSTRUCTION CENTRE,
A. E. F.,

May 13, 1918

DEAR TOBS:

You and Muntie* are not the only ones who are playing the part of a jack-of-all-trades I, too, have been acting in all kinds of capacities from that of a machine-gun instructor to a censor. My training in England taught me so much about machine-guns that I am "way ahead" of the others around here, and have that invaluable asset of an instructor—superior knowledge—so that I have been teaching nomenclature of the gun, stripping and assembling of the gun and lock, and stoppage practice. I'm a censor for a barrackful of enlisted men. Oh, how funny some of the letters are!!! I've also been instructing in trap-shooting, thanks to a Yale man, against whom I shot in the inter-collegiates at New Haven (and beat him), who told the gunnery department that they could not get on without me on the staff. There is another function which I shall exercise in rotation with a number of others, and that is being either officer of the guard, or commander of the guard. This is twenty-four hours' solid work every time the turn comes around—keeping records, and doing paper work all day, and inspecting every guard on his post in the camp three times a night; it takes about two hours to make such a tour of inspection once. I'm expecting to be put on this job any day now

3RD AVIATION INSTRUCTION CENTER,

May 14, 1918.

DEAREST MOTHER:

I am very thankful for the box of candy, which was delicious. It arrived yesterday and is almost all gone now; so you see others have enjoyed it too.

The other day I spoke about the bewildering rapidity with which your plans develop; well, the climax is the use of our house as a hospital. I think the idea is fine and do approve if the surplus of wounded is so great that the hospitals and other places provided can't accommodate them.

* [One of Archie's pet-names for his mother.]

Unless there is need, I should think that it might not be very economic to open the house as a convalescent home, because its capacity is very limited, and enterprises on a small scale are usually more extravagant than on a large scale

You must have had great fun walking in the [service-flag] parade! I wish I could have seen you

3RD AVIATION INSTRUCTION CENTER,
May 15, 1918.

MY VERY DEAR FATHER:

. Thank you so much for the texts of both the President's speech at Baltimore and his reaffirmation of the Allies' war aims, delivered before Congress. They are fine, *tous les deux*.

Your continued appeals for my picture have touched me, and I will comply as soon as possible

3RD AVIATION INSTRUCTION CENTER,
May 16, 1918.

DEAREST MOTHER:

. Camp life is very tense and very interesting. Perhaps the most striking feature is the prevalence of rumour. The whole place is a-hum with rumours, and the most extravagant ones imaginable; yet every one passes them on regardless of their absurdity, and so they go the rounds. This seems to be the normal mental life of the camp

I should like to have a small silk American Flag, about 8"x12", which you could send in a letter.

3RD AVIATION INSTRUCTION CENTER,
May 18, 1918.

DEAREST FATHER:

. The brief description in the form of a pamphlet which you sent me about the work of the Legal Advisory Board was most interesting; I was ever so glad to get it for I now have, I think, a good idea of the duties and workings of the Board, as well as of the place of tremendous importance which it has filled. The good done seems to be incalculable

The copy of the Architectural Record came yesterday, together with the Alumni Weeklies, No. 25 and 26. I am ever so much obliged for the Record, which I read from

cover to cover, for I found every article of especial interest. The one on the destruction of Romanesque and Transitional churches contained a note about F * * * which is a town where I often used to go to a *poste de secours* in 1915-16; it is just inside the French front line, and in fact the support trenches run through and behind the town. It has been further demolished since I was there. The article on Georgian decoration mentions Benton House (by Sir Christopher Wren) near Grantham, which I know, too, for it was near Stamford. The most interesting of all is the one on the proposed memorial Quadrangle at Yale. Isn't it beautiful?—and the Harkness tower. I wish Harkness had been a Princeton man.

3RD AVIATION INSTRUCTION CENTER,
May 19, 1918.

DEAREST LITTLE MOTHER:

This morning I went to church at the Y. M. C. A. for the third Sunday in succession, which I think marks a new attitude of mind for me, because you know I have never cared *especially* about going to church; but now I have come to look forward to the rest and change which the Sabbath gives through the opportunity it offers of taking time to think things over, and have come to enjoy these services. The speakers are all such earnest, true-hearted Americans that they are worth hearing. While I have the Y. M. C. A. work in mind, I must tell you that I think the value of its work over here exceeds anything one can imagine. Words are inadequate to praise it too highly. (I know that I've a habit of using superlatives where they don't belong—and I will try to overcome this habit in the future—but praising the Y. M. C. A. work and that of the Red Cross—for they're doing the same thing—is the place for superlatives.) At present I'm sure that people at home don't give these organisations the credit due them; nor is this surprising, because how should the public know what is being done over here when they can't see for themselves, when not enough men have returned home yet bringing tidings, and when complete details of their accomplishments can not be given yet because, after all, the development has only started? To be concrete: the advantage comes to these organisations more from the diverting atmosphere which they create than from ministering to the men's physical needs by selling chocolate, etc.—important as

that is. Practically every night in the week, Sunday included, there is some form of entertainment at one of the two "Y's," and often there is a programme for both on the same evening. It is indeed exceptional when the men have nothing to amuse them and occupy their minds during the rest-hours, from after supper to taps. Movies are, of course the main stand-by; but concerts, lectures, vaudeville, boxing bouts, theatricals, wrestling matches—in fact everything (except ventriloquism!)—are popular. There is a large brass-band on the post which is making progress rapidly (thank goodness!) and they now have arrived at the point where they play very decently in concerts, which are tremendously appreciated by all the squadron men, as well as being enjoyed by the musicians themselves; and an orchestra is being recruited with promising results, for there must be plenty of talent in as large a camp as this one. All this serves to raise the *esprit* of the men, who are in fine shape already. The Y. M. C. A. creates a little America here which saves the men from being plunged into a foreign atmosphere with different standards, and provides for amusement which prevents their taking their recreation by leaving camp and visiting a neighbouring town in search of diversion after a day's hard work. It is well known that Americans demand recreation in proportion as they work hard, and since the men are doing their utmost all through the day, these Y. M. C. A. workers have a big job on hand to furnish the requisite amount of relaxation; but they are doing it, and well, too. The enlisted man is naturally lazy after working-hours and does not care to go to the trouble of strolling off to a town for recreation (of a kind which he might prefer) if something is done for him in camp, so that what these organisations are doing is to keep the men in camp, and this is accomplished, not by compulsion, but by creating an environment sufficiently pleasant to make them want to stay. The average enlisted man does not read much, nor does the average family of an enlisted man either read much or think deeply, so that as far as his mail is concerned, he gets almost no contact with the tremendous spirit of determination which possesses the country; but the Y. M. C. A. is the medium through which America's "will to victory" is transmitted to the enlisted man, and he feels the country's colossal support back of him in a very reassuring way. It is the "tie that binds",

and a vital and precious link it is. Hats off to the Y. M. C. A.!

So far I have spoken about the enlisted man's lien on the "Y"; but it does about as much for officers, for it gives them the same relaxation when they need it; it also serves to keep them in camp too, although as a rule they are more self-controlled than the men and do not need to be protected against themselves. With a better education than the men, they read more and so would know the noble self-sacrifice people at home are making without the "Y" to interpret it to them, but nevertheless the "Y" is a great inspiration to keep up one's ideals. . . .

I am enclosing a pamphlet distributed by the "Y" on last Sunday, "Mother's Day." Although there is but one day in the calendar-year set aside as such, yet every day is "Mother's Day" for me, dearest little mother, because you are constantly in my thought. . . .

The following letter may not be of general interest, for in it Archie confines himself to giving at great length his reasons for preferring long-distance reconnaissance above the other branches of aerial service; but it is inserted because it shows the characteristically painstaking way in which he used to weigh each of the considerations in a given problem and thus to reach his conclusion:

3RD A. I. C.,
A. P. O. 724,
May 20, 1918.

DEAR FATHER:

This letter is a technical one properly, for I will tell you about the nature of my past and future work, as far as I'm at liberty to.

To begin with, when I arrived in England I carefully took stock of all of the various kinds of work the flying corps is called upon to do, and carefully looked over all the types of planes I could find out about with regard to their flying qualities, strength of construction, and *engines*, for I foresaw that sometime I might have the opportunity to choose some particular type of work and perhaps even to choose the machine to do it on.

The main kinds of work are: (1) *Artillery Observation*—i. e., telling a battery by wireless whether its shells are fall-

ing short, to the side, or on the target. (2) *Contact Patrol*—i. e., flying low over the battle-field through the smoke and shells and trying to identify your own troops so that you can fly back to headquarters and drop a note saying how far your forces have advanced (when all other communication with headquarters is cut off by barrage fire). (3) *Bombing*, by day and by night. (4) *Scout flying* in single-seaters to protect your own bombing-squadrons while on a raid, or to attack and ward off an enemy raid; (of course this is the most picturesque and sensational branch). (5) *Long distance reconnaissance*, which aims at making long trips over the enemy lines to great bases of supply so as to determine by photograph if any move is impending through peculiar activity at that point.

Of course the lines dividing these groups cannot be distinct, and one group at one time or another may be called upon to do the work of any of the others; however, this is in the main the division of duty. Now, which do you think I picked?

I chose long distance reconnaissance for two reasons: first, for the excellence of the machine used, and second, for the interest of the work.

1. The main thing is to have a reliable motor—especially on a long trip over the lines—which will not let you down in Hunland; for imagine being taken prisoner through the failure of your motor! The British therefore put into planes designed for this work their very best motor; and it is a magnificent piece of workmanship and power. The plane which carries it is fine too; (we are building them at home). The second recommendation for the machine is that for high altitude it is (or was) the fastest type built, so that not even the fastest scout of a lower altitude could catch up with it when very high. Thirdly, the advantage and companionship of another man with you, the machine gunner.

2. This type of work is of great interest; is indispensable; gives great opportunity for the pilot to use his initiative; never becomes tiresome through repetition, as continually watching for the smoke of bursting shells about a target for long periods at a time and day after day, but always furnishes something new, for you seldom go to the same place twice in succession and never twice by the same way; and the information which you have an opportunity to gather may be of such importance as to bring on a battle,

or change the course of one. Since you are primarily out for reconnaissance you must always be on the look-out, but you must also carry bombs so as never to miss an opportunity to create destruction; you are always ready for a fight and are well-armed for one with a number of machine-guns; you have a camera to photograph certain points,—and altogether it is a man's job. The British put their best pilots on it. For instance, it was the long-distance reconnaissance squadrons which discovered the Hindenburg Line to which the Hun retreated a year ago, and were able to inform headquarters that a retreat was in preparation.

From this sketch of their work, it is not surprising that the long-distance reconnaissance squadrons are the most popular in the R. F. C.

Shortly after my decision to take up this work if the opportunity came, I was given a chance to state my preference, which I filed at the Air Service Headquarters in London. I remember writing from Stamford that upon leaving * * * I had been recommended for scouts by my squadron commander; that recommendation was sent in to London too; but of the two, the earlier one was acted upon, which was very much to my liking, and I went off to a reconnaissance squadron. It was the losing of the opportunity to get into this work that I disliked most in being sent to France. But now I believe that I can get into the very same thing in our service as I should have had in the R. F. C.; however, it will be some time before the psychological moment for making application arrives. In the meantime, I'm going through with the splendid training which this school—the largest in the world—offers. This is a *wonderful* course, complete and thorough; and by the time one has graduated from here he ought to be able to fly anything, for he will have had time to try, if he chooses, everything which can be done with a machine in order to give him perfect confidence in its mastery.

3RD AVIATION INSTRUCTION CENTER,

A. P. O. 724.

May 29, 1918.

DEAREST LITTLE SISTER:

. Last Saturday the ladies of the Red Cross canteen gave a dance for the officers of the post, and several truck-loads of nurses were imported from a hospital near here; the latter were not too impressive, but there were some

awfully nice girls in the former. The music was furnished by the post brass-band. I found several good dancers and had a fine time. It was a pleasant change in our life, and I hope more of such hops will be held for a diversion.

Your dog has proved a very expensive luxury (ninety francs a month). As it will be impossible for me to keep him at this camp, and as I had been clinging on to him only in the hope of being attached to a squadron *au front* soon, whither I could take him (and now this hope of going to the lines soon has faded), I have decided to part with this white elephant for two reasons: first, because I don't think it legitimate to spend so much money as would be required to keep him at his present lodgings for some months more, when the demand upon one's funds is so great in every direction; and secondly, because I think that the women at the Red Cross *need* some kind of a pet in which to centre their affection, and which would divert their minds from the hard routine and boring repetition of their daily work; therefore I resolved to present the pet (or pest?) to the Red Cross as a mascot. It gave me great pleasure to show my appreciation of their work in this way, and I offered the dog to them in a spirit of grateful acknowledgment of the wholesome atmosphere which their presence in this camp has created. I fancy most of them are entirely unconscious of the *great* good they are doing, and even those who may look far enough within to see what this camp would be like without them, don't know the *full* value of their work. . . .

A. P. O. 724,
June 5, 1918.

MY VERY DEAR FATHER:

As I wrote to you in my last letter, I feel quite opulent as a result of the arrival of what I called "prodigal son" drafts; don't misunderstand the simile: I'm not claiming to be such but I use it because it fits both *their* wanderings and *their* joyful reception. I shall have more money than I need from now on, so I'm glad to be able to declare my independence. I can hit in one guess what you would do with this extra money if you had it, so I'm going to do the same—save for the next Liberty Loan. I feel considerable chagrin at not owning a single bond, for I should like to have been "in on the last loan" if I could have. . . .

What wonderful self-control little Mother showed in the

"Mother's Parade" by refusing to turn her head to acknowledge your greeting; I'm afraid that I should never have done that. What a wonderful spirit! If only one in a hundred men in the army would do so *voluntarily*, how pleased the commanders would be!

A. P. O. 724,
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE,
FRANCE,
June 10, 1918.

DEAREST LITTLE MOTHER:

. In one of your earlier letters you mentioned your proposed trip to York [Maine]. How beautiful the place must be, and how I should love to see it! I almost said "how I should like to be *back* to see it;" but I wouldn't be back for anything until I've done something to justify the amount of training that has been lavished upon me by the Government.

Do you realise that it is fifteen months since I first went up in an aeroplane at the Princeton Aviation School in April, 1917? If someone had prophesied a year ago that twelve months hence I should not yet have been to the front, I should not have believed him; nevertheless here I am with my training still continuing.

At last I have begun to fly again,—this time on a faster machine than any I've attempted yet. It's good fun, but not as satisfactory as a still smaller machine (and therefore faster) will be, which I shall go to within a week, after a number of hours' more experience on this present type.

A. P. O. 724,
June 14, 1918.

DEAREST PETITE ROUGE-GORGE*:

It is such marvelous fun—flying—that words fail to describe the exhilaration that comes from climbing up and up until the field you have just left looks like a speck; while a particular point diminishes in size, your vision increases in inverse ratio until the earth lies spread out like a map, and from the cloudless sky you can see hundreds of square miles at a glance. The nearest object is so far away that you lose all sense of speed and it seems as if you were floating, stationary, with a strong wind blowing in your face; it

*[Another of Archie's pet-names for his mother.]

seems as if the breeze were coming to you, instead of your rushing through the air creating it!

So far I've been remarkably lucky and have never had any kind of a mishap—not even to the point of breaking a single wire. The other evening, however, I came near having a good smash-up, and only luck saved me. It was quite late in the afternoon when I went up, and I rose to about a mile and three-quarters on our altitude test, and had a great time floating around up there in the absolutely quiet air and watching the sun set. The sun had already set some time before on the ground, and the earth was enjoying the evening after-glow, but the sun was shining brightly upon my machine, and I stayed up until it had set from my point of view too. All this time I kept looking at the earth, where it was getting darker and darker, but decided that there would still be sufficient light to land by the time that I got ready to come down. When at last the sun did drop behind the horizon's rim, I started down, but as it seemed to be getting dark too rapidly for my comfort, I pointed the machine down quite steeply and certainly dropped fast; at every thousand feet I straightened out for a little distance and used the motor to fly level, because, if I did not use the motor from time to time, the rush of air past it would so thoroughly chill it that it would stop; I could not afford to have it do that, for it looked as if I might need to use it to save myself from running into something while landing, because by that time it was so dark at lower levels that it was only with difficulty that I could make out other machines on the landing-field. Then there was another trouble: the ringing in my ears due to the change of atmospheric pressure produced by so rapid a descent. So great was this buzzing and the difference in pressure within and without my head that it made me doubt whether my vision was correct, and I feared to trust it. At any rate I made for the aerodrome, came in over the hangar roofs and had a clear field before me to land in; so I was much relieved (although surprised by the unusual darkness) and counted upon making a spectacularly good landing. I gradually changed the angle of descent until I was gliding parallel to the ground and slowly settling as the machine lost headway with the motor off—all in the approved fashion; but instead of the wheels touching, as I momentarily expected, and feeling the machine run along the ground, the thing continued to settle, and we went down and down—almost

interminably, it seemed to me, for it was like falling down a well; but finally we struck the ground, the machine and I, with an awful thud, and bounced up only to descend as far again a second time. I removed my goggles, which I noticed then for the first time were slightly smoked, thus making things somewhat darker than they really were, and was much relieved to find *nothing* broken. The explanation was that, due to the dark glasses plus the failing light, I had thought I was nearer the ground than I really was, and had levelled off about twelve feet above the ground. (Two feet is the right distance to level off, as then you don't fall far nor bounce.)

I think I must have come down in four minutes (including the short spells of flying level), which is too fast for comfort.

A. P. O. 724
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE,
June 19, 1918.

DEAR TOBS:

A new order regarding postal regulations has recently come out in accordance with which. . . . I can now tell you that I am at Issoudun, Indre. This place is in the old Province of Berry and is near Châteauroux and Bourges. I made an excursion to the former place on Memorial Day, but have not yet been able to go to Bourges; I shall fly over there, however, very soon, and look over the cathedral from the air, which is better than not being able to see it at all.

A. P. O. 724
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE,
June 21, 1918.

DEAREST FATHER:

. On Decoration Day (early in the morning) I attended a truly *impressive* ceremony: that of decorating the graves of those men who have made the supreme sacrifice through aviation accidents. It seemed strange that these graves could be those of men killed because of *this* war—so little of war have we seen yet! And what a contrast it was with all the former Decoration Days that I have seen, where the men to whom the tribute was paid were veterans of a by-gone war. The women of the Red Cross canteen and the Y. M. C. A. huts laid flowers upon all the graves themselves; in other respects it was a regular

military performance with the post-band, a firing squad, taps, etc.

July 7, 1918.

DEAREST LITTLE MA:

. I have not written for the last two weeks. The reason is that I've done too much flying and have been so overworked that I have nearly collapsed. After flying *all* day I have been so nervously, physically and mentally exhausted by night that the mental effort required to write has been too great, as well as the physical effort to hold a pen in my quaking hand. You can imagine how much I've done when I tell you that I have flown on six aviation fields, changed my place of residence three times, and changed the type of machine four times and the character of the work six times. In this period I've been through the world's finest school of aerial acrobatics and have done every stunt with an aeroplane that I can think of, except two; I have done all kinds of nose-dives, tail-spins, barrels, wing-over-wing, reversements, side-slips—in short, everything, including flying upside down on my back. These things "take a great deal out of" one, and as we fly until nine at night and begin at 4.15 A. M., there is not much chance to recuperate during the night because the period for sleep is so short. We've flown for twenty-one days straight—Sundays included.

I am in good health and spirits, although very tired.

AT THE THIRD AVIATION INSTRUCTION CENTRE,
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE,

July 7, 1918.

DEAREST FATHER:

So much has happened and I have so much to say that I don't know where to begin. I suppose you will be most interested in my plans for the future. Fancy making plans for anything in the army! But such a thing is possible in the Air Service, and this fact seems to justify my choice of that branch, *i. e.*, the aviation corps, for the opportunity to exercise one's choice as an individual was something upon which I counted when enlisting, and was one of the strongest arguments for getting me into this corps. I have lately had the most wonderful dreams about the future and built "air-castles" which seem too, too ethereal to be true, but I firmly believe that luck will break right for me.

Some time ago I wrote telling you of my choice of long-distance reconnaissance in preference to all other kinds of work, but I did not finish that letter, for I omitted two very important considerations which strongly influenced my choice in that direction. The first is based on the experience of the French, gained through four years of warfare, who feel that it is unwise to send a man over the lines as a "chasse" pilot until he has been at the front for several months in some other branch of aviation. The reason for this is obvious in that single-seater-fighting is the *most* difficult and dangerous of all aviation and marks the highest degree of perfection to which a pilot may attain; it is the acme of success and can only be acquired through *experience*. . . . My feeling is that if the French have found and proven the wisdom of such a rule, their experience is good enough for me. And also this: that in our army we should not send men out as chasse pilots without previous training in other branches if we could help it; but of course we are forced to have all kinds of pilots now, so that some have to go out in the first instance as chasse pilots; so we let those go who want. I have analysed minutely my attitude on this question and have come to the conclusion that my decision is based upon prudence and not upon cowardice, for I certainly am not afraid to go out as a chasse pilot; on the contrary, it is so alluring a career that it would be easy to do; but my feeling is that it is my duty to gain all the experience possible so that I may later on be a better chasse pilot than now, and thus save for the government a pilot and his plane. I've had a striking example on this point: while I was at Oxford, I lived with some Americans—all perfectly fine chaps and crazy to go chasse, like everybody else. Eighteen of them went to the front, and in six weeks there were six left. The fault was not with them, for there could not have been finer men, but they were not sufficiently experienced for such a tough job as chasse fighting. Three of them dived on *one* Hun machine with the result that they all collided and were killed, their planes utterly smashed, and the Hun escaped. . . .

The second consideration in the matter of choosing reconnaissance is that such a squadron is attached to army corps headquarters, and this means that you are in touch with the big moves which direct campaigns, that you possess information which none but yourself and the general staff know, and that you are, in short, the eyes of the general staff.

What I mean may be illustrated by this: It was the long-distance reconnaissance men who went far behind the Hun's lines in the winter of 1916-17 and discovered him preparing the famous Hindenburg line, so that when they returned with this news and photographs, the general staff could predict a German retreat in the spring, and were consequently able to take measures for closely following the Hun and harassing him at every step during the retreat, thereby most successfully carrying out the policy of attrition and causing the Hun great losses and inconvenience, with very small loss to the Allies. Now, this work takes good men and gives unlimited opportunity to the individual, and I think that my own powers of observation might be given a fair field to work in. Then, too, the amount of interest in such work appeals to me especially, because you really can see a campaign unfold and disclose itself, or can even prevent an attack by giving warning of the enemy preparation at a certain point, if you are sufficiently observant to see such details. The attack upon Verdun by the Crown Prince would not have come as such a sudden surprise if the French had had *good* long-distance reconnaissance men on that sector. Probably the French had their best men up on the Somme and Aisne, where they expected to attack in the coming summer (1916). . . .

To summarise the situation then: I'll admit *chasse* work to be the most desirable, but to be excluded from the choice of a beginner. Of all the kinds of work—contact patrol, artillery direction and observation, bombing by day and night, and reconnaissance, the latter is by far the most desirable, as it is the hardest. You must understand that all these tasks overlap to a certain degree, and that they are not too clearly defined; these various occupations are the main divisions merely. For instance, in long-distance reconnaissance one always carries a few bombs which are dropped if a favourable opportunity offers, so that is an infringement upon the province of the bombers, who go out heavily laden, and may in turn report some very important information as a result of their reconnaissance during the flight, and thus they take on a part of your duties. The trouble with artillery regulation, for instance, is that the pilots are attached to divisional headquarters instead of to the general headquarters of a field army, as is the case with reconnaissance pilots, and they are assigned to a particular little bit of front which they must know like a book; that

may all be intensely interesting in that particular case, but it altogether lacks that breadth of horizon which distinguishes long distance, where you may be called upon to go from one end of the front to the other or almost to Berlin to find out what move is anticipated, and where you are trusted with a secret of the utmost importance to headquarters.

Now, on the other hand, there may be a few drawbacks to my chosen work. I wrote that among other arguments in favour of reconnaissance was the wonderful motor used which develops more speed for reconnaissance planes at a high altitude than any other planes known at the same altitude—in other words, the fast chasse machines can catch them when they are low, but when once high up, nothing that flies at present can get at them. Well, history has shown that no type of plane, no matter which side has developed it, maintains its superiority very long, for the other side spends all their energy until they develop in their turn something which can beat it. Therefore, if the Germans suddenly evolve a plane which can overtake and shoot down the now supreme reconnaissance planes, I shall not be so keen upon going out on the latter type, but would be anxious to try out the “antidote” for the reconnaissance plane’s Jonah.

Now, I have unburdened myself of all this “dope” on planes, and meanwhile my training on chasse planes goes on apace!

Recognising the fact that chasse planes are the hardest of all to fly, and that therefore experience with them affords the best training, I have gone through this school in all its various phases, and have but one more class to go through before graduating a finished chasse pilot. Then I shall only have an aerial gunnery-school to go through before being ready for the front. . . .

But Archie’s wish to enter the aerial branch that he had chosen was never to be realised. On 8 July, 1918, he was taken out of the flying-school at Issoudun and assigned to duty as a transfer pilot, otherwise called a “ferry pilot,” with headquarters at Orly. Had he known that he would prove so useful in this position as to be kept there during the remainder of the war and that this would defeat his cherished ambition to go to the front as a flyer in long-distance reconnaissance, the joy over the assignment that

he expresses in the following letter would have been changed to sorrow. In any event, however, he could not fail to be gratified by the high tribute to his aeronautical ability that this assignment implied, and by the consciousness, which he speaks of in the letter of 25th July, that as ferry pilot he was "contributing materially to the success of the . . . allied effort by keeping the squadrons at the front supplied with new planes":

July 10, 1918.

DEAREST FATHER:

Since writing to you yesterday, the most extraordinary piece of good luck has suddenly fallen from the skies. I am located just outside of Paris and have been appointed as a "ferry" pilot, which means that I shall fly all over France. I am at an acceptance park where new areoplanes are delivered from the factories to be finally accepted by the Government, and when passed they are sent wherever needed. I am on the staff of pilots who fly these machines to the points where they are destined to go; of course it is infinitely easier and quicker, and better for a dozen other reasons, to fly the machines than to ship them by rail; and this means that I shall have to take planes up to the front to any point along the line where our squadrons are, or fly to England or to the South of France, whenever a plane is to be delivered to an aviation-school. Of course this will be great fun; but the reason that I am so enthusiastic over this job is that it gives unparalleled training in cross-country flying, the experience of flying all kinds of machines, and the valuable foundation, for any kind of work, of *time in the air*. You can readily see the value of developing the faculty of being able to find your way across the country, and the value of being able to read maps and locate yourself on the map from what you see below you; so I look upon this job as a rare opportunity. Also you can appreciate that in such a job as this, one will have to be able to fly everything from a monoplane to a triplane, from the smallest to the largest and from the fastest to the slowest! As every plane of the same type has a different landing-speed, angle of climb and of glide, and peculiarities all its own on turns, etc., from every other type, the pilot has to be constantly on his guard against certain things which would be safe in another type, and also has to do things



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which would be dangerous on another type of machine from the one he is flying. Thus you must know thoroughly all types of planes and never forget which one you're in. If there is one thing above another that old and successful pilots lay stress upon it is the value of hours upon hours of time in the air, and I certainly shall get that too.

So far I have pointed out the three chief advantages of my new job, but there are others which don't at first appear. One of these is that I shall have an opportunity to observe the squadrons which are at the front and shall know which are the best, so that when I make application to go up I can get to the right squadron, and not rely upon chance allotment, as I should have to do now. Also, I shall at the same time get to know the right men at headquarters, which may help perhaps in getting me sent to the squadron which I shall want eventually, and they will know me. A purely selfish advantage from this present arrangement is that I shall be in close contact with the fascinating subject—the future developments in aircraft—and shall see every new model as it comes out and see the test performed, which will be interesting, to say the least. . . .

I do not feel like a slacker in taking this “back-of-the-lines” job because there are still so many men ahead of me on the list of the names of those waiting to go to the front that I could not go if I were ready, and in a month hence—the length of time required to go through the final class at the 3rd A. I. C. and the aerial gunnery course—the list would be longer than at present by just the number of those who complete the course between now and the date when I should have finished. You might expect this situation to continue for some time as it is now, so that by my accepting this job and thus prolonging the time when I shall have finished the gunnery course, I am also prolonging the time when I can go to the front; but I don't think that this is true because before long the production of planes will be in excess of pilots and a man will not have to go on a waiting-list after finishing gunnery, so that I look forward to be able to go right out to the front from gunnery-school (a distinct gain in itself), and in the meantime I am having valuable experience and training while waiting. Therefore I feel that the present arrangement is quite perfect and am highly delighted. I've got a good job, one of the very best and most desirable jobs in Europe, and I am going to do my best to “make good.”

But fancy touring France and England in an aeroplane!—am I not lucky? You'll wonder how I came upon such luck, and I'll tell you that another time, for it gratifies me not a little.

July 12, 1918.

DEAREST LITTLE MA:

. At one time I had a forced landing, due to motor trouble, in a wheat-field. I made a good landing—keeping from turning over (which usually happens), and I even kept the motor running. But when I tried to taxi the machine out of the wheat by speeding up the motor, the propeller cut off the full ears of grain, and the blast of air blew them back into my face so hard that they cut like pin-pricks, and I had to duck my head inside the cowl. So I gave up trying to get out and waited for the mechanics.

Some day, I hope, there will be written an adequate history of one of the most remarkable of the phenomena resulting from the war—the sudden transformation of the care-free, pleasure-loving, undisciplined youth, typical of the American college, into the disciplined soldier of serious purpose and achievement. Mr. Henry Seidel Canby has touched the fringe of this subject in a recent magazine article. In speaking of “the history of our college undergraduates in war-time,” he says:

“Here is such a demonstration as comes only once in a generation. Of all unpreparedness, the unpreparedness of the undergraduate for war was apparently chief. He knew little about the war, its causes, its manifestations, for he is not an ardent reader of current events outside his college world, nor does he hear much of the talk of the marketplace. He knew little about war. The R. O. T. C. had spread some ideas of drill and discipline and the technic of fighting; but he was neither drilled nor disciplined in 1917. And as for the training in accurate obedience and in exact thinking which war is supposed to demand, he simply did not have it, or so we thought. Nor had his particularistic fashion of following his own little contests to the exclusion of loyalties to the world outside, and his indifference to politics beyond fraternity elections, or economics beyond

the cost of theatre-tickets and beer, led us to assume a ready response to a great moral emergency in national affairs.

"We were utterly deceived. The response of the American undergraduate was immediate and magnificent. He crowded into the most dangerous military professions, and was eminent in the most difficult branches of organisation and experiment. He did not, it is true, think very broadly about the war, but he thought intensely. He did not learn accuracy, steadiness, independence, overnight, but he learned them. He was wholly admirable

"And the reason, I believe, was that for the time the education of the undergraduate ceased being traditional and became a moving force in his experience. The dim liberal idealism in which his mind had been moving for many years suddenly took on colour and became fire. Every impulse of his mental training urged him to do just what was asked of him, to struggle for democracy, for justice, for a square deal; to believe in the rights of man and the permanence of right and the supremacy of a righteous idealism. And his habits of hard, earnest play, where rules were obeyed and victory went to the best player, also were the very stuff the world wanted, also transformed miraculously into the very apparatus of war. His traditional education, with its extra-curriculum of games that also were traditional in their neglect of the new and special qualities required for success in modern life, precisely fitted the clamorous need of the hour. And the undergraduate for a little while silenced his critics, amazed his friends, and has been in many respects happier than in those years of peace when he was trying to bridge the gap between his education and life as it was being lived in America."

It seems to me that Archie's transition from the irresponsibility of college life to serious-mindedness furnishes one of countless illustrations of the extraordinary change thus described. There are many evidences that his "dim liberal idealism" "suddenly took on colour and became fire." The following letter shows that he was responding to the appeal of "the struggle for democracy" and "for a square deal":

TOURS,
July 13, 1918.

DEAREST TOBS:

To-morrow is a holiday for us Americans. It is much more than a mark of courtesy or a declaration of sympathy for our brothers-in-arms; it is a day of rejoicing for all the republics of the world. To me there is something peculiarly thrilling in witnessing the preparations for to-morrow's celebration, because I see something beyond the mere augmenting of our bonds of friendship for France; it seems as if the whole civilised world were on the verge of a landslide toward democracy, and as if only a trifle more weight would send the whole thing off. Even a liberty-loving people like the English, who think themselves very democratic, are in a fair way for a surprise when they once discover what true freedom of the people is. I fail to see how any people can consider themselves democratic when there is as sharp a line between classes as in England now; and how much better off they are now than when the war began! I think that the pre-war British aristocracy was a conceited, bigoted lot, like the Prussians, except that they were animated by a spirit of charity toward those whom they looked upon as their inferiors, whereas the Prussians were animated by a spirit of brutality.

I was very much struck by an incident which occurred when I was talking to a second lieutenant in the Royal Flying Corps, a recent graduate of Oxford ground-school, beside whom I was sitting at mess in Stamford. I had asked him if he rode horseback much, and he replied, "*Oh, of course not.*" I expressed my surprise by saying that I thought every Englishman rode, to which he answered, "That is a sport only for the aristocracy and nobility." I said that I didn't know that that was the fact, and he replied by saying, "Yes, the middle class don't have a chance to ride." Notice that he did not say that it was a sport for the well-to-do, but that he considered it out of the question for himself because he recognised the fact that he belonged to the middle-class, who admittedly had no chance. There was nothing cheap or cockney about the chap; in fact his quiet bearing, good manners, nice looks and dignity would have made him a great "hit" had he stepped into New York society; as far as outward appearances were concerned he might have been an Honourable, but he will never be anything more than he is because he feels he can't

overcome the class barrier and be a "gentleman." This may be largely his fault, but I think the trouble is deeper; it is with the social state which allows such misconceived ideas, and with the aristocracy themselves. This was the first time—not the last, however—that anyone ever admitted to me that he was second-class, middle-class, or no class.

A case of the opposite type is interesting. I met a true gentleman, in the English sense of the word,—a boy recently from Westminster School,—polished, attractive, well-educated, well-bred, intellectual, and, in short, with all the external and many of the internal graces that a man can have, so that he was altogether delightfully companionable. He and I grew to be good friends, and I admired him greatly for everything, until one day he apologised to me for the personnel of the R. F. C. He said, "You know the Flying Corps is getting to be filled with the most impossible rotters,"—(whereas at the beginning of the war it was the *most* select and élite of all British organisations, i. e., the nobility monopolised it). I questioned him further and found that his *sole* objection to the personnel of the corps was that they don't comply with certain recognised forms of etiquette—at table, for instance, and in short lack the "outward and visible" signs which characterise good-breeding. I see his point of view clearly, but tradition had such a grasp upon him that he could not recognise a real *man* when he saw one, if that man didn't act according to his social standards. Among those upon whom he looked down were some splendid chaps, who, if given the equal chance for everyone, which a Western American college, for example, gives, would soar to the top. This was not a case of the pot calling the kettle black—or where the good-for-nothing condemns the worthy,—but a case where one worthy character (and this aristocrat was very much of a man indeed) fails to recognise another.

The conclusions that I've drawn from a great number of experiences like these are: that the aristocracy, by feeling themselves superior to the other classes, acquire power through their own confidence, and are actually superior as soldiers in war-time. This is splendid for them; the sense of *noblesse oblige* makes them almost outdo themselves. But the reactionary effect on the middle and lower classes is distinctly bad, for they lack the aristocrat's traditions to fire them on, and in proportion as they have received appar-

ently little of material good things, they feel called upon to give little. That's why England had to resort to conscription; if everyone felt as the aristocracy, such a step would be unnecessary. Last autumn I met many men of the middle class who were just then volunteering for active duty (after holding down soft jobs for the preceding three years), because the aristocrat's spirit was reaching down to them, as it doubtless would to even the lower classes if the war were to last long, so that they would feel ill-content to remain longer in a ship-yard, for instance, and to continue in security, when they might be taking an active part.

The most democratic thing in England is the form of Government, but a change is being brought about which I'm confident I can perceive.

To-morrow should be a day of gladness for Poland, China, Finland, and Hungary, too—(if they only knew it)—as well as for Portugal and South America. . . .

Archie's democratic spirit found matter for criticism not only in the English social system, but also in our own army, as appears from a later letter (dated 26 August, 1918):

DEAREST TOBS:

Lately I've been thinking a great deal about the social arrangements in our army and our means of preserving discipline, as compared with that of the French and British; I mean relations between officers and men. The present spirit is fine, and they get on well together just because they are Americans, but I think that it might be even better yet. You know that our Army regulations provide for complete separation of officers and men at all times and in all things, whether on the street, at meals, or in church (where the officers sit in a portion of the building especially reserved for them). The idea of this separation is, of course, to give the men a respect for their officers (which it certainly does) and, conversely, to give the officers fuller control over the men; but it does also make of the officers a privileged class which is envied by the men, and this, I feel, is a weak point because it disrupts unity, for no American can abide privileged classes. You know that good old spirit which makes one man confident that he's "as good" as another, even if the other does wear a silk hat; well, my observation has convinced me that this spirit is tremendously strong in the nation, and the war is even bringing it out more and

more in the army. Now, the conclusion I reach is this: the soldier feels himself "as good" as the officer, yet the latter is vastly more privileged than he, and with no apparent reason or justification—for a turn in the wheel of fortune might easily have reversed their positions; and this is a situation which the soldier cannot understand the reason for. You see, in the British Army you have that wonderful and subtle feeling of class-distinction working in favour of a total separation of officers and men; the men of the lower classes (and they recognise the fact that they *are* of the lower classes, so called,) have no ambition to become officers because they look upon such a station as above anything that they could ever hope to be; the middle classes, who have had a fair degree of prosperity through trade, furnish the non-commissioned officers, while the gentry of the land, who have had all the advantages of University education, etc., of course step into the officers' ranks, and thus you will see how completely the caste system in social life aids the separation-of-officers-and-men idea in the military life. The very foundations of the army institutions are based upon the social life of the country. Now, here *we* are, with utterly different ideas of social equality, trying to adopt their methods! We lack the "palladium" on which their ideas are founded, and without which their ideas could not exist, and so I marvel that we are able to get on as well as we do. The native American, unlike the Englishman, first, refuses to admit a difference in station, and second, definitely aspires to a commission. He has all the self-confidence to make him feel mentally capable of holding down the job, and none of the Englishman's awe of the social responsibility involved, . . . so there is every reason why he should want to be commissioned. Aren't we in a paradoxical position?

I know the men resent the enforcing of this rule, which excludes them from certain places just because they've not been lucky enough to become officers. It seems to me to set a false value upon a commission, which is frequently a barrier between friends, and this is most undesirable. Here's a case which occurred recently (and I know both the parties concerned): An officer was court-martialled for dining at a public restaurant with an enlisted man who was his roommate in college and has been his closest friend since! The point that I raise is that the enforcement of this separation

rule is in direct contradiction to that spirit of *fraternité* of which we are justly proud as a democratic nation.

I think it is time to depart from a custom which has outworn its usefulness. In wondering how we ever came to have such a regulation in the service, one must go back to the time when West Point was founded. Although at that time we had just thrown off England's yoke, still the British Isles furnished a model for every institution that we founded, because we had been so familiar with English organisations; and among other of our foundations which were influenced by the British were our army's system of discipline and army customs. Therefore, when West Point was chartered, the constitution contained the doctrine of absolute separation of officers and men, which was then and still is the cornerstone of British discipline. But as, in the intervening time, we have steadily gone away from those ideas which discriminate between men because of conditions of birth, we have now come to the point where the system in use one hundred and fifty years ago is not the best suited to the present day. And I should like to see a change. . . . This is my explanation of the origin of the rule.

I'm sure a West Pointer would tell you that separation was essential to proper discipline; but I notice that the finest fighting army of the world, the French, doesn't have to resort to any such means. It would seem to them to be going back to the old days of oppression before the Revolution, and the same spirit which formerly demanded equality would again raise its voice in protest. Of the two nations, England and France, we are more like France in our democratic feeling, and therefore I'm sure we should do better to allow free association while off duty.

In Paris it's a common sight to see a Colonel and an enlisted man sitting at adjoining tables in a café; in London a Tommy couldn't be hired to enter a room where officers (even 2d Lieutenants) were sitting; this illustrates the difference in the popular attitude of the two countries toward the matter. In France, the army is one great family (when off duty)—a brotherhood of arms; in England, there are the officers and then there are the soldiers, too; in France, the soldier greets an officer on the street with no more formality than when two civilians meet; in England, the soldier always salutes the officer and stands at attention if the latter speaks to him—in short, always re-

members "his place" like any well-trained servant. Here, then, are the two distinct systems; our natural democratic feeling prompts us to act in one way, yet our army regulations prescribe another course. . . .

Notwithstanding our boy's democratic feeling, however, he was not among those who accept bad manners as a necessary accompaniment of democracy. To his mind there was no incompatibility between being a man and being a gentleman. The following letter (dated 11 May, 1918) shows, I think, that he recognised the disciplinary value of conduct that makes for a soldier's self-respect and, conversely, the demoralising effect of "slouch":

Officers' mess is a queer anomaly. The food is fair—no, better than that, considering the conditions; we have fresh white bread, which no other army enjoys, not even the British; fresh meat once a day at least;. . . .and lots of canned fruit. . . .But the part I don't like is the shortage of utensils. Each place is set with a knife, fork and spoon, and then the serving dishes are put on the table by orderlies; but these dishes have no forks or spoons on them, so everyone helps himself with his own fork. This is all right the first time around, but when a second portion of mashed potatoes is desired, the man uses the fork, with which he has eaten his first portion, to push some more off on his granite-ware plate. Each person uses his spoon to put sugar into his coffee-cup, stirs the cup and dips the spoon back into the sugar-bowl if more sugar is required; at the next course he will use the same spoon to dish out some corn for himself, and later for some blackberry jam. Now, when dessert is brought in, the same spoon is used to serve himself (often having been licked clean of blackberry jam); if he wants more dessert, he calls for the bowl and again dips his spoon into it. I know that all this will seem absolutely incredible to you, and in fact I could hardly believe it if I had not seen it, but such is the case with no exaggeration. The most extraordinary part of all is that I have never heard a murmur of protest, but everyone seems to fall into that way of doing things as a matter of course. Imagine such barbarism in an *English* officers' mess!

The insistence on crispness of manner and smartness of appearance, to which Archie had become accustomed while at barracks in England, appealed to his sense of fitness. He appreciated the moral value of attention to such details. Some one has said that "Democracy had grown so used to clothes not making the man, that distinction in dress had long been a rarity, and men were no longer *constrained to live up to the garb they wore*". The principle underlying this latter phrase appealed to our boy and expressed itself in his erect carriage and neat attire. A close companion of his tells me that he was conspicuous among the other American officers at the post by the immaculately polished condition of his boots, buttons and Sam Browne belt. His uniform was the outward and visible sign of his dignity and authority as an officer; therefore it must be without flaw.

TOURS,
July 13, 1918.

DEAREST LITTLE MA:

Here I am back on my old stamping ground, having flown a machine down here from Paris this morning. The trip was great fun; I got a late start from Orly and was not able to make this town in time for luncheon; so I stopped off at an English naval flying-station (miles inland) and was greeted by the commanding officer, a man with the rank of colonel in the army (whatever that is in the Royal Navy,—a Lieutenant Commander, I suppose), who invited me in to mess and placed me on his left, with a row of lieutenant-colonels and majors extending all the way down the table on either side. I had a very good time and enjoyed their hospitality greatly. I sound as if this landing was premeditated, which to a certain extent it was, for I had decided to stop there anyway; but the landing was a necessity, for the motor suddenly stopped just as I was over their field, through trouble with the gasoline and supply-pipe line. Wasn't it lucky that the field was just where it was so that I could get a mechanic and tools to fix it!

I continued the flight after luncheon, and when within a few miles and within sight of the field near Tours, the motor

stopped again without any warning and due to the same cause. This time I had to pick out a field to glide to, and, owing to the fact that before to-day I had never been off the ground in a machine of this type, I missed it! I had then to carry over an orchard and a vineyard beyond that and finally a house, the chimney of which I nearly took off, and land in an oat-field beyond, where I nearly hit a stake sticking upright just above the grain. It is fortunate that I did not smash anything or turn over, for this was a rather unfavourable condition for the second landing I had made on that kind of machine. Now I had to carry out a lot of red tape in regard to forced landings,—remove everything removable from the plane in the way of instruments (of which I had almost none), maps, engine records, etc., get a temporary guard, walk to the nearest town and go to the *gendarmerie* to have a policeman sent out to guard it, go to the telgraph office and telephone to camp my whereabouts and the trouble, etc., and finally wait by the roadside for help. The Field Service was very prompt; it was a short wait and the trouble was soon fixed; once more I “took off” and headed for camp, arriving without difficulty. I have met a host of friends here and have had a very jolly time. The train for Paris is due soon, so good-bye, dearest little Ma. . . .

A. A. A. P.,
July 23, 1918.

DEAREST LITTLE MA:

I’m terribly busy—too busy to write, in fact. I’ve not spent a night in camp for over a week, and the last three have been spent on the train, returning to this post after having delivered planes, only to find that I must be off again, often without eating; but it is all good fun. . . .

July 25, 1918.

DEAREST LITTLE MA:

At last I have a breathing space and a chance to write a line. My new job as a “ferry-pilot” has proven very exacting indeed, but I *love* the work, both because of the pleasure of flying over such beautiful country, and particularly because I feel that I’m contributing materially to the success of the present allied effort by keeping the squadrons at the front supplied with new planes as fast as I can get them out and get back for others. Just as I had hoped, this work

is an invaluable experience in flying in various kinds of machines; so far I've tried fourteen different kinds. This afternoon I made my first trip in an American-built aeroplane!—and behind the Liberty motor too (also for the first time). I'm very much pleased with both, but particularly with the motor, which has *tremendous* power certainly.

You may gain an idea of how hard the ferry-pilots have been working when I tell you that I started to deliver a plane to the front from this field (south of Paris) at ten minutes to nine in the evening. Of course the front is not far, the squadron's airdrome some distance back, and the machine very fast, or such a thing would not be possible; but I knew the machine was needed, so I started. The end of this trip was a bit unusual, so I'll tell that too. As I climbed out of the field, I was not satisfied with the way the motor was working; so instead of starting off across country which was unfamiliar, and because of the failing light and the probability of having to make a forced landing under unfavourable conditions, I continued to climb in wide circles around the field so that in case of the motor's failure I could glide back to a good field. All this time I was working with the gas- and air-adjustments, trying to determine whether the motor was really at fault; but as the machine I was in is one of the latest, fastest and smallest scouts out, I had gotten quite high in a very few minutes. At last I decided that it was not working well enough to warrant my starting off and running the risk of a forced landing (which with a machine that lands at as fast a speed as that one would almost certainly mean a smash-up, with the consequent loss of the machine); so I tried to cut off the motor and come down; but the motor would not stop! To make a long story short, I tried in every one of the three places provided to cut off the motor, and every one failed. The motor refused to stop, and there was I, tearing through the sky at one hundred and thirty miles per hour and unable to stop. It really was very funny, but I was too busy turning switches, etc., to appreciate the humour of the situation. The first remedy which comes to mind, of course, is to reduce the gasoline supply, and the motor will have to slow down; but the difficulty with this plan was that this type of motor is made to run at high speed or not at all, and that any tampering with the quantity of gasoline is dangerous because it makes a situation which the designers have not provided for and the result may be fire—which,

by the way, is the only thing I really am afraid of,—and the one shortcoming of this type of machine is its proneness to catch on fire. (It was from one of this type that Major Lufberry made his jump when it caught.) Therefore I did not want to tamper with the amount of gasoline that the rotary motor was getting. I might, of course, have stopped the power altogether, but I knew that I should need to use my motor in coming into the field to get over some houses, trees, telegraph wires, etc., and I was so high that I felt it a risk to try to make such a small field from such an altitude, when the ground was covered with so thick a haze, without the use of the motor to help even occasionally. Thus you see I had two alternatives: to reduce the amount of gasoline and run the risk of fire, or to stop it and take a chance on making the field. (There is a great difference between coming in with a motor which, although it works unsatisfactorily, nevertheless will pull, and no power at all.) You must not think that there was any doubt about my being able to get down; I knew that I could do that by stopping the gas, and I looked at a wheat-field and at the Seine and wondered which would be softer, but I still had not given up the hope of being able to save the machine; so I adopted a third course, which was to dive with the motor full-on for the end of our airdrome, so as to reach a point from which I could be sure of gliding on to the landing-field with perfect safety after I had altogether cut off the gasoline supply. How I did come down! I have frequently dived machines up to 130 miles per hour, but this bus went at that speed *level*, and I cannot guess what speed I reached at the end of a 6,000 feet dive, but probably half as much again. It was well that I had such a strong machine which I knew would stand the strain. At any rate I did stop the motor and landed safely on the airdrome with the bus and myself intact. It subsequently developed that the machine-gun people, in arming the plane, had entangled some of the electric wires.

This letter is written in such darkness that I can scarcely see the characters, as I'm holding the sheet before me on a board across my knees. Also there is so much din and distraction that I'm afraid this explanation is not in the least either lucid or consistent I thought of and tried every experiment possible until darkness drove me down.

A. A. A. P.,
ORLY, SEINE,
July 29, 1918.

DEAREST TOBS:

My new job continues to keep me so busy that I haven't a moment to write,—in fact, it is almost a week now since I've spent a night at this post, although every day I return only to be despatched with another plane. Some of these trips have been fine,—especially one overland to Tours and following the Loire Valley to the sea, and then continuing along the coast. *For years* I have been anxious to go down the Loire Valley, but I never dreamed of *flying* down it. The châteaux are so beautiful now.

To-day I am off on the longest trip yet; I'm to fly to a point on the sea-coast south of Bordeaux

AMERICAN AVIATION ACCEPTANCE PARK,
ORLY, SEINE,
August 2, 1918.

DEAREST FATHER:

. I've been constantly "on the go" and have never yet spent more than four hours consecutively at this post without being sent off on a trip. It's really a terrible life: to be sent out as soon as you return and expect a little rest. After delivering a plane at its destination, the return journey is made, at night too frequently, and this means sleeping in an upright position in a first-class coach, which is invariably packed with dozing French officers. My record for not taking off my clothes is three days,—thus far. It is impossible to get sleepers on these French trains But still I love this work, which grows daily more interesting and absorbing. In addition to the regular work of delivering machines to various aerial parks and squadrons at the front, there are special jobs to be done like taking up inventors who have all sorts of new and terrible instruments to be tried out, and wish to experiment with these devices which will become the terror of the Hun; and then *testing* machines. This is good fun, because so much depends on the pilot's judgment. A machine must always be tested when delivered from the work-shop, after the repairs have been made, to determine whether it flies well or not, i. e., whether or not it performs as expected. Sometimes you get great surprises in this kind of work because the planes may have a tendency to do all kinds of queer

things, even to heading for the earth on turns; but usually they fly just about as they should and only need a small change to make them fly perfectly. But this requires a delicate sense of touch on the controls and accurate judgment as to what the trouble is, as well as some technical knowledge so as to tell the mechanic how to remedy the short-coming

A. A. A. P.,
Aug. 3, 1918.

DEAREST TOBS:

. I've just come back from the most delightful and at the same time the most beneficial cross-country flight that I've yet made. I flew from this post (south of Paris) to Cazaux Lake, some forty-five miles south of Bordeaux. This is quite a long journey, and offered a splendid training in map-reading over country most of which was entirely new, and also some experience in flying by one's "bump of locality," for the last hundred miles were made without any map, because I could not get one. I flew to Tours and spent the night. The next morning I went to St. Maixent and landed for gas, water and my luncheon. It was very pleasant to see the place again and meet a number of acquaintances whom I've not seen since leaving them in February. From this point, my map carried me to within sight of the Gironde River, which I followed to a point near Bordeaux and then went to the south of west, towards Cazaux, which is near the sea-coast. That region would be miserable in the event of a forced landing, because it is all vineyards or pine forests; so I flew to the sea-coast and then southward. I stopped frequently (among the bathers) at the various sea-side resorts to inquire where I was and if near my destination. The smooth, hard sand-beach made an ideal place for landing, and it was delightful to skim along the beach in the cool, salt air. After delivering the plane, I spent the night at a very "potent" sea-shore resort called Arcachon, and the next day took the train back to Paris

A. A. A. P.,
ORLY, SEINE,
Aug. 5, 1918.

DEAREST LITTLE MA:

. I flew a plane out to that part of the front which is the scene of my ambulance days, and you can't imagine how strange it seemed to be flying over the country I

knew so well, where three years ago I had driven a motor; it gave me the queerest feeling. I made a point of looking up * * *, among other friends, at his squadron. I found him as quiet, reserved and dignified as ever, but very cordial, and fascinating through the depth of his personality, which one can feel as if an overflowing torrent. It did me a lot of good to see him. During this visit one of the most touching incidents that I have come in contact with for a long time occurred. It showed * * * 's utter loneliness. On the wall above his bed he had pinned up a cartoon in two pictures, the first of which showed two boys rushing expectantly up the post-office steps; the other showed one of them completely lost in a handful of mail, while the other chap wore such an expression of bitter disappointment that it seemed to crush down his body as well as his soul. The thing was admirably drawn, and like so many other things really must be seen to be appreciated But I felt that even the cartoon did not faithfully show the extent of * * * 's solitude. I wish that you would write to him, and tell him what you tell me sometimes, i. e., how much you admire the work he's in and his spirit;—you've no idea how much strength to meet the future that gives

Early in August Archie flew across the English Channel, having been sent on the first of several special missions to England.

LINCOLN,
Aug. 9, 1918.

DEAREST LITTLE MA:

. Here I am attached to the Royal Air Force again, but only temporarily, however; being placed at their disposal, I am working, in a modest way, for the success of the present British surprise-attack, which is having such good results. Of course, my duties are in connection with flying

LINCOLN,
Aug. 9, 1918.

DEAREST TOBS:

Here I am back again near Waddington, where I was last January. This change is not permanent, however; I am merely lent to the Royal Air Force for some special

work in connection with aviation, and I shall soon go back again to my post, just south of Paris

How you would love to be in the English country-side! It is just as beautiful as ever, and delightfully cool and comfortable in temperature

EDINBURGH,

Aug. 16, 1918.

DEAR FATHER:

At last I've reached my Mecca—Scotland—after years of longing to see it! And both the country and Edinburgh are more fascinating than I'd ever hoped. The cordiality of the people is very striking too and most gratifying. I flew down here, which is by far the best way to see the country—being superior even to motoring or coaching.

EDINBURGH,

Aug. 16, 1918.

DEAREST FATHER:

Last week I flew across the English Channel for the first time and I was impressed anew with the progressive strides of aviation, because I remember as well as if it were yesterday the general excitement when the first pilot crossed; to-day it is as commonplace a thing as entering a New York subway, and attracts hardly more attention. As I was flying a land-machine, I wore a life-belt against a possible forced landing.

The day I left Paris, I came near being hit by a shell which landed within a hundred yards.

I'm well and happy and am having a gorgeous time—almost too soft, I sometimes think.

NO. 1 FIGHTING SCHOOL, R. A. F.,

TURNBERRY, Ayrshire,

Aug. 19, 1918.

DEAREST TOBS:

For two days I have been stalled here at this delightful seaside summer-resort by low clouds, rain-squalls and fog, which are preventing me from continuing to Ireland. Yesterday I played golf on a very sporty links, the turf of which is the best I have ever seen. The fair-green is like a two-inch deep velvet carpet, and the lush grass fairly sinks beneath your feet, so that every step is a pleasure. A part of the course lies along the seacoast with a high dyke thrown

up at the upper edge of the beach to keep within bounds the boisterous Irish Sea, and the rollers breaking against the rocks threw up a fine mist, which the wind carried over the embankment and down upon us.

It was delicious—this salty spray. From time to time the sun would come out, and the result was the most glorious effect; beautiful, rugged mountain-scenery, and the white-capped sea rolling up on the sandy beaches and breaking to pieces on the rocky headland which jutted out into the bay, thus separating the beaches from one another; an added beauty was a stunning cloud effect which threw shadows over the hills, islands to seaward, and over the water which took on various shades of colour like the Mediterranean.

I'm off now to Ireland. . . .

BELFAST, Aug. 20, 1918.

DEAREST LITTLE MA:

Hello! hello! Look where I am now! Yesterday I came over from Scotland, and just before reaching the Irish coast ran into a dense fog-bank, which forced me down until I was flying just above the water, which it was imperative that I should keep in sight, else I might turn over on my back without knowing it. I was flying by compass and so low that when I reached the shore I nearly flew into a light-house. I landed soon afterward and came into town for the night.

[On a post card bearing a picture of a jaunting-car:]

BELFAST, Aug. 21, 1918.

DEAR KIT:

I'm having a great time while waiting for the present spell of "dead" weather to clear so that I can carry on.

I thought I'd fall off and die laughing the first time that I got up on one of these carts with the seats facing sideways.

DUBLIN, Aug. 22, 1918.

DEAREST TOBS:

At last I'm on my way back to a three-weeks' accumulation of mail, I hope, for I expect to be ordered "overseas" again, when I've reported to London.

I believe that I'm the first officer of the U. S. Air Service to fly across the Irish Sea; this idea has just occurred to me; quite a strange distinction, n'est-ce pas? Perhaps some

naval fliers on the submarine patrol have done so, but certainly none of the army fliers.

This whole trip from beginning to end has been like a huge vacation, although undertaken in the military service; I'm not referring to the present Irish cruise, but from the moment I left France; and, for that matter, so was the work in France. I have felt that it was so much fun that I was having a sufficiently "good time," and therefore have not had the conscience to put in an application for another leave, although one has been due for nearly two months.

AMERICAN OFFICERS' INN,

LONDON,

August 23, 1918.

DEAREST LITTLE "ROUGE-GORGE":

The trip back from Ireland to-day was perfect; there was a beautiful, partially clouded sky with bright spots of sunlight which showed off to the best advantage the hilly Irish coast and the green, white-capped channel, which was quite rough, by the way. And the Welsh coast was *lovely* too. It was great fun to pass Conway Castle and to refresh my memory, which I found was very vivid, for the place looked just as I pictured it in my recollection. The old red city-wall of Chester with its turrets made me long to get off—which I very nearly did, as a matter of fact, and take a later train to town.

I wish you could have been with me to behold what seemed to me like hallowed ground when I flew over and looked down upon the hills and moors of the original land of Ardnamurchan—a region so named lying on the Scotch map between Lock Lomond and the sea, and north and east of Glasgow. The scenery was grand.

There is a dance in this club, to-night, formerly the residence of the Duke of Northumberland, and a most suitable house it is for the purpose. Much of the furniture and all the old family-portraits on the walls have been left. . . .

[Postscript in a feminine hand:]

I have just asked this brave son of yours to come upstairs and dance, and he says, "I'm writing to my mother, and she is better than any girl." I am "play

mother" here. This boy of yours is doing his bit so bravely.

Sincerely,

[In Archie's hand] :

The good soul who manages this place has just written the above.

CAMBRIDGE,

Aug. 24, 1918.

DEAREST LITTLE MA:

The purpose for which I came over here having been completed, I'm going to return to my station, but before leaving, I've taken a few days off to see this place, while various formalities about my release from the Royal Air Force and return to our service are being arranged.

I've been especially lucky from the start: first in being sent to A. A. A. P., and secondly, in being sent to England.

I don't believe I ever told you how I came to be chosen to go to A. A. A. P. You will remember that I had nearly finished by course of training at Issoudun—all, in fact, except a course in combat-fighting which fits one for the front; and having gone so far, I was most anxious to finish with a creditable record. Well, I suddenly received orders to go to Orly; and I was furious as well as bitterly disappointed at not being allowed to finish the very last phase of the school. So I went to headquarters to find out how such an irregular proceeding came about, in the first place, and to see if I could get out of it; and I was told that I should consider myself very lucky because I had been chosen along with seven others by the commanding general in person, who had come down to camp and looked over the records of the pilots then in the school, with the result that he selected a list of eight names of those whom he wanted as ferry-pilots. I was tremendously pleased, because, although I knew I had a creditable record, I thought that it was buried in the heaps of official papers and that no one else knew. I was chosen because they thought I was dependable since I never smashed up. This just shows that you can never tell when work conscientiously done will be rewarded. I got my reward much sooner than I expected, but I was proud because I had worked hard to establish a creditable record.

For this trip to England, I was one of four, so there again was good luck.

To-morrow I'm going to service in King's College Chapel.

CAMBRIDGE,
August 25, 1918.

DEAREST MA:

The whole of this morning was spent walking about among the colleges, into quadrangles and courts, and looking into dining-halls and college chapels, with a British officer for guide who is a keen lover of Cambridge and knows it well; it was perfectly delightful, and the result of this morning's walk is an amazement to myself. I like Cambridge better than Oxford! Yesterday I should have said that this was an impossibility, for I didn't think I could be fonder of any place than Oxford; but Cambridge is really more beautiful and has an advantage over Oxford, which is the masterly way in which the river Cam has been employed to form a part of the very campus of a number of the colleges. It wanders around their ancient walls and divides their gardens, and in short, combined with the old trees and the walks along the banks, is surpassed by nothing that I've seen anywhere. One can punt along the river and between the colleges, which is a fine way to see them. This treatment of the stream is lanscape-gardening in its most developed state.

CAMBRIDGE,
August 25, 1918.

DEAREST FATHER:

This afternoon I bicycled over to Ely. The cathedral is a huge place, but instead of beautiful vaulting in the nave, there is some kind of a painted wooden ceiling. The carved oak choir-stalls and screen are very good indeed, and compare favourably with Lincoln. Like Peterborough Cathedral, the original portion of Ely is a huge Norman Church, with a single aisle on either side of the nave, triforium and clerestory. There are the same kinds of Norman carved doorways as at the parish church at Iffley (Oxfordshire). But I like those curious patterns because they are so simple and crude. [Drawings.]

There was a strong wind directly behind and I made the sixteen miles to Ely in just over an hour; the return journey in the teeth of the wind was a race against a storm

which was gathering; I did it in two hours, but was caught by the rain.

A year ago to-day I graduated from the School of Military Aeronautics at Princeton!

I quite agree with you that Cambridge is more beautiful than Oxford. I'm tremendously pleased that I had the good sense to run down here, because it would have been too bad to miss the chance of seeing this lovely place.

CAMBRIDGE,
August 26, 1918.

DEAREST LITTLE MA:

I came here with a letter of introduction from Dr. Paul van Dyke to the Vice-Chancellor of Christ College. I was disappointed to find the Chancellor on a vacation, but the acting head of the college was very cordial and invited me to dine last evening, which I did, among very distinguished company; the Honourables so and so, etc., some of the foremost scholars of England, some *splendid* officers from overseas, old Christ College graduates, and an Oxford man or two, composed the party, while my host, Dr. Marshall, is one of the leading authorities of the world in palæontology or some other kind of 'ology. I enjoyed the meal, and the conversation particularly.

As when he was at Oxford, Archie sent us many postcards from Cambridge, showing architectural details that he admired especially. Trinity College quadrangle he pronounced "Superior even to Christ Church or Oriel at Oxford." On a picture of the gateway of Trinity College he wrote—"the most beautiful gateway in England—that I've seen yet, of course."

LONDON,
August 26, 1918.

DEAREST TOBS:

To-morrow I'm going back to France, to my delight, although I've *thoroughly* enjoyed this visit. I could have continued to fly for the Royal Air Force, but I prefer our own service, and so I made application in London to be transferred, and the formal order has now come through. I've certainly had a marvellous time here. . . .

PARIS,
August 29, 1918.

DEAREST MA:

. I'm now waiting for a truck to take me out to A. A. A. P. and that quantity of mail!—three weeks' accumulation.

You'll be comforted in spirit to know that I haven't tried a stunt of any kind in an aeroplane since I graduated from the acrobatic school, because I feel it's running an unwarranted risk.

A. A. A. FARK,
September 14, 1918.

DEAREST LITTLE MA:

I'm overworked, if anyone ever was; all I do is fly, fly, fly new planes to the front for the present drive, and test others as soon as I return to this field, until there is scarcely time for eating and hardly any for sleeping, so that letter-writing is quite out of the question during the present operations. The men in our squadrons at the front have been having a gorgeous time firing upon the retreating Hun while flying one hundred feet up only, and I wish more than words can say that I'd been with them.

AMERICAN AVIATION ACCEPTANCE PARK,
A. P. O. 702,
Oct. 3, 1918.

DEAREST FATHER:

At last I'm writing you a letter after so long an interval that I've almost forgotten what it feels like to write letters. For the first ten days after my return from England, I ate only three meals at the mess on this field. so you can appreciate how little I've been in camp, or its equivalent—how much work I've been doing. I knew I had flown a great deal; so yesterday, out of curiosity, I looked up my record to see how it compared with those of the many other flying officers now on the post; I found that only four men have made more trips than I, notwithstanding the fact that I was absent for almost all the month of August, while they, meanwhile, were piling up time, and that the record of my flights in England was not entered to my credit here; so I'm convinced that had I been here continuously from the date of my arrival on this post up to the present time, I should easily have surpassed all the others

and done it by a good margin—which was my aim when I came here.

However, in a way this is not as great an accomplishment as it might seem, for, although there are over one hundred fliers, probably less than half have been here as long as I, but have been coming in in increasing numbers as the size of the work grew and as machines arrived in increasing numbers from the States and from the French factories. Originally there were only eight of us selected from Issoudun, you will remember; but shortly afterward the number was doubled, and that was doubled, and then doubled again, and so on, according to the demands for machines.

I've told you about this flying for two reasons; first, because I knew you'd be interested in what I have been doing, and secondly, as an explanation of my long-continued silence, which has really worried me a great deal.

Having had as an inspiration * * * 's noble example in the matter of economy, I've been saving diligently—which is hard to do when near Paris—but with a success which has astonished even myself; for when I went to the Equitable. . . . preparatory to drawing a draft, I was amazed at my large balance. . . . I wish you would buy Liberty Bonds to the amount of this cheque for me. . . .

In addition to making this investment, Archie showed his sympathy for France by using another part of the savings from his officer's pay to buy several bonds of the Défense Nationale.

A. A. A. P.,
A. E. F.,
Oct. 14, 1918.

DEAREST LITTLE MOTHER:

. To-morrow morning I'm going to fly to England again. I'm very glad to do so because I've a scheme on foot. I want to get out of this place and go to the front, but I can't do it from France because, having been trained as a ferry-pilot to fly all kinds of machines and to know most of the cross-country routes in France where planes are likely to be sent, they think that I'm too valuable to be let go. But I want to get a certain air-service colonel in England to put in a request for me from France (and it's likely he'll get what he wants), and then I'll go through his channels to the front.

A. A. A. P.,
A. E. F.,
Oct. 14, 1918.

DEAREST FATHER:

. One never knows in what light he is looked upon by his fellow beings, but every once in a while an "eye-opener" occurs. Such a thing happened to me last month when I was elected treasurer of the Officers' Club on this post. The club, which is known as Sanger Hall, is a memorial to Captain Ralph Sanger (who was killed here during the summer in an accident), and has been given in his memory by Mrs. Sanger. This club is really a most wonderful organisation, and the very core about which all the life at this field centres. You can't readily imagine how surprised I was, nor how gratified. I still feel the compliment and satisfaction of being generally liked and thought capable of the job, especially since the vote was unanimous.

A. A. A. P.,
Oct. 19, 1918.

DEAREST FATHER:

. I haven't as yet been able to get off to England on account of bad weather. On Sunday, weather permitting, I'm going to take part in a formation flight of chasse machines over Paris to boom the Fourth French Liberty Loan and in celebration of the recent allied victories. The Parisians are wild—crazy with joy; and the troops at the front are so eager to attack that they can scarcely be restrained by their officers. The statue for the city of Lille in the Place de la Concorde is a huge mound of flowers and wreaths.

A. A. A. P.,
A. E. F.,
Oct. 25, 1918.

DEAREST LITTLE MOTHER:

I wish you would do me a favour. Since I am in a position to get more or less what I want, I don't need Christmas boxes this year, but I should be obliged if you would send some Rameses, Egyptian Deities, Hershey bars, gum and candy, or something like a pair of socks, size eleven (woolen), to each of the two men [mechanics] whose names are written on the enclosed coupons for their boxes. They are both good chaps.

FORD JUNCTION AERODOME,
SUSSEX, ENGLAND,
Noon, Nov. 11, 1918.

DEAREST LITTLE MOTHER:

Peace has come at last, and England is beside herself with joy. Here I am in England, having come over lately on a special mission, but trying to get back to France, where the real celebration will be. I shall fly back soon.

The question on everybody's lips is, "When are we going home?" and it is a very pressing question indeed. At present I haven't the slightest idea whether I can get back or what I shall do over here.

Another question which is attracting much speculation is whether or not to stay in the army. I've been thinking a lot about it because I'm convinced that aviation is "here to stay" and its development will be lightning-like and colossal, and that it will continue to progress under government supervision; therefore it will be of advantage to be in the army, if one expects to continue to be associated with aviation. I've developed such a love of flying that I should be unhappy if I could not fly.

S. E. AREA, FLYING INSTRUCTION SCHOOL,
ROYAL AIR FORCE,
SHOREHAM-BY-SEA,
Nov. 14, 1918.

DEAREST FATHER:

I wish you could have been in London on Armistice Day and every succeeding day up to to-day to see the wild outburst of enthusiasm which has been pretty well sustained ever since. It was an amazing sight to see London gone mad; people dancing in the street, parades everywhere, soldiers shooting off pistols, guns, etc., in the streets, a huge bonfire in Trafalgar Square of the captured Hun guns on exhibition in the Mall, a taxi-cab burning up in Piccadilly Circus, Roman candles and sky-rockets set off from the tops of busses and falling upon the human sea which thronged the streets beneath, etc., etc.,—this is what has taken place every night since. The deliverance of these people from the four years' war-cloud is stirring to behold; I've never been so emotionally stirred.

To-morrow I'm going back to France and I hope to see a celebration in honour of the liberated Alsatians in Paris on Sunday, when some of the crusaders back from the front will march on parade.

Yesterday I went to a beautiful service in Westminster Abbey

LYMPNE, ENGLAND,
Nov. 15, 1918.

DEAR AUNT MAY:

I'm on my way back to France to find out what the next six months have in store for me; that is to say, whether or not I shall take part in the *Army of Occupation*, go home, or do some special kind of work. I'm anxious to get home, but I might find a very interesting job in Belgium, Luxemburg or Germany!

AMERICAN OFFICERS' INN,
5, CAVENDISH SQUARE,
LONDON,
Nov. 17, 1918.

DEAREST TOBS:

To-morrow I expect orders to go to France by *rail and boat*, and this will make my third start! Yesterday I was belted in a little scout, with motor ready, and a mechanic on each wing-tip,—all set to "take off," when orders reached me to leave the machine in England and return to London. I was very glad, because I've been having a beautiful time here, thanks to the cordiality of Londoners who have extended invitations to me for their dinners, dances, etc., and I've now had a chance to go to a number of additional parties which I was loath to miss; also I did not especially care to take that machine with its wretchedly unreliable motor over the channel;—the day before, one man landed in the channel with a motor of the same type, but was saved by a trawler; and I had already had a good deal of trouble and one forced landing near Brighton, which kept me for three days. I was further glad to return to London because it gave me the opportunity to-day of doing what I've been wanting to do for a long time, namely, to visit Canterbury. The weather was perfect, which made walking about the old town pleasant and showed off the cathedral's windows to the best advantage. I was lucky enough to be in time for a thanksgiving service this afternoon in the cathedral. The service was preceded by a grand parade of military, civil and religious representatives, which wound about the crooked streets overhung by their stucco-and-oak houses, to the strains of three military bands. Not the

least imposing unit of this parade was the division of women war-workers—farmerettes, air-service mechanics, nurses, motor-drivers and despatch-riders—who have done so magnificently; (the number of women in the country's uniform is extraordinary and it suggests the scene which there would be if the principle of national universal conscription were carried to include the unemployed women). I admire this country so!

The huge cathedral was filled to overflowing with people standing everywhere—(there were no seats)—in the aisles, transepts, and even all around the choir ambulatory—and still great crowds outside, clamouring to get in, were turned away. The service, with a military band to assist the organ, was fine. It was wonderful to see the present generation of soldiers standing under their regimental standards which have been placed in the cathedral for the period of the war, and standing beside the monuments (to other generations of soldiers who fell in their country's service) which line both aisles of the nave

A. A. A. P. I,
A. E. F.,

November 23, 1918.

DEAR LITTLE MA:

. Still I don't know what I shall do; I'd like to do almost anything but come home. Please forgive me for writing so bluntly, for I don't mean it so; I should love to go home for a short time to see you, Papa and Kit, if I could return again soon afterward; but since that is impossible, I'm anxious to stay over here during this most stupendous, epoch-making period of the world's history. I don't want to fall into what I shall consider in later years as a mistake; here I've the opportunity of seeing this whole show from the front-row, so to speak; I feel it would be foolish to lose the chance by going home too soon, especially when there are millions of persons in America who would give anything to be over here. I'm looking for an opportunity to go into the occupied territory to patrol; however, I don't want to be caught by being saddled with a garrison job which would keep me here a long time. I was offered the opportunity the other day of transferring to some other branch of the service, but I hate the army so thoroughly that that is the last thing I would do. I've thought of asking for my discharge over here, and then of engaging in

reconstruction work as a civilian; but from what I can gather, all of this sort of work will be carried on by the government instead of by the Red Cross, as formerly.

A. A. A. P. I,
A. E. F.,

November 26, 1918.

DEAREST LITTLE MOTHER:

. I am not a prude about the question of drinking, but I don't like to see men take too much, first, because of the dire result of their actions upon themselves, and secondly, because someone else is sure to suffer; for some regrettable thing never fails to occur when one is temporarily and abnormally excited. When I met * * * he. . . . later in the evening confessed that he had been very drunk (although he certainly had not been objectionable). I regretted the incident because I thought it was such a cheap way of celebrating—especially at this period of the century's history when the world needs every man of brains in tip-top form that he may contribute his best to the task in hand. How much nicer * * * would have been had he been sober! Then, too, I think it is such a distasteful way in which to celebrate what might be called your "deliverance from death" at the front; I can't see why every educated man shouldn't prefer to seek a church instead of a bar in which to express his feelings of gratitude.

A. A. A. P. I,
A. E. F.,

November 30, 1918.

DEAREST MOTHER:

. You don't know how often I hope and pray that our country will be "bone dry" before the Army comes home. The woeful, sad, heartbreaking sights which go on almost hourly in every city and village in France and England are sufficient evidence of the evil of drink, without having added the knowledge that thousands upon thousands of men are daily injuring themselves permanently and others in years to come, and weakening or rendering useless the very strength upon which their respective countries have a right to count for future service more important than that already given. They act as if they thought their part finished, when it has scarcely begun. At the bottom of this whole tragedy is alcohol; if strong liquor were cut out,

hundreds of thousands would be able to "carry on" who now fall down. Every evil has its source in drink.

London was a horrible example; it seemed as if everybody was drunk for a week—and this, too, when the bars are only open six hours per day.

I expect to stay on here for several more weeks—then perhaps the army of occupation, or some other special duty, if I can find the outlook that I want.

While waiting to be assigned to some such further duty, Archie was granted a leave, which he chose to spend in the South of France, thereby gratifying his penchant for the beauties of architecture.

[Post-card showing a picture of the cathedral at Avignon.]

AVIGNON,

December 9, 1918.

DEAREST MOTHER:

Here I am off again! This time on a two-weeks' *permission*—the first leave of absence I've had since March—and I'm feeling like a school-boy on vacation. I have three splendid companions, who enjoy travelling and the monuments of the past quite as much as I do; so we're having a grand time together, as well as a valuable and developing one.

NIMES,

December 10, 1918.

DEAR TOBS:

How I wish we could all motor through this fascinating region—so full of Roman and Romanesque remains; it's too lovely for words. For years past I've been longing to do just what I have the opportunity to do now, and I'm certainly enjoying it—perhaps the more for having waited.

[Post-card showing the cloister of St. Trophime.]

ARLES,

December 11, 1918.

DEAREST MA:

Arles is one of the most fascinating towns I've ever been in. I'm wild about it, and so are the other three men with whom I'm travelling. In a way, it far surpasses both

Avignon and Nimes in its quaintness, Roman remains, and its *appeal*.

ARLES,

December 12, 1918.

DEAR T.:

Here is one of the most perfect Romanesque façades in France, and an interesting example it is. The course which I took in junior year in architecture under Mr. Butler has been of immense value to me in helping me to appreciate and interpret the significance of the monuments that I see.

CARCASSONNE,

December 19, 1918.

DEAREST T:

In the *cité* of Carcassonne I found the most interesting old Romanesque church, dating from the eleventh century, to which had been added two naves and a choir in XIII Century Gothic.

[Post-card showing the towers of Carcassonne.]

CARCASSONNE,

December 20, 1918.

DEAREST M:

Aren't these twin towers of unusual shape? They are of a "ship-prow" type. The origin of the name of the city is found in a fable which relates how, in the VIII century, Queen Carcas was besieged by Charlemagne for seven years, and how through a ruse she raised the siege, thereby saving the city; whereupon she gave thanks by ringing the city's bells—"Carcas sonne les cloches"—hence "Carcassonne." *Voilà!*

CARCASSONNE,

December 21, 1918.

DEAR T:

I wish that you would be on the lookout for a job for me when I come back, because (unlike most of my fellow-countrymen over here, who feel that they have earned a rest and declare they won't do a stroke of work for months after returning), I'd like to go in for something fairly soon; my preference is for foreign trade, because I feel it has the greatest future.

AMERICAN UNIVERSITY UNION,
PARIS,

December 22, 1918.

DEAREST TOBS:

To-day I've spent in Bourges, and I was simply entranced by the stained glass, and also the unusual form of the cathedral; no transepts, but a double clerestory, and two triforium galleries—one in the nave and the other in the inner of the two side aisles. I counted two hundred and one stained-glass windows—all of which were old—(thirty-five were from the XIII century; the rest, XV and XVI century)—and "too, too beautiful for words," as Ma would say.

AMERICAN UNIVERSITY UNION,
PARIS,

December 23, 1918.

DEAREST TOBS:

If I find I cannot be sent home for several months, I shall apply for admittance to the University of Paris under the arrangement which the Government has made for officers who want to go on with their studies while awaiting transportation home. I look upon this as a great opportunity to study and to learn French well, which will remain a tremendous asset to me—especially if I engage in shipping and foreign trade. I do not expect to limit my study of languages to French only. Keen as I am to get home and to work, I think this solution of the problem of filling time a very good one.

To-day I've had the *most perfect time*—visiting Chartres. I feel the same way about the beauty of that cathedral as I do about the political situation and the affairs of the nations—they are too stupendous to comment upon now. It takes time for them to sink in and for the mind to grasp the whole of the matter. . . .

A. A. A. P.,
A. E. F.,
29 Dec., 1918.

DEAREST LITTLE MA:

Here is one of the few photographs I've had taken outside of a professional salon; it was taken on the steps of Amiens Cathedral (in the rain, actually) by one of the three mechanics who were dispatched to my assistance on the occasion of my last trip to England; the other two



THE
MUSEUM

mechanics are in the picture. I had a forced landing near Amiens because of a leak in the radiator, which became emptied rapidly, causing the motor to overheat; so I came down. After the leak had been repaired, bad weather set in; so I went into Amiens to have a look around in the meantime.

I have now seen, by the way, all five of the great cathedrals of France,—Amiens, Bourges, Chartres, Nôtre Dame, and Rheims;—and Rouen, which I think is magnificent, too, is the sixth

A. A. A. P.,
A. E. F.,

Dec. 31, 1918.

DEAREST MOTHER:

I expect to leave France in March! This is the first definite statement I've ventured and it is quite likely to be changed, but at any rate it is an approximation. There are so many interesting jobs at hand—if only I can collar one. I might be sent on a commission into Germany to inspect and accept the aeroplanes surrendered to the Allies. Or I might be engaged in carrying aerial dispatches to and from the occupied territory during the Peace Conference. Or I might come home before! I might study at the University of Paris. I imagine that peace—some kind of a formal declaration of general principles—will be signed with Germany quite soon, because it seems to be the popular demand everywhere, although, for the details, years will be needed, as well as a stable Germany. One minute I think I had better get home as soon as possible and not wait until it is too late and thus lose the opportunity of returning through being made a member of a large permanent police-force which another turn of fortune might make necessary at any time. What an extraordinary era to be living in—and it is called civilised and Christian!—with absolute anarchy in Russia (even torture being employed there), Germany upset, Austria on the verge of famine, Italy on the very brink of internal trouble—perhaps even revolution, Spain having difficulties—in short, trouble brewing almost everywhere. But you in America know more of what is happening in the world at large than we in France, and I haven't forgotten how starved for news I felt when I came over in 1915, having been accustomed to read at length all about the war, etc.; nor what a

marvellous "sponge" for news America was when I returned, in comparison with what I had then become accustomed to in France.

Enclosed is a piece of glass which I picked up myself from the débris at the foot of the choir wall of Rheims cathedral, so it is a genuine piece of XIII century glass
.....

I may mention that the fragment of ruby glass that Archie speaks of is now enshrined in a leaded panel and constitutes the chief treasure of Symington House.

He returned to his duties at Orly on Christmas day, but he continued to send us pictures of some of his favourites among the places that he had visited:

[On a picture post-card:]

MONTPELLIER,

Jan. 2, 1919.

DEAREST M.:

Here is a *modern* aqueduct—in contrast with the ancient Roman aqueducts; but yet not too modern, for it was built under Louis XIV to supply water to his *château d'eau* in the city near the university, which contains a medical college second only to Paris both in numbers and learning.

[Accompanying a picture of Rheims Cathedral after its bombardment:]

RHEIMS,

Jan. 2, 1919.

A great pile of sand-bags was erected over the entrance of the cathedral to protect the lower rows of statues, but this was not done until the doors had suffered considerably from shell-fire, as you see. Also, fragments broken off from the upper rows of statues destroyed in falling much that was below them.

[On a post-card showing a transept in the cathedral at Chartres:]

CHARTRES,

Jan. 2, 1919.

Isn't this a lovely corner of the cathedral? I enjoyed the day I spent at Chartres so much that I want to go back again and do the whole thing over again. You don't know how I regret that you all—Aunt May too—are not here to enjoy these trips with me.

Among the many friends that our boy lost in the war there was none whose death brought him more poignant sorrow than that of Marquand Ward, who in the spirit of truest democratic service for his country, enlisted in the infantry as a private, and after promotion, was killed in action. His services were subsequently recognised by a military citation in these words: "Manifested a signal courage and fearlessness, advancing in the face of a murderous gunfire, displaying to his comrades an example of disdain of danger and of initiative in attack, reaching and falling at the nearest point to the enemy attained by his company that day." An exceptionally fine and lovable character, distinguished by an unmistakable air of high-breeding and refinement, he had endeared himself to Archie not only by membership in the same class at Princeton but by an intimacy born of sharing the same college rooms for three years. To his friend's father Archie wrote thus:

DEAR JUDGE WARD:

In expressing my sympathy for you over the loss of dear Marquand I want at the same time to tell you that I have lost my closest and trusted friend, and, moreover, the one of all my friends who I consider had the highest ideals, so that I hold it a privilege to have known so upright and noble a character. There are few men of whom it can be said: "it was an *inspiration* to have known him"; yet Mike was of this group, for by my association with him in his daily life I feel that I have been the distinct gainer. If the war has shown those of us who survive one thing, it is: how long is the road which we must travel before we reach a like degree of fineness with those who have been taken from us, so that at the end we may be found worthy to join them when our Heavenly Father calls us too.

My prayers are for you and Miss Ward that you may have strength to bear the burden you are called upon to bear.

I remain,

Most sincerely yours,

Arthur Richmond Taber.

January fourth, 1919.

A. A. A. P. I,
A. E. F.,
Jan. 7, 1919.

MY DEAREST LITTLE MOTHER:

So many interesting things to do are presenting themselves that the future is most attractive. These are some of the possibilities: (1) flying as a message-bearer between Brussels, England, Paris and the occupied territory; (2) being a courier and travelling *partout* Italy, Austria, etc. (by train); (3) doing some special work from this field, which would entail flying again. Of these choices, the one I'm most likely to do is the last. Meanwhile, as I work from this field I shall keep my eyes open for a good chance to go into Germany, which I'm determined to do. . . .

I suppose you're wondering what I've been doing lately; I have been flying somewhat, testing machines chiefly, taking up passengers, and giving a little instruction in flying; then I've been in Paris a great deal seeing many, many friends, going to the theatre occasionally, seeing the opera—last week I saw *Faust* and *Aïda*—going to a number of dances and many dinners. . . .

By the way, H * * * has asked me to join him on a yachting-trip beginning in May and cruising for three months to the Baltic, and then along the Norwegian coast to the North Cape. Next November he is going into Africa photographing big game and has pressed me to join that party too. I've declined both. . . .

SANGER HALL,
Jan. 8, 1919.

DEAREST LITTLE MOTHER:

Like you, I still feel staggered by the news of the loss of Mike [Marquand Ward] and Wis [Wistar Morris, another dear young friend of ours who also had been a frequent and welcome visitor to Symington House, and who entered the Air Service and laid down his life in circumstances of exceptional nobility]; it seems as if it could not be true that they have gone from us. I feel particularly lost without Mike, for I had been looking forward to the years to come and counting so upon his friendship. . . .

. . . . I'm so glad that you were able to send the Christmas boxes to the two men, Huff and Hunter, as I had asked; but I did not expect you to say where they came from; however, it did no harm. Both the boxes reached

their destinations and gave a great deal of pleasure; the one to Huff replaced one which has been lost; the lost one was sent by his young wife, acting on behalf of his baby, which he has never seen; Hunter received no other Christmas present.

I miss you all so much and I'm so anxious to see you,

A. A. A. P. I,
A. E. F.,
Jan. 8, 1919.

DEAREST TOBS:

. It is interesting to hear of meetings to arouse the people at home to a sense of what England has done, and *then* we can begin to appreciate what we owe her. I'm particularly glad that this work of propaganda is going on because I know it's badly needed; I find so much anti-British feeling in the army that something should be done, and it seems that it is being done at the right place, i. e., at home—for it is from home that the erroneous ideas about the British emanate, largely through Hun propaganda, I'm sure.

I quite share your love of the English country-side, with its highways and by-ways; perhaps I even out-Herod Herod in my attachment for the island.

ORLY,
13 Jan., 1919.

These last ten days I've done more flying than in the preceding three months! I've been "testing" vigorously.

LAFAYETTE CLUB,
AMERICAN AIR SERVICE,
January 19, 1919.

DEAR AUNT MAY:

. You referred in your letter of December 13 to "the great day" of my coming back; it *will* be a great day; I'm looking forward to it with immense expectations, and yet the thought of it fills me with the same emotion that I have when I see the returning poilus parading in Paris, or a French general decorating *some* of his men.

LAFAYETTE CLUB,
OFFICERS' AMERICAN AIR SERVICE,
Jan. 19, 1919.

DEAREST LITTLE MA:

. To-day's paper announces the splendid news that prohibition has been ratified by our Senate. From the unlimited possibilities for future development which this act has sped along, I consider it one of the most vital of our amendments, and on a par with the anti-slavery clause. . . .

Paris is so interesting that I wish I had nothing to do except live there and mingle with my friends in the Peace Conference, Food Administration, army, etc.

LAFAYETTE CLUB,
AMERICAN AIR SERVICE,
Jan. 20, 1919.

DEAREST TOBS:

. It seems likely that there will be a courier service between the capitals of Europe in connection with the Peace Conference. I have applied both as a courier and as a pilot to carry the courier, so something may come of this.

ORLY, SEINE,
Jan. 30, 1919.

DEAREST FATHER:

. I am looking at the general state of affairs in Europe with some apprehension, and cannot help feeling that the trouble may not all be over yet, on the supposition that where there is smoke there is fire.

ORLY, SEINE,
2 Feb., 1919.

DEAR * * *:

It seems strange indeed to be still writing from France; with hostilities ended and everyone bending every effort to get home, it seems as if one should at least be on the water, if not already at home; yet here I remain and continue to fly, despite what may be good advice to the contrary. I don't know what to do in the matter of giving up flying; I love it so that I am reluctant to do so; but a number of friends whose opinions I respect are very insistent in urging me to give it up. Then, too, I've been looking over some photographs taken at various times within the last year and

a half, and several pictures, where I am either the only one alive to-day or else the only one still flying, have impressed me with the idea that my advisers may be right. So I believe that I shall soon stop altogether and shall try to go home. I hear, however, that there are so many thousands of casual officers at the base-ports that it is almost impossible to get back without some special drag, as a member of the Peace Conference would have, for instance; so that I may have to seek another job while waiting. . . .

A. A. A. P. I,
ORLY, SEINE,
Feb. 7, 1919.

DEAREST MOTHER:

I am enclosing this bulletin of the Red Cross because I think it is an extraordinary tribute to the relief-work which they have been carrying on among our prisoners of war. Just imagine the quantities of food which they have distributed; and without these substantial rations, what would our prisoners have done? I was given this information when I went to Red Cross headquarters to take steps to send some things to one of my friends, Allan Winslow, of Chicago, who suddenly turned up in a German hospital after having been missing from his squadron for two months . . .

How simply amazing it is: the way all the civilised world looks to Wilson; the French look to him as they must have to Louis XIV or to Napoleon; I wonder if people in America appreciate the position he commands over here. To-day, walking down the Champs Elysées, I saw a long banner (at least fifty feet in length) inscribed thus:

HONNEUR À WILSON
le juste.

I believe he will be known in history as "the Just," in the same way that we now speak of "Charles the Bold" or "John the Fearless."

ORLY,
Feb. 8, 1919.

DEAREST T.:

To-morrow I expect to start at 6 A. M. by motor to spend the day going over the "Hindenburg Line" between St. Quentin, Le Catelet and Cambrai; won't that be fine? I'm looking forward to it very much. Some of that region I've

already seen—*i. e.*, (from the air) the old Somme battle-field. Mike fell storming the Hindenburg Line

Before the last few letters reached us, we had learned by cable that the occasion had arisen of which our dear boy had written three months before in these precious words:

DEAREST LITTLE MOTHER:

You have asked me if at times I feel a lightness of spirit conveyed by your thoughts of me through the Power of Thought. I think I most assuredly do I draw great comfort and strength from the knowledge that I'm constantly in your thoughts and in the thoughts of others, and this feeling of security is augmented by the knowledge of what great power for help this continual and concentrated thought has. I'm becoming more and more interested in reading about this sort of thing, and greatly regret that I haven't more time to spend upon it; but I shall make more headway soon than in the past few months. Some time I'm anxious to discuss more at length all kinds of questions suggested by my reading. For the present I'll tell you that, if I have a fatal accident, I shall fly straight to you in spirit—to help you or to be helped.



THE NEW
HARVARD

III

.
And as the sun sinks in the sea,
Nor dim, nor pale, nor overcast,
By no sad change, nor slow degree,
Radiant and royal to the last,—
So take the gift Thou gavest me.
.

—*Sir Cecil Spring-Rice.*

The letters that came from Archie after the signing of the Armistice show how deeply impressed he was by the chaotic condition of Europe. "The trouble may not all be over yet," he wrote; and again, "At this period"—of the war's aftermath—"the world needs every man of brains in tip-top form that he may contribute his best to the task in hand." It was his earnest wish to take part in what might be needed to restore the world to a stable peace. For these reasons he did not ask for his discharge, and while waiting to be assigned to some other line of service, he continued to discharge the duty of testing airplanes at Orly.

One of our friends, a Colonel in the American Army, returned home in February, 1919, and gave us this indication of our boy's attitude of mind: "I saw Archie in Paris less than three weeks ago He said that while he was homesick like all the A. E. F., yet he felt content to stay on and take his turn, for he felt that he was doing a good and needed work where he was—he did not put it so, but the idea was that he felt that he was doing his duty just as much now as he or anyone was before the fighting was over It was his to have the death of a strong man conscious of the doing of his duty and in the service of his country still at war."

Other friends of ours and of Archie's expressed the situation in these words:

It seems as if Archie had indeed carried on and kept the faith to the extent of very few others, when he was willing to lay down his life from the first simply to help others in their fight for the right, before that same fight ever became his own and his country's. And when that work was well done, he would not leave it there, but kept on while his life was still in danger to see it through to the end.

He entered a branch of the service where the risks did not begin at the front nor end with the Armistice, and his death was "in action."

He was under no illusion as to the dangerous character of the duties of aviator. In his letter of 2nd August he wrote, in regard to the testing of new airplanes, "Sometimes you get great surprises in this kind of work because the plane may have a tendency to do all kinds of queer things, even to heading for the earth on turns. . . ." On the 11th of February, some such mischance as he had anticipated occurred—it is supposed that the controls broke)—with the result that the plane crashed to the ground.

"The circumstances of his death," wrote the head of the Princeton Bureau of the American Union in Paris, "are very much like those of Hobey Baker. Arthur had the reputation of a good and careful pilot, and his experience had given him a good knowledge of the art of flying; but it is still a very dangerous game, particularly with the smaller machines, and men are being killed by unpreventable accidents all the time. Arthur, like Hobey Baker, was not trying any unnecessary tricks, but he was killed in the regular fulfilment of his duty, part of which was to test machines. He had done the same sort of things many times, for he often talked with me about his work. He was killed instantly and suffered no pain. He died for his country, as did many other men who perished while doing their duty off the field of battle as an essential part of the great military machine."

On a hillside in the town of Suresnes, which lies west of Paris, across the Seine, is a cemetery dedicated by the French Government as a burial-place for American officers who fell in the war. There in serried ranks are the graves of those who have (in Bishop Brent's phrase) "earned by the supreme sacrifice the highest and proudest of all decorations—the Wooden Cross"; and there, under one of the simple emblems of the faith that he had kept and of faithfulness unto death, the dear body of our boy was laid among his brothers-in-arms.

.
Yet, as I read the crosses, name by name,
. it seemed that peace was there;
Sunlight and peace, a peace too deep for thought,
The peace of tides that underlie our strife,
The peace with which the moving heavens are fraught,
The peace that is our everlasting life.
.

The burial service was read by Rev. Sherrard Billings, Chaplain of Groton School, whose services in connection with the war had taken him to Paris. It was a fortunate circumstance that this office could be performed by one to whom Archie had become especially attached when a school-boy at Groton and than whom there was no one that he would himself have chosen more gladly. The following account was sent us by one of the American friends that attended the service:

The pilots do not generally go to funerals, as it has a bad effect on them; but they were so devoted to Archie that they insisted on going. There was snow on the ground and the sun was shining brightly (for the first time in weeks); the last prayers were said the bugler sounded "taps," and the coffin was smothered in spring flowers. And there we left Archie among many gallant comrades, who, like himself, had laid down their lives for their country. . . . I had learned to love and admire him. . . . He was so fine and admirable.

Another friend wrote of "the impressive military service. Flowers" (including a wreath from the Red Cross at Orly and another from the pilots) "were banked on either side, the flag covered the coffin, and his comrades stood rigidly at attention while the bugler sounded taps."

Blow again, bugle, blow once more—
not the beautiful but sorrowful strains
of Taps with which we laid him to rest—
but the glorious notes of a divine Reveille
for one who wakes to see the Sun—for
one who faces the Morning!*

The national emblem under which our boy had been born and for which he had laid down his life thus attended him to the grave. There was found in a pocket of his uniform the small silk flag "fair with stars of hope," for which he had written to us a special request, and which he had afterwards carried in all his journeys by land and air.

There were also found in one of his pockets several sheets of paper. On one he had made this memorandum of the poems that had evidently become his favourites:

I. Robert Browning.

1. How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix.
2. Parting at morning.
3. Incident of the French camp.
4. Pied Piper of Hamelin.

II. John Greenleaf Whittier.

1. Snowbound.
2. The Barefoot Boy.

On the other sheets he had copied these two poems which seem to have appealed to him supremely as embodying his own ideals:

* "Not Taps, but Reveille," by Robert Gordon Anderson.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

I.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon :
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day ;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

II.

Just as perhaps he mused "My plans
"That soar, to earth may fall,
"Let once my army-leader Lannes
"Waver at yonder wall"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

III.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy :
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came thro')
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

IV.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
"We've got you Ratisbon !
"The Marshal's in the market-place,
"And you'll be there anon
"To see your flag-bird flap his vans
"Where I, to heart's desire,
"Perched him !" The Chief's eye flashed ; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

V.

The Chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes:
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And, his chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

PARTING AT MORNING.

Round the cape of a sudden came the sea,
And the sun looked over the mountain's rim—
And straight was a path of gold for him,
And the need of a world of men for me.

As further evidence of the boy's tastes, I may mention that among his effects forwarded to us from France were these books which he had bought while in England: The Poet at the Breakfast Table, Palgrave's Golden Treasury and the Poems of Keats. The little library also included a copy of Donald Hankey's "A Student in Arms," which Archie had read and re-read while in America and which he took with him when he sailed. At the top of the writing-tablet that he used overseas there was found written in his hand: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

The loss of Archie brought genuine sorrow and depression to the officers and canteen-workers at Orly. I am told that on the evening following the fatal accident, a group of his late associates sat talking about him, when one of the Red Cross workers said, "There was something indescribable about Archie that—without his saying anything—made you want him to think well of you." And the young officer who was present and who told me of the remark said that it expressed exactly the feeling that they all had about the silent but potent influence for good that seemed to flow from our boy's presence.

The following letter was received from the Colonel in command of the post at Orly :

I was greatly shocked to learn that your son had been killed It was a particularly heavy blow to me as I knew Lieut. Taber more intimately than most of the other junior officers stationed here, was personally very fond of him, and he had been a great help in the organising of Sanger Hall and other activities at the camp. He was a model officer and a fine type of American gentleman.

If the best estimate of a man's true qualities is that formed by his close companions, the following expressions from his fellow-officers at that post and his associates at the training-schools are worthy of being quoted :

14 Feb., 1919.

A finer boy never lived. A gentleman and a true soldier.

ORLY, SEINE, FRANCE,

16 Feb., 1919.

I want you to know how his "pals" feel toward him His work as a pilot has always been exceptionally good and I feel that you should have the greatest pride in the sacrifice Archie has made for his country.

He was an excellent pilot and one of the finest and most popular men in our detachment.

Your loss is shared by every officer and enlisted man who knew him. He was liked and admired everywhere; was one of the cleanest, straightest men I have ever known; and his loss is a great one to all who knew him.

Your son was worthy of the highest tribute. He was to me—as others knew him—ever cheerful, unassuming and considerate; one of the best, most earnest and enthusiastic pilots. I have often heard words of commendation of his work. He was held in high esteem of all who came into contact with him,—a man among men I am exceedingly proud to have been one of his friends.

12 Feb. 1919.

I cannot tell you how deeply I grieve with you about dear old Archie. I had been with him off and on since Ground-School at Princeton, and almost constantly for the

past six months. He was my best friend over here. He was the finest boy I have ever known, and he had more respect, I think, of officers and men alike than any other officer on this post. He was so high-minded that at times he really made me ashamed of myself.

I was with him after lunch on the day of the accident. He was in such joyous spirits that day and just bubbling over with life.

I wish I could convey some idea of how wonderful I thought him—and everyone else did, too.

The same young officer wrote again on 14 Feb. 1919:

I knew him particularly well. I really was very close to him. . . . He had such a sense of humour, and we were simply *roaring* with laughter the other day about something. He always saw the funny side of things.

The whole place is in a gloom, as we miss him so. But he was in such splendid spirits and just full of vim and energy that day. . . . He was so high-minded and clean and splendid. He set a wonderful example. Some one said yesterday he was the truest example of a gentleman that we had here.

One piece of paper in his desk had written on it: "The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

He was the most unselfish fellow I have ever known, so beautiful and high-minded, but not a bit goody-goody.

At a later date the same writer told us of what Archie "had written in some of his papers I found [in which he quoted a magazine article that he had read and had been impressed by]: 'To think of one you love is to confer a gift out of your very self and one which will be with the recipient throughout all the lives to come; and death makes no barrier to the thoughts, but even more do they reach our beloved dead, since they are working in a subtler medium of expression. But take care to send them only beautiful thoughts—not of grief and appeal to come back.'

"I think he had absolutely the most beautiful heart I have ever known."

July 6, 1919.

The other day I met a boy who had known Archie while flying in France. I wish you could have heard the beautiful way he spoke about Archie. This boy is a very rough type, entirely unlike your son, but still able to appreciate him. He said he considered Archie always so high-minded a gentleman, and that he had a presence and personality that most people, if they ever acquired it, never did until they were much older.

I have heard one fellow after another say that Archie was the most respected man in camp (at Orly).

Our boy made frequent use of the Red Cross Canteen at Orly, and he was on the most friendly terms with the American girls who were working there. One of them wrote to us:

There has never been an officer on the post so well loved, and we miss him terribly. . . . He used to be here [at the canteen] a great deal, and every one of the girls thought just as much of him as the officers did. We really all just loved him.

Another Red Cross worker spoke of our boy's "spirit of cheerfulness and power to surmount many difficulties. . . . As one of the officers said last night, 'Arthur Taber was the best known, best loved and most respected man on this post.' His death has cast a gloom over the camp. . . . A perfect young man."

Some of Archie's letters reflect his deep interest in the officers' club at Orly known as Sanger Hall, of which he served as treasurer. A lady, with whom he coöperated in organising the club, wrote:

He was a great leader among the men, and the Colonel always counted and depended on him when there was anything to be done.

The following are extracts from letters written by American friends living in Paris:

He must have had a peculiar faculty for making friends; it seems to me that everywhere I go I meet people who speak warmly and admiringly of Archie. The ladies at my pension—where he was well-known—were devoted to him. And last night by chance I met at dinner three young aviators of his squadron, and it would have pleased and touched you,—the way they spoke of your boy. It is good testimony when such fellows speak of a comrade with *admiration* as well as with affection.

Though almost old enough to be his grandfather, your son, by his manliness, his strength, his kindness and his loveliness, has won both my admiration and true affection. I cannot tell you how I deplore his loss.

We both loved and admired him for his great, strong physical beauty, his singular purity of character, his high ideals and his keen sense of duty. My wife as well as myself often spoke of him as the very incarnation of all that was best and noblest in young American manhood. We were, too, very proud to show him to some of our French friends, who admired greatly his fine breeding and noble appearance.

One of Archie's closest friends was not only a classmate at Princeton University, but trained with him for aviation; they went through the ground-school and crossed the ocean together. His tribute is particularly gratifying to us:

28 Feb., 1919.

It is impossible for me to express how terribly grieved I was Archie, of course, was my very best friend,—my pal through three happy college years We stuck together through all the ups and downs, and I grew more fond of him than of any boy I have ever known I think he was about as unselfish as any boy I have ever met. He took things as they came, and always "made the best of it." In England and France I often felt a bit down, but when I met Archie his cheeriness and constant optimism somehow made me feel ashamed of myself and put new heart in me

He went through Issoudon with flying colours and was then ordered to Orly to act as ferry-pilot. He made a won-

derful record there, delivering as many machines as anybody on the post, with a very small percentage of breakage. I believe he flew about eighteen different types of machines—truly a remarkable record He made the Channel trip several times and he had been all over France by aeroplane. His fellow-officers thought very highly of him, and he was as popular as he was at college He was an unusually accurate and careful pilot.

Although you could never think of him otherwise, perhaps you would like to know from me that Archie always lived as straight as a string. He always was a gentleman, and never fell by the wayside, though so many of our boys went to the dogs around him. . . . I loved him very dearly.

The same writer, ten months later, spoke of having just attended a foot-ball game and of having missed Archie's companionship keenly. "I feel," he wrote, "absolutely lost without him. . . . I am young still, and they say the young forget easily, but I have had that same feeling so many times when I have attended especially festive occasions. He did so enjoy 'good times,' and just being with him seemed somehow to make a 'good time.' I have never been able to find a pal like him. . . ."

Another friend of Archie's—a young officer in another branch of the service, sent us this message from France:

20 Feb., 1919.

Some of us over here have thought that we were getting a bit hardened to death, but Archie's death brought all the old pain back. Such a lovable boy! Everyone he came in contact with liked his friendly, open frankness;—he had it in such an unusual degree for everyone Archie was an example of the true American who gave everything for the cause. His example is not lost.

This is the appreciation expressed by a captain in the Adjutant-General's Department whose duties in France made him acquainted with very many young officers in the various branches of the service:

The three things that I remember about him were: first, his kindness and sympathy ; second, his modesty;—he never mentioned flying unless he was asked about it, and usually did not wear wings; and third, that he did not smoke, or drink even coffee.

We got to know each other quite well and had many talks He knew a great deal about the technique of flying and about various makes of aeroplanes,—when he could be persuaded to talk about them In his appearance, spirit and character, your son stands out in my recollection as one of the finest men I met overseas. I think he was the only soldier I saw in any branch of the service who gave up comfortable habits so that he might better do his work in the army I shall always count it a privilege to have known him.

In the spring of 1917, in his eagerness to obtain a job in aviation as speedily as possible, Archie went to Washington and called on a friend of ours—a retired Brigadier-General, whose help in attaining this object he asked. After the boy's death, this officer wrote to us:

His gallant spirit made a deep impression upon me when he came to see me before he went to the war. He leaves a glorious memory behind him.

From another friend whose war-work took her to France:

I like to remember those few days in Paris with your boy. I seemed somehow to get close to him, as never before, and felt the inspiration of his youth and courage and high ideals. In his nobility he impressed one as having conquered himself and mastered the lessons that life has to teach, and of being ready for the call which I felt would come soon. It was with this in mind that I bade him good-bye.

Naturally, because of Archie's connections in the town as well as in the University, his loss was especially felt at Princeton. These are among the expressions that came to us:

I cannot tell you how shocked the whole community has been by the sad news of the death of your gallant son.

Arthur Taber will not soon be forgotten, and his wonderful character will be an inspiration for many to follow.

This tribute was paid by President Hibben :

I was greatly interested in your son's original purpose to go to France in the Ambulance Service, and I had many talks with him at that time and was impressed by his patriotic devotion and compelling desire to be of service to those in dire need abroad. Upon his return to our country, he was among the first to enter the small group of pioneer aviators of Princeton, and was in the first class to be graduated from the Government Aeronautical School here. In the midst of all your sorrow, I know there must be a very deep, solemn joy and pride in the heroic offering of his own life which your son so freely and gladly gave in the hour of his country's peril—and indeed of the peril of the whole world.

Two of the instructors sent these messages :

You who know how much I loved him and genuinely admired his splendid qualities will let me share your grief.

A finer and more noble lad did not cross the seas throughout the war.

This is from the headmaster of one of the schools that Archie attended :

He was always a consistent communicant while in school, and was interested in the church here [at Lake Placid] and in the newly organised church at Cocoanut Grove [Florida] He and * * * took an active part in the work in the community. My remembrance is that they had classes in the Sunday-school of the church at Lake Placid.. . . . Archie was loyal to the better things of life at all times, and he stood by me in whatever obligations fell to his share in the school.

It was said of Archie some years ago that he was "a rare combination of sweetness and manliness, and his consideration and sympathetic affection are very unusual." The truth

of this was proved in many ways; for instance, he always retained a certain simplicity and directness of childhood, and he never thought it beneath the dignity of a man to greet his father, even in public, with an affectionate kiss. And the following incident—homely though it be—seems to me worth noting because it furnishes an illustration of some of these characteristics.

About ten days after the sad tidings had reached us, there came the following letter addressed to him:

NO 14, ZEBRA COTTAGES,
CASTLETON ROAD,
STAMFORD,
LINCOLNSHIRE,
Feb. 3, 1919.

A. Taber, Esq.,

DEAR SIR:

I am writing to let you know I am in the Stamford Infirmary. I have been under an operation and getting on satisfactory. I understood you to say while you was at the Stamford Hotel you would help me if I would go under the operation. I have been in the infirmary a month, so if you will kindly consider my letter and do what you can for me, I shall esteem it a most kindly favour of you.

Thanking you,
Yours faithfully,

James Walker,
Boots, Stamford Hotel.

In answer to my letter of explanation, I received this:

14, ZEBRA COTTAGES,
CASTLETON ROAD,
STAMFORD,
LINCOLNSHIRE,
13 March, 1919.

DEAR SIR:

My husband, James Walker, has received your most kind letter safely, and we both thank you very much indeed for your kindness, and we were more than grieved to know of Mr. Taber's death, and all of those that knew him at the Stamford Hotel where Mr. Taber stayed while in Stamford about a year ago, they all are very sorry indeed to

know of Mr. Taber's death, because he was very much liked by all who knew him. . . .

My husband he is Boots at the Stamford Hotel and he used to look after Mr. Taber, and he was very sorry for my husband because he was suffering and he was always in great pain, and Mr. Taber begged hard for him to go to the hospital while he was staying here; but my husband did not make his mind up at that time, but in the end he had to go, because the Doctor said it was impossible for him to live much longer. Mr. Taber, a most kind gentleman, promised to help Jim (as he always called him by name) all he could, until he was well enough to start work again. He took a great liking to my husband; and Mr. Taber sent for me to see him at the Stamford Hotel, and he said he would do all he could for myself and little boy three years old. . . . It was a very dangerous operation. . . . But I am thankful to say he has gone through it safely and is out of the hospital again and started to work March 10th; and we thought Mr. Taber would be delighted to know of my husband's operation and that he was getting on so well, as my husband never forgot his kindness while at Stamford Hotel, but it was the last of our thought that he had met his death, which we are truly sorry for you because we have had to bear grief of our own brothers who have laid down their lives for Victory. . . .

I remain

Yours truly,
Mary E. Walker.

From several hundred expressions of sympathy that we had the privilege of receiving, I can not refrain from culling these additional extracts, because each contributes something to complete the portrait of our boy:

Archie, that ideal brother, soldier and friend.

I can see him before me in his abounding health and spirits, and shall always think of him as a being of perfect joy and strength.

He was the embodiment of the finest young manhood, with the sweetest nature joined to strength, both moral and physical.

My remembrance of the dear boy is a *blessing* to me,

and I am thankful that I can always recall his beautiful smile, which is a help when I miss him most.

He always had that genius for companionship with older people, which means a quick sympathy and intuition, and that was what made him so splendid in his service. I always remember him as retaining the beauty and simplicity of his childhood in his young manhood.

Your son was a man that so thoroughly represented Princeton So splendid and fine, and such a dear boy, too.

He always impressed me as having such a healthy joy in living, and on that account the more do I respect the fearlessness with which he went into danger.

His was indeed a soul of rare purity and nobility.

His noble and exquisite gentleness and bearing.

So often I think of him, and his personality is always so vivid and so beautiful that I cannot associate him with the *bitterness* of death, but always with eternal purpose and high endeavour.

I shall always remember his charm and the very real fineness of his character that endeared him to everyone at Princeton.

Of all people, Archie always seemed to me the most virile and buoyant.

Only a few days before the news came about Archie, I heard this quoted from a letter written by Mr. * * * [a friend in Paris]: "We are expecting at dinner to-night the handsomest man in the A. E. F., such a fine fellow,—Archie Taber". From the first, and among the first, he went forth with his heart aflame and he always met the test Your boy never faltered.

Dear, brave, manly, wonderful boy He left a spotless record.

I can still see him so plainly as a wonderfully handsome child, with superabundant vitality. Never do I recall anyone so thoroughly *alive*

He was so manly, unaffected and considerate
A wonderful son.

So fine and poised his sweet nature giving out
affection.

He had about him such an untarnished brightness.

Our memory of your beautiful boy is of a beauty so rare
that only the soul could write it on a boy's face.

That charming, manly, gay, vigorous and lovable boy.
Among his many fine qualities was his *lovableness*. Every-
one felt it.

A friend of ours, with whom and with whose wife and
daughters Archie was on terms of cordial friendship, said:

We all loved the boy How splendid he was,
how much better and brighter he made the world while he
was here one of God's very own. I and my whole
family thank God we sometimes had Archie with us as one
of us.

And another, in whose family our boy was intimate, sums
up his characteristics in these words:

A splendid specimen of young American manhood,—
clean of life, manly, courageous, of charming personality
and a delightful companion—every inch both a man and a
gentleman.

Nothing, however, that was written about our boy
brought us more intense gratification than these words
which were spoken by one who was and is a stranger to us.
A certain friend of ours, while travelling, fell into conversa-
tion with an aviator who had just returned from France.
When she asked him whether he knew Archie, he said:
“Yes, I was with him on the field only two days before he
went West. He was a splendid-looking fellow, and a good
pilot;” then he added, “He was *white way through*.”

This final phrase proves that the speaker had recognised

in Archie a certain quality to which our boy gave unconscious expression in the following letter:

3RD AVIATION INSTRUCTION CENTER,
A. P. O. 724,
May 28, 1918.

DEAREST LITTLE MOTHER:

The weather—let me speak about the weather (which is such a fertile subject with some people), not because I haven't anything else to write about, but because everything in the landscape is so exquisitely rich, verdant and beautiful, due to the week's heat-wave and some earlier warm rains. Summer has really come at last, although throughout the long, chilly, bleak and forbidding spring I often thought that warm weather would never set in; but here it is in all its glory, and surely this country is entitled to be called "Sunny France." This recent "touch of sun" has surpassed in intensity anything that I thought possible this side of the Sahara; it has been over ninety in the barracks in the late afternoon. The fields are a blaze of colour which baffles accurate description; for there are so very many kinds and shades of green alone, from the light tints of juicy grape-vines to the darker tones of now full-grown winter-wheat. And as for the uncultivated fields where the grass grows rank and tall—they are as thickly dappled with flowers as the sky with stars on a moonless night; red poppies, pink clover, white daisies, yellow butter-cups, and any number of flowers that I can't identify, in blues, lavenders, purples—in endless profusion. Then, in walking through the grass you find at your feet quantities of small delicate white and coloured flowers which you would never see without looking for them.

This is an interesting thing, and should be printed in "Bird Lore," I think: The other day a friend of mine, who had just come down from an altitude test, told me he came upon a lark up there flying for all it was worth; he was so amazed at finding a bird when he thought he had risen two thousand five hundred feet above where a bird could be expected, that he took careful note of the reading of his altimeter and verified the fact that the lark was *three thousand feet* high.

In this part of France the birds are plentiful, and there are all sorts, including any number of varieties of warblers.

The most engaging are the sky-larks, with their cocky crests. At all times in the day they are to be seen and heard, but towards evening especially the air seems filled with them. Every time I see one I think of those jubilant lines, "Hail to thee, blithe spirit!" and am thankful for them and for the larks.

"This day," Love said, "if ye will hear my voice,
I mount and sing with birds in all your skies.
I am the soul that calls you to rejoice,
And every wayside flower is my disguise.

.

"Is there not healing in the beauty I bring you?
Am I not whispering in green leaves and rain,
Singing in all that woods and seas can sing you?
Look, once, on Love, and earth is heaven again."*

.

"'He hath awakened from the dream of life.' Shelley surely touched the truth," says the author of "The Cup of War," "when he wrote that line. The Life Beyond *must* be our real life, and this is only the dream or fore-taste The dear familiar beauties of this world the sounds and sights of each return of spring and summer the cooing of the wood-pigeons returning to nest in the same old tree near the window, the pairing of the partridges, the sight of the first Orange-Tip butterfly—how

* "Victory," by Alfred Noyes.

dear all these are to us, and how we know it as a sure sign that our boy is keeping clean at heart, because he notices and cares for them all How shall death be an end to such pure joys as these?”

And so we feel privileged to believe that the white soul of our beloved boy has now gone, as it came, trailing clouds of glory—to God who is our Home.



IN THE BLUE HEAVEN.

In the blue heaven the clouds will come and go,
Scudding before the gale, or drifting slow
As galleons becalmed in Sundown Bay;
And through the air the birds will wing their way
Soaring to far-off heights, or flapping low,
Or darting like an arrow from the bow;
And when the twilight comes the stars will show,
One after one, their tranquil bright array
In the blue heaven.

But ye who fearless flew to meet the foe,
Eagles of freedom,—nevermore, we know,
Shall we behold you floating far away.
Yet clouds and birds and every starry ray
Will draw our hearts to where your spirits glow
In the blue heaven.

—*By Henry van Dyke, in Memory of
the American Aviators who died in
War.*

Because of you we shall be glad and gay,
Remembering you, we will be brave and strong;
And hail the advent of each dangerous day,
And meet the great adventure with a song.
And, as you proudly gave your jewelled gift,
We'll give our lesser offering with a smile,
Nor falter on that path where, all too swift,
You led the way and leapt the golden stile.
Whether you seek new seas or heights unclimbed,
Or gallop in unfooted asphodel,
We know you know we shall not lag behind,
Nor halt to waste a moment on a tear;
And you will speed us onward with a cheer,
And wave beyond the stars that all is well.

—Sonnet on Hon. Julian Grenfell, D. S. C.

The heart has reasons which the reason does not know. It is the heart that feels God, not the reason. The primary truths are undemonstrable, and yet our knowledge of them is none the less certain. Principles are felt, propositions are proved. Truths may be above reason and yet not contrary to reason.

—*Pascal.*

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame,—nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

—“*Samson Agonistes*.”

"The New Death is the perception of our mortal end as the mere portal of an eternal progression, and the immediate result is the consecration of all living. . . .

"This is the lesson that the slain splendour of youth has taught to a moribund world. To construct a new world on the faith that their words and their sacrifice attest is the sole expression permitted to our mourning; it is the sole monument beautiful enough to be their memorial."

—"*The New Death*," by Winifred Kirkland.

. What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;
Heart's love will meet thee again.

—*"Threnody."*

“ Now we know that the world is saved, and faith in the universe is preserved, by vicarious sacrifice. It is just because those who died for us and for mankind were better, not worse, than ourselves that we begin to believe passionately in the meaning of the universe. For if it were a mechanism, whence comes that passion which sent the best joyfully to death? ‘Yet a little while and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live, ye shall live also.’ These words begin to have meaning for us . . . as spoken by all our dead to us. They live because they died for us; and we live a life of meaning because of their sacrifice. Our logic of justice, by which a man pays for himself alone, is not the logic of God, as Christ said long ago. The universe is better than that; it is of such a nature that men can redeem each other and die for each other. So we begin again to believe that Christ did indeed die for us.”

—“*Religion Now*”, by A. Clutton-Brock.

.
But these, with their own hands, laid up their treasure
Where never an emperor can break in and steal,
Treasure for those that loved them past all measure
In those high griefs that earth can never heal,
Proud griefs, that walk on earth, yet gaze above,
Knowing that sorrow is but remembered love.
.

—“*Victory*”, by *Alfred Noyes*.

O that men would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness: and declare the wonders that he doeth for the children of men!

That they would offer unto him the sacrifice of thanksgiving: and tell out his work with gladness!

.

So when they cry unto the Lord in their trouble: he delivereth them out of their distress.

For he maketh the storm to cease: so that the waves thereof are still.

Then are they glad, because they are at rest: and so he bringeth them unto the haven where they would be.

O that men would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness: and declare the wonders that he doeth for the children of men!

—*Psalm CVII, 21-31.*

Lord, we pray Thee that Thou wilt open our eyes to behold the heaven that lies about us, wherein they walk who, being born to the new life, serve Thee with the clearer vision and the greater joy; through Jesus Christ our Saviour. *Amen.*

—Rev. Charles Lewis Slattery, D.D.

Lift up your hearts.

We lift them up unto the Lord.

Let us give thanks unto our Lord God.

It is meet and right so to do.

.
Therefore with Angels and Archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify Thy glorious name, evermore praising Thee, and saying, HOLY, HOLY, HOLY, Lord God of hosts, heaven and earth are full of Thy glory: Glory be to Thee, O Lord Most High. *Amen.*

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